THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Has Won a Million Users Already

A Super-Grade Flour which housewives talk to others. Up to one month ago it was advertised by users only. Yet five big mills are now running night and day to make it, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

A STRANGE thing has happened lately through the advent of a new-grade Flour.

A million users have already changed from old brands to this new one.

One mill has quickly grown to five mills. And now those five mills, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels, are taxed to their limit to keep pace with the call for this Flour.

Yet most people have never yet heard of it. Up to one month ago we had not even told women we made it.

Grocers simply point to the brand, and every lover of Quaker quality welcomes this exquisite flour

The Story Is This

The Quaker mills have long employed some of the greatest of milling experts.

They have been trained to super-standards. Quaker cereals dominate nearly all the world over, because of their superlative quality.

There came a demand for an extra-grade Flour, and these experts decided to make it. A few years ago they built, for the purpose, a model modern mill.

They equipped the mill with a laboratory, so the Flour could be constantly analyzed. And they built a kitchen in each mill, where cooks could daily test the Flour in baking.

Here they milled the finest flour that science could produce. They branded it with the Quaker trade-mark, and called it Quaker Flour.

Then Came a Revelation

A few hundred grocers were supplied with this Quaker Flour. It never was advertised—grocers simply displayed it.

Every woman who came to these stores knew about Quaker quality. Half of them, probably, were using some Quaker cereal.

The very name of Quaker suggested an exceptional Flour, and they bought a bag to try.

The quality amazed them. They told other women about it. And the demand for this Flour began to multiply fast, just through this word-of-mouth advertising.

Now Five Great Mills

That was not long ago, but now five great mills run night and day to make it.

Each mill has its laboratory and each has its kitchen. So every day in every mill the Flour is analyzed and tested. And every mill produces a Flour of this super-grade.

It has won a million users simply by delighting them so that one user told another.

How to Get It

There are now thousands of grocers selling this Quaker Flour. Perhaps your grocer is among them—ask him.

If he hasn't this Flour, ask him to get it. It costs no extra price—a fact that will surprise you when you try it.

One sack will win you, as it has so many others. Help us to get it to you soon by asking your grocer to get it.

The Quaker Oats Company

Quaker Flour Mills

Cedar Rapids, Iowa — Akron, Ohio — Peterborough, Ontario
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Quaker Flour

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Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

MR. FRENCH WORKINGMAN and the high cost of living! M. Jacques Bonhomme—as the French laboring man is popularly called—is in the limelight these days. So also is his wife, Madame Jacques Bonhomme, Mrs. French Working-woman. So also is his daughter, slim, trim, gay, feather-headed little Mademoiselle Jacques Bonhomme, of the starry eyes, the frankly powdered little nose, the adorably fresh little rosebud mouth, the transparent silk hose, and the shining high-heeled military boots—excessively military and yet excessively feminine down to the very tassels on the laces—which go lightly tripping clickety-click, clickety-clack along the Grand Boulevards or the Rue de la Paix as little Mademoiselle Modiste, or Couturière, or Munitions Worker, or War Industry comes forth from the *ateliers* to eat her modest *déjeuner*, take a turn in the bright Paris sunshine, and try her pidgin English—"Soldat américain naughtee boy!"—in the quarters where it will do the most damage.

They are coining money, these gay, brave little demoiselles, more than they have ever dreamed of in all their restricted yet not unhappy young lives. So are their elders. Jacques Bonhomme and his family are earning bushels of money—bushels, that is, for the French. The American workman would turn up a disdainful nose at the size of the weekly pay envelope which horny-handed Jacques Bonhomme, with his hard, frugal, peasant heritage of centuries behind him, considers a tidy young fortune.

The Surprising Reality

WHAT are the French working people doing with all this money? How much do they earn? How much do they spend? What do they do with the surplus? How does the high cost of living in France—a cost which has already soared to two and a half times the before-the-war prices and is still rapidly mounting—affect their prosperity? In short, how have Jacques Bonhomme and his family been standing behind the poilu in the front lines; what have they been doing in the way of saving, of buying government loans and foregoing useless extravagances, to help win the war?

PHOTO. BY FRENCH PICTORIAL SERVICE

Women of France Prove That They Can Perform Man's Work

In order to simplify the subject in this particular article I am going to confine myself to M. Jacques Bonhomme, the French peasant farmer; first, because he is to-day, to-morrow and all the time the most important single factor in the entire commonwealth of France—for reasons which will be stated later; and secondly, because in times like these one must not use up all one's wood for a single fire, and if I once began with Mme. Jacques Bonhomme and Mademoiselle they would immediately take the center of the stage and create such a blaze that poor Jacques would be pushed out into the cold without a single word. And so they, their nobility, their reality, and the entire big question of Frenchwomen in industry must wait for a more convenient season. This is Jacques Bonhomme's hour.

The reality is always surprising. It is never exactly what one expects it to be. It may be better; it may be worse—but usually it is just different. People who have rigid, hard-set, preconceived pictures of things in their heads are always disappointed in their husbands, their wives, their friends. They insist that the real shall duplicate their inner pictures in every single detail—or else they complain long and loud. They belong to the type of gentry which, if a man, calls a spade an—er—agricultural implement; and, if a woman, gilds it, paints a perfectly dear ducky little snow landscape on its inside and ties it up with baby-blue ribbon against the parlor wall.

The harsh actualities of Jacques Bonhomme's days, the unflinching stubbornness and courage with which for centuries he has combated the bleak unyielding rigors of his environment, and the streak of granite hardness in his make-up which is the result of this age-long implacable strife—well, these are not for those who love soft, pretty pastel colors and romantic effects. I make this advance statement because I am sure some of these romanticists are not going to like this thumb-nail sketch of Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme in his own habitat.

A Man All Hero

FIRST of all he is a peasant, a primitive; hard-headed, intelligent, humorous, conservative; fiercely individualistic and self-respecting; frugal to the point of avarice; unsparing of others and doubly unsparing of himself; a toiler; a saver rather than a spender; a builder where others have looted and burned and destroyed; oppressed for centuries, yet patient, infinitely enduring. It is out of his hardy loins the French race has sprung which has been enabled to emerge alive after four years' bloody massacre. He is the poilu—the maker of France.

Nevertheless, he is not as many Americans love to picture him—partly because the French peasant, unique and tremendous figure as he is, is scarcely known outside of France; partly because we Americans are a young and eager people, given to enthusiasms, exaggerations, extremes. And so we have gone ahead and made of Jacques a hundred per cent hero. We have made him a glorious, glowing, stained-glass superwarrior, a kind of mixture of Saint George slaying the dragon, Washington crossing the Delaware, Lincoln freeing the slaves, Barbara Frietchie waving her flag, Lafayette joining the Revolution, Kitchener at Khartum, and Horatius holding the bridge—all blended into one matchless, perfect, irresistible whole.

We think of him, with blinding tears of easy emotion, a magnificent figure in horizon-blue, storming desperate embattled heights in a mist of smoke and glory, proudly chanting the Marseillaise. We do not realize that in the dirty little badger holes which constitute the front line the national air of France is as rarely heard as was our own national air before the war. This false, highly colored chrome conception of the French peasant-poilu has neither lights nor shadows; neither foreground nor background; neither strength nor firmness of outline, nor any kind of living reality. And the French poilu deserves better than that.

How came he to win Verdun? How came he to be fighting, after four years of stupendous effort, with the same stamina, sang-froid and tireless energy that characterized him in 1914? Has he suddenly conjured out of nothing into existence, by a sheer mandate of his will, that mighty moral power—the power to stick to the uttermost? As easily might a man suddenly lean down, lay hold of his boot straps and whisper unto his soul: "Now jump me over the moon!" One does not suddenly jump over the moon without having previously jumped over a whole series of smaller moons by way of practice. One does not win a Verdun, or run a Marathon race, or rise to any kind of permanent eminence in life without a very considerable preparation in the way of

discipline; scorning delights to live laborious days; toiling; sacrificing; failing; counting costs with tears; and putting up a good stiff fight generally. So that for one big outstanding Verdun at which all the world wonders one may count a whole series of little Verduns, rising like foothills to the one supreme, ineffable peak, which have strengthened and toughened the fiber and given endurance to the soul.

In America we have witnessed the magnificent spectacle of endurance and spiritual control of the French in this war. But we have witnessed it for the most part from afar—as an intelligent, sympathetic audience might witness upon the stage some powerful heart-gripping tragedy which moved them to tears. Even this tragedy we can come at only imperfectly, from the outside, through the powers of love and imagination. To realize it completely one must have been a Frenchman, let us say an inhabitant of the invaded territory; seen his home—the dearest possession on earth to the Frenchman—despoiled; his sons deported to slave in German salt mines; his wife and daughters degraded to work as personal maids for Prussian officers, subject to daily insult and abuse; and knowing all this, with this pain and desolation forever eating his heart, to have gone on fighting through the long atrocious years, suffering defeat, hunger, privation, disillusion.

This intolerable spectacle of anguish we have witnessed—not clearly, for most of the inside agony, the individual heartbreaks have been mercifully hidden from view—but while we have witnessed we have not known what secret inner source in the Frenchman enabled him to suffer, to be crucified, and yet to endure. And not knowing, it has seemed to us magnificent, marvelous, prodigious. And so it is. But it is not sudden. It has been prepared for by centuries of patient growth; by hardship; by oppression; by stoical endurance of the inevitable; and by individual exertion and grinding toil and rigid economy to keep a roof over the head and a crust at the table such as Americans, with their heritage of plenty, cannot even faintly conceive.

To us these legends of hardship are old wives' tales, unreal ghosts of limbos of other days. To them they are the savage reality.

An Age-Long Race

TAKE that type of a life of toil and pile on it century on top of century. Plant it thick with limitations and interruptions—which I shall describe later—such as tend to tear down all that has been so patiently built up. Make this tearing down and this building up process continuous through the ages—a kind of Penelope's mantle, woven by day and unraveled by night—and you will evolve a race short, stocky, powerful, patient, and hard as nails physically. That is the French peasant. And the reason they have won this particular Marathon race of endurance which we call the Great War is because they have been running the same kind of endurance races since before the Prince of Peace was a boy; and so they have stored up in their strong and disciplined natures all the properties of success.

But this Verdun at which we marvel is not their only Verdun. They have been Verduning it straight through the ages!

It is worth while, then, to get a glimpse of the real Jacques Bonhomme, the French peasant worker, in terms of hard actuality; to see him in the true setting of his environment and his heredity, and to observe how those two mighty erosive factors have carved his nature into certain fixed characteristics, as a river carves its channel through the living rock. After which, having got the lay of the land, so to speak, of his character, habits and temperament in terms of the past, we shall be in a better position to observe what he is doing in this present crisis, on his little farm, to save, to build up once more into a solid, living, healthy tissue the shattered and mutilated members of France.

To begin with, France is mainly agricultural. Forty-eight per cent of its population live by agriculture alone, and eighty-two per cent of the land yields direct profit in the following proportions: Plow land, forty-eight per cent; pastures, twelve per cent; vineyards, four per cent; forests, eighteen per cent. Streams, roads and uncultivated yet cultivable territory equal eighteen per cent. One-fifth of the population are landowners. The peasant population of France is estimated at about twenty-three and one-half millions, or approximately seven million families. And of these seven million peasant families about four million own their own farms. The three million others are either tenants or day laborers, earning—before the war—from one and a half to three francs a day and their food. It will be seen therefore that France is a land of farms.

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French Women Driven to Farm Work by German Soldiers

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A Great Grandmother in France Works to Release One More Man

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And these farms are not like the farms of America, enormous tracts extending over big reaches of territory, the boundaries marked by miles of barbed-wire fence. On the contrary the French farms are small. Viewed with American eyes they are the veriest little slips and patches and pocket handkerchiefs of land, tucked off here and there among the hills. The average French peasant's farm is so small that an American, even a poor, necessitous American, would clean forget that he possessed it; he would regard it as a dead loss or at best as a sort of grim, practical joke; and he would throw the title into an old trunk and start out to earn his living some other way. In size these farms run anywhere from two or three to fifteen acres; and when a peasant has once achieved fifteen acres his foot is on the lowermost rung of the ladder of prosperity. He may reasonably hope if he saves hard enough—and he may be trusted to do that—to lay aside sufficient to buy a few more acres. And that is his constant aspiration, his religion, his dream. Land. More land.

For that he has an insatiable thirst, an unconquerable passion. He loves it as a lover loves his mistress or a sailor loves the sea. For that he will save and hoard and scrape, sou by sou, franc by franc, louis by louis, toiling from dawn to dark, hard, taciturn, unsparing of effort, his face bent down to the faithful earth he loves, through the long years.

The Struggle for Land

LAND in France is scarce and dear. The fact that every peasant secretly hankers for its ownership, keeping a weather eye on some choice corner for generations, tends to maintain its value. In the fertile agricultural regions of the center and the north it may fetch as much as five thousand francs a hectare—nearly four hundred dollars an acre. Convert that sum into terms of copper sous—which are still the peasant's unit of value; twenty sous to a franc, five and a half francs to a dollar. Conceive how many years it may take to save one hundred thousand sous, the amount necessary to buy a single hectare; and then conceive how the peasant hoards his sous in the rusty copper pot behind his bedpost, and how jealously he guards the pot! It is not so much that he loves money—though no man on earth has a finer, more precise knowledge of the purchasing power of a sou—as that he loves land. He loves money because money buys land. That is the dominating note in his character—the unconquerable thirst for land. From that deep desire he has evolved habits of toil, frugality, saving, which to the average American would seem insane. And these habits have become ingrained, instinctive, until they are the law of his life. He hates the townsman, because to him the townsman is lazy, idle, a talker, a vain spender of breath. God gave men breath to work with, not to blow it out in futile speech.

In America the passwords for the last century have been opportunity; stretching out; investing; digging up our stupendous resources; spending with lavish hand. In France the situation is the exact reverse. There the passwords—at least, among those who must earn their livelihood—are thrift; conservation; toil; limitation of opportunity or total negation; building up possessions, stone by stone, with atrocious toil. We spend. They save. The average French peasant could amass a fortune out of what the average poor American family throws out of the back door.

Now there is some sense, some idealism, in saving for a certain purpose—especially when that purpose is to buy land.

But also, in the case of the French peasant farmer, there is instinct behind it; and history, for every time Jacques Bonhomme trudges into the nearest town to visit the notary, with a clean blue blouse on his back and a dirty pouch of gold in his hand, to buy another hectare of his beloved land, history is repeating itself. By this action,

(Continued on Page 51)

MOTHS IN THE ARC LIGHT

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

BATES lay staring at the green-shaded light on his desk and disgustedly he realized that he must have been sleeping there for hours on the leather couch in his office. His eyes were peppery, his mouth dry. He rose, staggering with the burden of drowsiness, and glanced at his watch. It was three in the morning.

"Idiot!" he said.

He wreathed to the window, twelve stories above the New York pavements. The stupidity that lay over his senses like uncombed wool was blown away as he exulted in the beauty of the city night. It was as nearly quiet now as Manhattan ever becomes. Stilled were the trolleys and the whang of steel beams in the new building a block away. One taxicab bumbled on the dark pavement beneath. Bates looked across a swamp of roofs to East River, to a line of topaz lights arching over a bridge. The sky was not dark but of a luminous blue—a splendid, aspiring, naked blue, in which the stars hung golden.

"But why shouldn't I fall asleep here? I'll finish the night on the couch, and get after the New Bedford specifications before breakfast. I've never spent twenty-four hours in the office before. I'll do it!"

He said it with the pride of a successful man. But he ended, as he rambled back to the couch and removed his coat and shoes: "Still, I do wish there were somebody who cared a hang whether I came home or stayed away for a week."

When the earliest stenographer arrived she found Bates at work. But often he was first at the office. No one knew of his discovery that before dawn the huckstering city is enchanted to blue and crocus yellow above shadowy roofs. He had no one who would ever encourage him to tell about it.

To Bates at thirty-five the world was composed of reënforced concrete; continents and striding seas were office partitions and inkwells, the latter for signing letters beginning "In reply your valued query of seventh inst." Not for five years had he seen storm clouds across the hills or moths that flutter white over dusky meadows. To him the arc light was the dancing place for moths; and flowers grew not in pastures but in vases on restaurant tables. He was a city man and an office man. Papers, telephone calls, eight-thirty to six on the twelfth floor, were the natural features of life, and the glory and triumph of civilization was getting another traction company to introduce the Carstop Indicator.

But he belonged to the new generation of business men. He was not one of the race who boast that they have had "mighty little book learning," and who cannot be pictured without their derby hats, whether they are working, motoring or in bed. Bates was slender, immaculate, polite as a well-bred woman, his mustache like a penciled eyebrow; yet in decision he was firm as a chunk of flint.

When he had come to New York from college Bates had believed that he was going to lead an existence of polite society and the opera. He had in fourteen years been to the opera six times. He dined regularly with acquaintances at the Yale Club, and he knew two men in his bachelor apartment building by their first names, and he attended subscription dances and was agreeable to young women who had been out for three years. But New York is a thief of friends. Because in one night at a restaurant you may meet twenty new people, therefore in one day shall you also lose twenty older friends. You know a man and like him; he marries and moves to Great Neck; you see him once in two years. After thirty Bates was increasingly absorbed in the one thing that always wanted him, that appreciated his attention—the office.

He had gone from a motor company to the Carstop Indicator Company. He had spent a year in the Long Island City factory which manufactures the indicators for the Eastern trade. He had worked out an improvement in the automatic tripping device. At thirty-five he was vice president and Eastern manager of the company. He was a success. Yet he never failed when he was dining alone to wish that he was to call on a girl who was worth calling on.

After fourteen years of the candy-gobbling, cabaret-curious, nice-man-hunting daughters of New York, Bates had become unholily cautious. His attitude to the average débutante was that of an aviator to an antiaircraft shell. And he was equally uncomfortable with older, more earnest women. They talked about economics. Bates had read a book all about economics shortly after graduation, but as he could never quite remember the title, it didn't help him much in earnest conversations. He preferred to talk to his stenographer. He mentioned neither wine suppers nor her large black eyes. "Has the draftsman sent over the blue prints for Camden?" he said. Or: "Might hurry up the McGulden correspondence." That was real conversation. It got somewhere.

Then he began to talk to the girl in the building across the street.

That building was his scenery. He watched it as an old maid behind a lace curtain gapes at every passer-by on her village street. It had the charm of efficiency that is beginning to make American cities beautiful with a beauty that borrows nothing from French châteaux or English inns. The architect had supposed that he was planning neither a hotel nor a sparrows' paradise, but a place for offices. He had left off the limestone supporting caps that don't support anything, and the marble plaques which are touchingly believed to imitate armorial shields but which actually resemble enlarged shaving mugs. He had created a building as clean and straight and honest as the blade of a sword. It made Bates glad that he was a business man.

Suppose She Should Think That He Had Followed Her? Horrible!

So much of the building opposite was of glass that the offices were as open to observation as the coops at a dog show. Bates knew by sight every man and woman in twenty rooms. From his desk he could not see the building, but when he was tired it was his habit to loaf by the window for a moment. He saw the men coming in at eight-thirty or nine, smoking and chatting before they got to work, settling at desks, getting up stiffly at lunch-time, and at closing hour, dulled to silence, snapping out the lights before they went home. When he worked late at night Bates was saved from loneliness by the consciousness of the one or two men who were sure to be centered under desk lights in offices across the way.

He sympathized with the office boy at whom the red-mustached boss was always snarling in the eleventh-floor office on the right, and was indignant at the boy he saw stealing stamps on the thirteenth. He laughed over a clerk on the eleventh changing into evening clothes at six—hopping on one leg to keep his trousers off the floor, and solemnly taking dress tie and collar from the top drawer of his desk. And it was a personal sorrow when tragedy came to his village; when the pretty, eager secretary of the manager in the twelfth-floor office exactly opposite was missing for several days, and one morning a funeral wreath was laid on her desk by the window.

The successor of the dead girl must have come immediately, but Bates did not notice her for a week. It was one of those weeks when he was snatched from Task A to Task B, and from B to hustle out C; when the salesman out on the road couldn't sell milk to a baby; when the telephone rang or a telegram came just as Bates thought he had a clear moment; when he copied again every night the list of things he ought to have done day before yesterday; and his idea of heaven was a steel vault without telephone connection. But at the end of the storm he had nothing to do except to try to look edifyingly busy, and to amble round and watch the stenographers stenograph and the office boy be officious.

He sat primly lounging in the big chair by the window, smoking a panetela and unconsciously gazing at the building across the street. He half observed that the manager in the office just opposite was dictating to a new secretary, a slim girl in blue taffeta with crisp white collar and cuffs. She did not slop over the desk tablet, yet she did not sit grimly, like the oldish stenographer in the office just above her. She seemed at the distance to be unusually businesslike. In all the hive that was laid open to Bates' observation she was distinguished by her erect, charming shoulders, her decisive step, as she was to be seen leaving the manager's desk, going through the partition—which to Bates' eye was an absurdly thin sheet of oak and glass—hastening to her typewriter, getting to work.

Bates forgot her; but at dusk, spring dusk, when he stood by his window, late at the office yet with nothing to do, enervated with soft melancholy because there was no place he wanted to go that evening, he noticed her again. Her chief and she were also staying late. Bates saw them talking; saw the chief sign a pile of correspondence, give it to her, nod, take his derby, yawn and plunge out into the general office, heading for the elevator. The secretary briskly carried away the correspondence. But she stopped at her desk beside a window. She pressed her eyes with her hand, passed it across them with the jerky motion of a medium coming out of a trance.

"Poor tired eyes!" Bates heard himself muttering.

No scent of blossoms nor any sound of eager birds reached the cement streets from the spring-flushed country, but there was restlessness in the eternal clatter, and as the darkening silhouette of the building opposite cut the reflected glow in the eastern sky his melancholy became a pain of emptiness. He yearned across to the keen-edged girl and imagined himself talking to her. In five minutes she was gone, but he remained at the window, then drooped slowly up to the Yale Club for dinner.

Doubtless Bates' life was making him selfish, but that evening while he was being incredibly bored at a musical comedy he did think of her, and for a second hoped that her eyes were rested.

He looked for her next morning as soon as he reached the office, and was displeased with the entire arrangement of the heavenly bodies because the light wasn't so good across there in the morning as in the afternoon.

Not till three o'clock was he certain that she was wearing what appeared to be a waist of corn-colored rough silk, and that for all her slight nervousness her throat was full and smooth. Last night he had believed her twenty-eight. He promoted her to twenty-three.

He sighed: "Capable-looking young woman. Wish my secretary were as interested in her work. She walks with—well, graceful. Now who can I get hold of for dinner to-night?"

II

HE SAW her coming in at nine o'clock; saw her unpin her hat and swiftly arrange her hair before her reflection in the ground glass of the partition. He saw her take morning dictation; bring customers in to the boss. He saw her slipping out to lunch, alone, at noon. He saw her quick sure movements slacken as the afternoon became long and weary. He saw her preparing to go home at night; or staying late, even her straight shoulders hunched as she heavily picked out the last words on her typewriter. All through the day he followed her, and though he knew neither her name nor her origin, though he had never heard her voice, yet he understood this girl better than at marriage most men understand the women they marry.

The other people in her office treated her with respect. They bowed to her at morning, at night. They never teased her, as the fluffy telephone girl was teased. That interested Bates, but for many weeks she was no part of his life.

On an afternoon in early summer, when his hands were twitching and his eyeballs were hot coals from too-constant study of specifications, when everybody in the world seemed to be picking at his raw nerves and he longed for someone who would care for him, who would bathe his eyes and divert his mind from the rows of figures that danced blood-red against darkness as he closed his stinging lids, then he caught himself deliberately seeking the window, passionately needing a last glimpse of her as the one human being whom he really knew.

"Confound her, if she isn't over there I'll—well, I won't go home till she is!"

She was by the window, reading a letter. She looked up, caught him staring at her. It was a very dignified Mr. Bates who plumped on his hat and stalked away. Obviously he would never do anything so low as to spy on offices across the street! The word stuck in his mind, and scratched it. Certainly he had never spied, he declared in a high manner as he fumbled at a steak minute that was exactly like all the ten thousand steaks minute he had endured at restaurants. Well, he'd take care that no one ever came in and misunderstood his reflective resting by the window. He would never glance at that building again!

And so at nine o'clock next morning, with three telegrams and an overdue letter from Birmingham Power and Traction unopened on his desk, he was peering across the street and admiring a new hat, a Frenchy cornucopia with fold above fold of pale-blue straw, which the girl was removing from her sleek hair.

There are several ways of stopping smoking. You can hide your tobacco in a drawer in the next room, and lock the drawer, and hide the key. You can keep a schedule of the number of times you smoke. You can refuse to buy cigarettes, and smoke only those you can cadge from friends. These methods are all approved by the authorities, and there is only one trouble with them—not one of them makes you stop smoking.

There are also numerous ways of keeping from studying the architecture of buildings across the street. You can be scornful; or explain to yourself that you don't know anything about employees of other offices, and don't want to know anything. You can relax by sitting on the couch instead of standing by the window. The only trouble with these mental exercises is that you continue to find yourself gaping at the girl across and ——

And you feel like a spy when you catch her in self-betrayals that pinch your heart. She marches out of the manager's office, cool, competent, strong; then droops by her desk and for a strained moment sits with thin fingers pressed to her pounding temples.

Every time she did that Bates forgot his coy games. His spirit sped across the cañon and hovered about her, roused from the nagging worries about business and steaks minute and musical comedies which had come to be his most precious concerns. With agitating clearness he could feel his finger tips caressing her forehead, feel the sudden cold of evaporation on his hand as he bathed the tired, cramped back of her neck with alcohol.

He gave up his highly gentlemanly effort not to spy. He wondered if maybe there wasn't something to all these metaphysical theories; if he wasn't sending currents of friendship across to cheer her frail, brave spirit in its fight to be businesslike. He forgot that he was as visible at his window as she at hers. So it happened that one evening when he was frankly staring as the girl house-cleaned pagodas of wire-basket nests she caught him, and turned her head away with a vexed jerk.

Bates was hurt because he had hurt her. He who had regarded life only from the standpoint of Bates, bachelor, found himself thinking through her, as though his mind had been absorbed in hers. With a shock of pain he could feel her lamenting that it was bad enough to be under the business strain all day, without being exposed to ogling in her house of glass. He wanted to protect her—from himself.

For a week he did not once stand by the window, even to look down at the street, twelve stories below, which he had watched as from his mountain shack a quizzical hermit might con the life of the distant valley. He missed his view, and he was glad to miss it. He was actually giving up something for somebody. He felt human again.

"Don't Think I'm a Bernard Shaw Superwoman Pursuing a Man"

Though he did not stand by the window it was surprising how many times a day he had to pass it, and how innocently he caught glimpses of the life across the way. More than once he saw her looking at him. Whenever she glanced up from work her eyes seemed drawn to his. But not flirtatiously, he believed. In the distance she seemed aloof as the small cold winter moon.

There was another day that was a whirl of craziness. Everybody wanted him at once. Telegrams crossed each other. The factory couldn't get materials. Two stenographers quarreled, and both of them quit, and the typewriter agency from which he got his girls had no one to send him just then save extremely alien enemies who confounded typewriters with washing machines. When the office was quiet and there was only about seven more hours' work on his desk, he collapsed. His lax arms fell beside him. He panted slowly. His spinning head drooped and his eyes were blurred.

"Oh, buck up!" he growled.

He lifted himself to his feet, slapped his arms, found himself at the window. Across there she was going home. Involuntarily—looking for a greeting from his one companion in work—he threw up his arm in a wave of farewell.

She saw it. She stood considering him, her two hands up to her head as she pinned her hat. But she left the window without a sign. Suddenly he was snapping: "I'll make you notice me! I'm not a noon-hour window flirt. I won't stand your thinking I am!"

With a new energy of irritation he went back. Resting his eyes every quarter of an hour he sat studying a legal claim, making notes. It was eight—nine—ten. He was faint, yet not hungry. He rose. He was surprised to find himself happy. He hunted for the source of the glow, and found it. He was going to draw that frosty moon of a girl down to him.

In the morning when he came in he hastened to the window and waited till she raised her head. He waved—a quick, modest, amiable gesture. Every morning and evening after that he sent across his pleading signal. She never answered but she observed him and—well, she never pulled down the window shade.

His vacation was in July. Without quite knowing why, he did not want to go to the formal seaside hotel at which he usually spent three weeks in being polite to aunts in their nieces' frocks, and in discovering that as a golfer he was a good small-boat sailor. He found himself heading for the Lebanon Valley, which is the valley of peace; and he discovered that yellow cream and wild blackberries and cowslips and the art of walking without panting still exist. He wore soft shirts and became tanned; he stopped worrying about the insolvency of the Downstate Interurban Company, and was even heard to laugh at his landlord's stories.

At least a tenth of his thoughts were devoted to planning a vacation for the girl across. She should lie with nervous fingers relaxed among the long-starred grasses, and in the cornflower blue of the sky and comic plump white clouds find healing. After arranging everything perfectly he always reminded himself that she probably hadn't been with her firm long enough to have earned more than a five-day vacation, and with etched scorn he pointed out that he was a fool to think about a girl of whom he knew only that:

She seemed to take dictation quickly.
She walked gracefully.
She appeared at a distance to have delicate oval cheeks.
She was between sixteen and forty.
She was not a man.
He was sure about Article Five.

He was so strong-minded and practical with himself that by the end of his holidays the girl was cloudy in his mind. He was cured of sentimentalizing. He regarded with amusement his reënforced-concrete romance, his moth dance under the arc light's sterile glare. He would—oh, he'd call on Christine Parrish when he got back. Christine was the sister of a classmate of his; she danced well and said the right things about Park Avenue and the Washington Square Players.

He got back to town on a Monday evening, just at closing time. He ran up to his office, to announce his return. He dashed into his private room—less dashingly to the window. The girl across was thumbing a book, probably finding a telephone number. She glanced up, raising a finger toward her lips. Then his hat was off, and he was bowing, waving. She sat with her half-raised hand suspended. Suddenly she threw it up in a flickering gesture of welcome.

Bates sat at his desk. The members of his staff as they came in to report—or just to be tactful and remind the chief of their valuable existence—had never seen him so cheerful. When they were gone he tried to remember what it was he had planned to do. Oh, yes; call up Christine Parrish. Let it go. He'd do it some other night. He went to the window. The girl was gone, but the pale ghost of her gesture seemed to glimmer in the darkening window.

He dined at the new Yale Club, and sat out on the roof after dinner with a couple of temporary widowers and Bunk Selby's kid brother, who had graduated in the spring. The city beneath them flared like burning grass. Broadway was a streak of tawny fire; across the East River a blast furnace stuttered flames; the Biltmore and Ritz and Manhattan, the Belmont and Grand Central Station—were palaces more mysterious in their flashing first stories, their masses of shadow, their splashes of white uplifted wall, than Venice on carnival night. Bates loved the hot beauty of his city; he was glad to be back; he didn't exactly know why, but the coming fall and winter gave promise of endless conquest and happiness. Not since he had first come to the city had he looked forward so exultantly. Now, as then, the future was not all neatly listed, but chaotic and trembling with adventure.

All he said to the men smoking with him was "Good vacation—fine loaf." Or "Got any money on copper?"

But they looked at him curiously.

"You sound as though you'd had a corking time. What you been doing? Licking McLoughlin at tennis or something?"

Bunk Selby's kid brother, not having been out of college long enough to have become reliable and stupid, ventured: "Say, Bunk, I bet your young friend Mr. Bates is in love!"

"Huh!" said Bunk with married fatness. "Batesy? Never! He's the buds' best bunker."

III

AT TWO minutes of nine the next morning Bates was at the window. To him entered his stenographer, bearing mail.

"Oh, leave it on the desk," he complained.

At one minute past nine the girl across could be seen in the general office, coming out of the dimness to her window. He waved his arm. She sent back the greeting. Then she turned her back on him. But he went at his mail humming.

She always answered after that, and sometimes during the day she swiftly peered at him. It was only a curt, quick recognition, but when he awoke he looked forward to it. His rusty imagination creaking he began to make

up stories about her. He was convinced that whatever she might be she was different from the good-natured, commonplace women in his own office. She was a mystery. She had a family. He presented her with a father of lean distinction, hawk nose, classical learning—and the most alarming inability to stick to the job, being in various versions a bishop, a college president and a millionaire who had lost his money.

He decided that she was named Emily, because Emily meant all the things that typewriters and filing systems failed to mean. Emily connoted lavender-scented chests of old brocade, and twilit gardens brimmed with dewy, damask roses; spacious halls of white paneling, and books by the fire. Always it was Bates who restored her to the spacious halls, the brocade, and the arms of her bishop-professor-millionaire father.

There was one trouble with his fantasy: He didn't dare see her closer than across the street, didn't dare hear her voice—for fear the first sacred words of the lady of the damask roses might be: "Say, listen! Are you the fella that's been handing me the double O? Say, you got your nerve!"

Once when he was sailing out of the street entrance, breezy and prosperous, he realized that she was emerging across the way, and he ducked back into the hall. It was not hard to avoid her. The two buildings were great towns. There were two thousand people in Bates' building, perhaps three thousand in hers; and in the streams that tumbled through the doorways at night the individual people were as unrecognizable as in the mad passing of a retreating brigade.

It was late October when he first definitely made out her expression, first caught her smile across the chill and empty air that divided them. In these shortening days the electric lights were on before closing time, and in their radiance he could see her more clearly than by daylight.

On the last mail came a letter from the home office, informing him with generous praise that his salary was increased a thousand a year. All the world knows that vice presidents are not like office boys; they do not act ignorantly when they get a raise. But it is a fact that, after galloping to the door to see whether anybody was coming in, Bates did a foxtrot three times about his desk. He rushed to the window. Four times he had to visit it before she glanced up. He caught her attention by waving the letter. Her face was only half toward him, but he could make out her profile, gilded by the light over her desk. He held out the letter and with his forefinger traced each line, as though he were reading it to her. When he had finished he clapped his hands and whooped.

The delicate still lines of her face wrinkled; her lips parted; she was smiling, nodding, clapping her hands.

"She—she—she understands things!" crowed Bates.

He had noted that often instead of going out she ate a box lunch at her desk, meditatively looking down to the street as she munched a cake; that on Friday—either the office busy day or the day when her week's salary had almost run out—she always stayed in; and that she lunched at twelve. One Friday in early winter he had the housekeeper at his bachelor apartments prepare sandwiches, with coffee in a vacuum bottle. He knew that his subordinates, with their inevitable glad interest in any eccentricities of the chief, would wonder at his lunching in.

"None of their business, anyway!" he said feebly. But he observed to his stenographer: "What a rush! Guess I won't go out for lunch." He strolled past the desk of young Crackins, the bookkeeper, whom he suspected of being the office wit and of collecting breaks on the part of the boss as material for delicious scandal.

"Pretty busy, Crackins? Well, so am I. Fact, I don't think I'll go out to lunch. Just have a bite here."

Having provided dinmers for the fierce light that beats about a glass-topped desk he drew a straight chair to the window and spread his feast on the broad sill at a few minutes after twelve. Emily was gnawing a doughnut and drinking a glass of milk. He bowed, but he inoffensively nibbled half a sandwich before he got over his embarrassment and ventured to offer her a bite. She was motionless, the doughnut gravely suspended in air. She sprang up—left the window.

"Curse it, double curse it! Fool! Beast! Couldn't even let her eat lunch in peace! Intruding on her—spoiling her leisure."

Emily had returned to the window. She showed him a small water glass. She half filled it with milk from her own glass, and diffidently held it out. He rose and extended his hand for it. Across the windy space he took her gift and her greeting.

He laughed; he fancied that she was laughing back, though he could see her face only as a golden blur in the thin fall sunshine. They settled down, sharing lunches. He was insisting on her having another cup of coffee when he was conscious that the door to his private room had opened, that someone was entering.

Frantically he examined a number of imaginary specks on his cup. He didn't dare turn to see who the intruder was. He held up the cup, ran a finger round the edge and muttered "Dirty!" The intruder pattered beside him. Bates looked up at him innocently. It was Crackins, the office tease. And Crackins was grinning.

"Hair in the soup, Mr. Bates?"

"In the —— Oh! Oh, yes. Hair in the soup, yes. Dirty—dirty cup—have speak—speak housekeeper," Bates burbled.

"Do you mind my interrupting you? I wanted to ask you about the Farmers' Rail-line credit. They're three weeks behind in payment ——"

Did Bates fancy it or was Crackins squinting through the window at Emily? With an effusiveness that was as appropriate to him as a mandolin to an Irish contractor, Bates bobbed up and led Crackins back to the main office. He couldn't get away for ten minutes. When he returned Emily was leaning against the window jamb and he saw her by a leaded casement in the bishop's mansion, dreaming on hollyhocks and sun dial below.

She pantomimed the end of her picnic; turned her small black lunch box upside down and spread her hands with a plaintive gesture of "All gone!" He offered her coffee, sandwiches, a bar of chocolate; but she refused each with a shy, quick shake of her head. She pointed at her typewriter, waved once, and was back at work.

As Christmas approached, as New York grew so friendly that men nodded to people who hadn't had the flat next door for more than seven years, Bates wondered if Emily's Christmas would be solitary. He tried to think of a way to send her a remembrance. He couldn't. But on the day before he brought an enormous wreath to the office, and waited till he caught her eye. Not till four-thirty, when the lights were on, did he succeed. He hung the wreath at the window and bowed to her, one hand on his heart, the other out in salutation.

Snow flew through the cold void between them and among cliffs of concrete and steel ran the icy river of December air, but they stood together as a smile transfigured her face—face of a gold-wreathed miniature on warm old ivory, tired and a little sad, but tender with her Christmas smile.

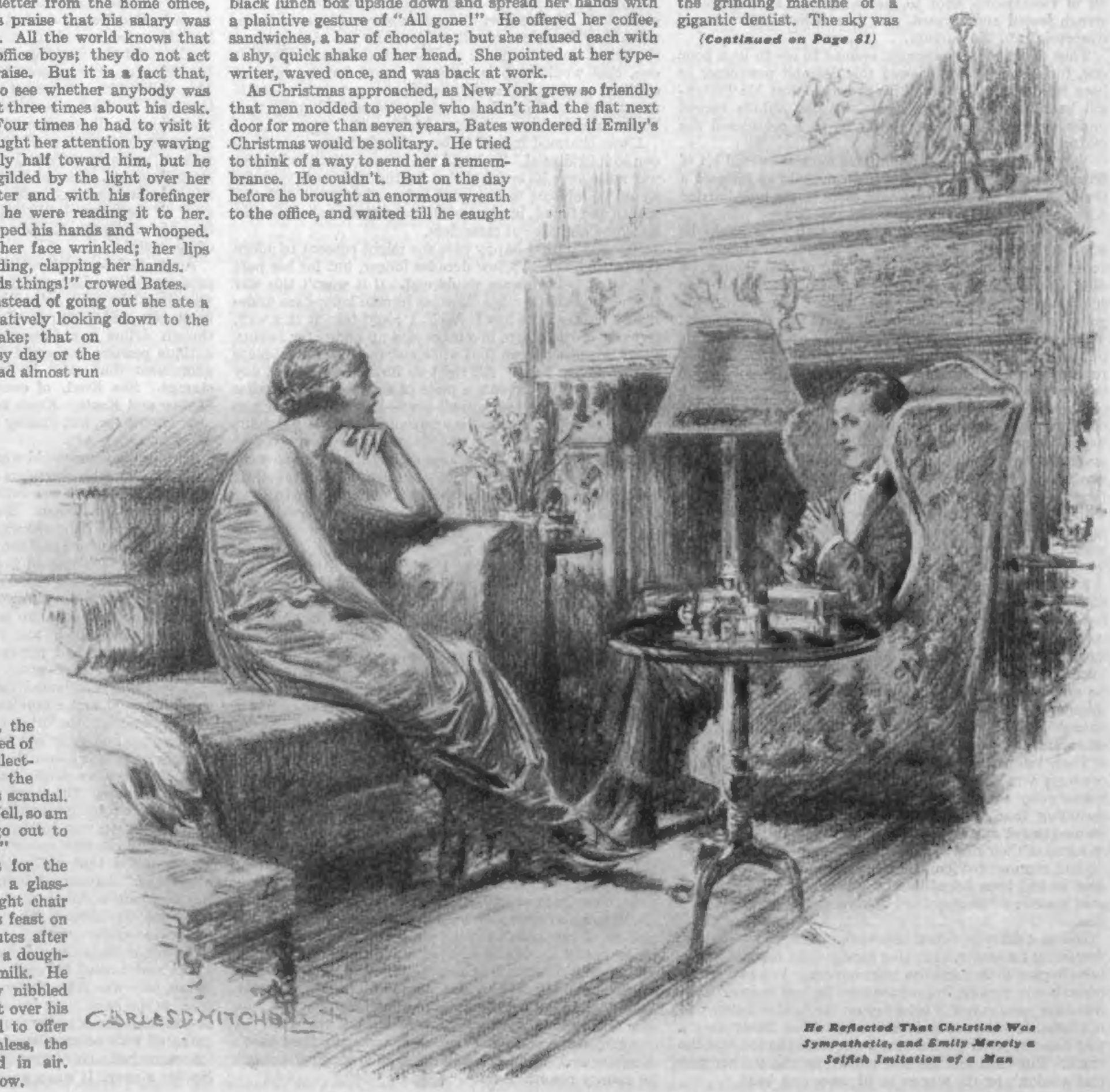
IV

SHE was gone, and he needed her. She had been absent a week now, this evening of treacherous melancholy. Winter had grown old and tedious and hard to bear; the snow that had been jolly in December was a filthy smear in February. Had there ever been such a thing as summer—ever been a time when the corners had not been foul with slush and vexatious with pouncing wind? He was tired of shows and sick of dances, and with a warm personal hatred he hated all the people from out of town who had come to New York for the winter and crowded the New Yorkers out of their favorite dens in tea rooms and grills.

And Emily had disappeared. He didn't know whether she had a new job or was lying sick in some worn-carpeted room, unattended, desperate. And he couldn't find out. He didn't know her name.

Partly because he dreaded what might happen to her, partly because he needed her, he was nervously somber as he looked across to her empty window to-night. The street below was a crazy tumult, a dance of madmen on a wet pavement purple from arc lights—frenzied bells of surface cars, impatient motors, ripping taxis, home-hungry people tumbling through the traffic or standing bewildered in the midst of it, expecting to be killed, shivering and stamping wet feet. A late-working pneumatic riveter punctured his nerves with its unresting r-r-r-r-r-r—the grinding machine of a gigantic dentist. The sky was

(Continued on Page 61)



He Reflected That Christine Was Sympathetic, and Emily Merely a Selfish Imitation of a Man

CURLS

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Poor Boy Must of Been Quite a Bit Puzzled. He Couldn't Hurt His Mother, and if Cutting Off His Disgrace Was Going to Hurt Her He'd Have to Go On Wearing It

MA PETTENGILL, long morose, for months made hostile of mood by the shortage of help, now bubbled with a strange vivacity. At her desk in the Arrowhead living room she cheerfully sorted a jumble of befigured sheets and proclaimed to one and all that the Arrowhead ranch was once more a going concern. She'd thought it was gone, and here it was merely going. She would no longer be compelled to stare ruin in the face till it actually got embarrassed and had to look the other way. And it was the swift doings of this here new foreman. He'd not only got us going again but had put us on a military basis. And at that he was nothing but a poor old wreck of a veteran from the trenches, aged all of twenty-one, shot to pieces, gassed, shell-shocked, trench feeted and fevered, and darned bad with nervous dyspepsia into the bargain.

Thus described, the bargain seemed to me to be a poor one, for I had not yet viewed this decrepit newcomer or been refreshed with tales of his prowess. But Ma Pettengill knows men, and positively will not bubble except under circumstances that justify it, so I considered the matter worth a question or two.

Very well then! What about this mere shattered bit of flotsam from the world welter? How could so misused a remnant cope with the manifold cares of the long-harried Arrowhead ranch?

Why, he just plain coped, that was all. He might be mere shattered flotsam, but you bet he was still some little coper, take her word for that! Matter of fact, though, he didn't aim to hold the job for long. Only until this here smarty of a medical officer, that turned him down from going back to the trenches, was retired to private life again. This here new foreman had to be on the ground when this puppet got out of his uniform and so could be handled proper by the right party without incurring twenty years in Leavenworth. At this brief meeting the unfortunate man would be told politely that he had guessed wrong on the foreman's physical condition, after which the same would be proved to him then and there, leaving him to wish that he hadn't been so arrogant telling parties they was unfit for further service and had better go home and forget all about the war. Yes, sir; he'd be left himself with something to forget that most likely he'd still be remembering vividly when folks had got to wondering what them funny little buttons with "Liberty Loan" on 'em could ever of been used for.

Still, this palsied wreck was with us for a time and had started in that very morning to carry on. He used but few words, but treated 'em rough if they come looking for it. First, they was two I. W. W.'s down to the lower field had struck for three-fifty a day, and had threatened to burn someone's haystacks when it was coldly refused. So one had been took to jail and one to the hospital the minute the flotsam slowed up with 'em. It was a fair enough hospital case for both, but the one for jail could still walk.

Then two other new hands, two of these here demi-cowboys you have to put up with, had kept the bunk house noisy every night with a bitter personal quarrel, including loud threats of mutual murder that never seemed to get any further. So the flotsam, after drinking in some of their most venomous eloquence, had lined 'em up and commanded 'em to git busy and fight it out quick. And he had then licked 'em both in a quick and exaggerated manner when they tried to keep on talking it out with him.

It was a sharply etched impression over the ranch, now shared by its owner, that this here invalid flotsam would take darned little nonsense from anyone. It was also the owner's own private impression that he had been expelled from the war for rough behavior on the field of battle and not because of wounds or sickness. Most likely they'd told him the latter because they was afraid to tell him the truth. But that was the real truth; he was too scrappy and wouldn't let the war go on in peace and quiet.

Anyway, she and the Army was both satisfied, so let it go at that. Mebbe after a few more arguments over there, when they'd made a convinced pro-Ally out of Germany, she might get some more shell-wracked jetsams like this one, that would step in without regard for the rules of civilized warfare and make the life of a certain beef-cattle raiser just one long dream of loveliness with pink rose leaves dreening down on her. Mebbe so!

I was charmed indeed to hear the gladsome note from one so long dismal. So I told the woman that the longest war must have its end and that by this time next year she would be refusing to hire good help at forty-five dollars a month and found, in place of the seventy-five she was now lavishing on indolent stragglers.

She said in that happy case she might consent to adorn the cattle business a few decades longer, but for her part she didn't believe wars would end. If it wasn't this war it would be another one, because human beings are undeniably human. As how? Well, I could take it this way. Say one of these here inventors sets up nights for twenty years inventing a gun that will shoot through a steel plate sixteen inches thick. All right so fur. But the next day another inventor invents a piece of steel seventeen inches thick. And it had to begin all over—just a seesaw. From where she set she couldn't see no end to it. Was she right, or wasn't she? Of course!

But now, further, about compelling little boys to wear long curls till maturity, with the idee of blunting their finer instincts and making hellions of 'em, so's to have some dandy shock troops for the next war—well, she didn't know.

Room for argument there.

This seemed reasonable. I didn't know either. It was an entirely new idee, come from nowhere. This was the very first moment I had supposed there could be such an idee. But such is Ma Pettengill. I thought to inquire as to the origin of this novelty; perhaps to have it more fully set forth. But I had not to. Already I saw unrelenting continuance in the woman's quickened eye. There would be, in fact, no stopping her now. So I might as well leave a one-line space right here to avoid using the double and single quotation marks, which are a nuisance to all concerned. I will merely say that Ma Pettengill spoke in part as follows, and at no time during the interview said modestly that she would prefer not to have her name mentioned:

Mind you, I don't say war's a good thing, even for them that come out of it. Of course you can read stories about how good it is in improving the character. I've read pretty ones in these here sentimental magazines that get close to the great heart of the people once a month; stories about how the town tough boy, that robs his gray-haired mother of her wash money to play pool with, goes into war's purifying flames and comes out a man, having rescued Marshal Foch from a shell hole under fire and got the thanks of the French nation and his home-town paper. Now he don't hang round the pool parlor any more, running down fifteen balls from the break, but shuns his low companions, never touches a cue again, marries the mayor's daughter and becomes the regular Democratic candidate for county recorder.

These stories may be true. I don't know. Only these same magazines print stories that have a brave fireman in the picture carrying a fainted girl down his ladder through the flames, and if you believed them you'd also believe they had to set a tenement house on fire every time a fireman wants to get married.

And that don't stand to reason. Mebbe the other stories don't either.

But what about the other side of these same stories? What about the village good boy that goes through war's purifying flame and comes back home to be the town tough? Ain't it time someone showed up the moral ravages war commits on our best young men?

Me? I just had a talk lately with a widowed mother down to Red Gap and what this beastly war has done to her oldest boy—well, if she could of looked ahead she would of let the world go right on being unsafe even for Republicans. She poured her heart out to me. She is Mrs. Arline Plunkett, one of the sweetest, gentlest mothers that ever guarded a son from every evil influence. And then to see it all go whoosh! The son's name was Shelley Plunkett, or it was until he went out into the world to make a name for himself. He is now largely known as Bugs Plunkett. I leave it to you if a nice mother would relish having her boy make that name for himself. And after all the pains she'd took with his moral development from the cradle up—till he run away from home on account of his curls!

Arline had been left well-off by her husband, who was president of the Drovers' Trust Company, and her home was about the most refined home in Red Gap, having full bookcases and pictures of foreign Catholic churches—though Arline is a Presbyterian—and metal statues of antique persons, male and female, and many articles of adornment that can't be had for the ordinary trading stamps. She lived, of course, only for her two boys, Shelley and Keats. Keats being an infant didn't require much living for, but Shelley was old enough to need a lot of it.

He was eight years old when I first seen him, with long golden curls to his shoulders and lace on his velvet pants. He come in when I was calling on his ma and acted the perfect little gentleman. He was so quiet and grown-up he made me feel right awkward. He had the face of a half-growed angel framed in these yellow curls, and his manners was them of Sir Galahad that he read stories about. He was very entertaining this day. His mother had him show me a portrait of himself and curls that had been printed in a magazine devoted to mothers and watermelon-rind pickles, and so forth, and he also brought me the new book his pastor had presented him with on his eighth birthday.

It was a lovely bound book, having a story about a sheepman that had a hundred head out on the range and lost one and left the other ninety-nine unprotected from the coyotes and went out into the brush looking for the lost one, which is about the brains of the average sheepman; but it was a pretty book, and little Shelley told me prettily all about the story, and showed me how his dear pastor had wrote in it for him. He had wrote: "To Shelley Vane Plunkett, who to the distinction of his name unites a noble and elevated nature." I wonder if Bugs Plunkett ever looks at that writing now and blushes for his lost angel face. Anyway, I thought this day that he was the loveliest, purest child in the world, with his delicate beauty and sweet little voice and perfect manners, all set off by the golden curls.

A couple days later I was going through that same street and when I turned a corner next to the Plunkett house, here was little Shelley addressing a large red-faced man on the back of an ice wagon that had stopped there. It was some shock to my first notions of the angel child. I gathered with no trouble whatever that the party on the ice wagon had so far forgot his own manners as to call little Shelley a sissy. It was a good three-to-one bet he was now

sorry he spoke. Little Shelley was using language beyond his years and words that had never been taught him by his lady mother. He handled them words like they was his slaves. Three or four other parties stopped to listen without seeming to. I have heard much in my time. I have even been forced to hear Jeff Tuttle pack a mule that preferred not to be packed. And little Shelley was informing, even to me. He never hesitated for a word and was quick and finished with the syllables.

The ice-wagon man was peeved, as he had a right to be, and may of been going to talk back, but when he saw the rest of us getting Shelley he yelled to the man in front to drive on. It was too late, quick as he went, to save the fair repute of himself and family, if Shelley's words was to be took seriously. Shelley had invaded the most sacred relationship and pretended to bare a hideous scandal. Also the iceman himself couldn't possibly of done half the things Shelley hotly urged him to do.

Us people that had seemed to linger walked right on, not meeting each other's eye, and Shelley again become the angel child, turning in at his gate and walking up the path in a decorous manner with his schoolbooks under his arm. I first wondered if I shouldn't go warn Arline that her child had picked up some words that would get him nowhere at all with his doting pastor. Little could the fond woman dream, when she tucked him in after his prayers at night, that talk such as this could come from his sweet young lips. How much mothers think they know of their sons, and how darned little they do know! But I decided to keep out of it, remembering that no mother in the world's history had ever thanked a person for anything but praise of her children.

Still, I couldn't help but worry about Shelley's future, both here and hereafter. But I talked to other people about it and learned that he was already known as a public character to everyone but his own dear mother. It was these here curls that got him attacked on every hand by young and old, and his natural vigor of mind had built him up a line of repartee that was downright blistering when he had time to stop and recite it all. Even mule skinners would drive blocks out of their way just to hear little Shelley's words when someone called him sissy or girl-boy.

It seems Shelley never took any of these troubles to his mother, because he was right manly and he regarded curls as a natural infirmity that couldn't be helped and that his poor ma shouldn't be blamed for. He'd always had curls, just as other unfortunates had been disfigured or maimed from birth, so he'd took it as a cross the Lord had give him to bear. And he was willing to bear it in silence if folks would just let him alone. Otherwise, not. Oh, most surely not!

I kind of kept watch on Shelley's mad career after that. It was mad most of the time. He had already begun to fight as well as to use language, and by the time he was ten he was a very nasty scrapper. And ready—it soon got so that only boys new-come to town would taunt him about his golden locks. And unless they was too much out of Shelley's class he made believers of 'em swiftly. From ten to twelve he must of had at least one good fight a day, what with the new ones and the old ones that still couldn't believe a boy in velvet pants with curls on his shoulders could really put it over on 'em. His mother believed his clothes was tore and his face bunged up now and then in mere boyish sports, and begged him not to engage in such rough games with his childish playmates. And Shelley, the little man, let her talk on, still believing he was like little Paul McNamara, that had a crooked foot. He wasn't going to shame his mother as well as himself.

I don't know just how Shelley ever got his big illumination that curls was not a curse put on him by his Maker. But he certainly did get it when he was round twelve. After two years of finish fights he suddenly found out that curls is optional, or a boy's own fault, if not his mother's, and that they may be cured by a simple and painless operation. He'd come to the observing age. They say he'd stand in front of Henry Lehman's barber shop every chance he'd get, watching the happy men getting their hair cut. And he put two and two together.

Then he went straight to his mother and told her all about his wonderful and beautiful discovery. He was awful joyous about it. He said you only had to go to Mr. Lehman's barber shop with thirty-five cents, and the kind Mr. Lehman would cut the horrible things off and make him look like other boys, so please let him have the thirty-five.

Then Shelley got a great shock. It was that his mother wanted him to wear them things to please her. She burst into tears and said the mere thought of her darling being robbed of his crowning glory by that nasty old Henry Lehman or anyone else was breaking her heart, and how could he be so cruel as to suggest it?

The poor boy must of been quite a bit puzzled. Here was a way out of something he had thought was incurable, and now his mother that loved him burst into tears at the thought of it. So he put it out of his mind. He couldn't hurt his mother, and if cutting off his disgrace was going to hurt her he'd have to go on wearing it.

Shelley was getting lanky now, with big joints and calf knees showing below his velvet pants; and he was making great headway, I want to tell you, in what seemed to be his chosen profession of pugilism. He took to going out of his class, taking on boys two or three years older. I never had the rare pleasure of seeing him in action, but it was mere lack of enterprise on my part. Before he found out that curls could be relieved by a barber he had merely took such fights as come to him. But now he went out of his way looking for 'em, and would start the action himself.

It got so that boys used to travel in bands—them that had criticized his appearance so he'd hear it—but he'd lie in wait for stragglers that was left behind by the convoy, and it would be the same old sad story. You can know what it meant when I tell you that the last year Shelley went to school they say he could come onto the playground with his long yellow curls floating in the breeze, and not a word would be heard from the fifty boys that might be there.

And so it went till he was thirteen. One succession of fights and a growing collection of words that would of give his fond pastor something to think about. Of course word of the fights would get to Shelley's ma from mothers whose little ones he had ravaged, but she just simply didn't believe it. You know a woman can really not believe anything she don't wish to. You couldn't tell that lady that her little boy with the angel face and soft voice would attack another boy unless the other boy begun it. And if the other boy did begin it, it was because he envied Shelley his glorious curls. Arline was certainly an expert in the male psychology, as they call it.

But at thirteen Shelley was losing a lot of the angel out of his face. His life of battle had told on him, I guess. But he was still obedient and carried the cross for his mother's sake. Poor thing! He'd formed the habit of obedience and never once suspicioned that a woman had no right to impose on him just because she was his mother. Shelley just took to fighting a little quicker. He wouldn't wait for words always. Sometimes mere looks of disgust would start him.

Then, when he got to near fourteen, still with the beautiful curls, he begun to get a lovely golden down on his face; and the face hadn't hardly a trace of angel left in it. The horrible truth was that Shelley not only needed a haircut but a shave. And one day, goaded by certain taunts, he told his mother this in a suddenly bass voice. It must of startled Arline, having this roar come out of her child when his little voice had always been sweet and high. So she burst into some more tears and Shelley asked her forgiveness, and pretty soon she was curling his hair again. I guess he knew right then it was for the last time on earth, but nothing warned the mother.

These new taunts that had finally made a man of Shelley was no taunts from boys, which he could handle easy, but the taunts of heedless girls, who naturally loathed a boy with curls even more than male humans of any age loathe him; and girls can be a lot tauntier when they start out to. Well, Shelley couldn't lick girls, and he had reached an age when their taunts cut into his hide like whiplashes, so he knew right well he had to do something desperate.

Then he went out and run away from the refining influences of his beautiful home. He took to the hills and landed way up on the north fork of the Kulanche where Liver-eating Johnson has a sheep ranch. Liver-eating, who is an unsavory character himself, had once heard Shelley address a small group of critics in front of the post office, and had wanted to adopt him right there. He still cherished the fondest memories of Shelley's flow of language, so he was tickled to death to have him drop along and stop, seeing that though but a lad in years he was a man

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Shelley Never Had a Safe Moment, I Guess. He Fought at the Front, and Then He'd Fight at Hospitals Every Time He Got Took Back There for Being Shot Up

COMMERCIAL FLYING

Business Possibilities of the Aëroplane

By EVAN J. DAVID

IN THE face of the extraordinary development of the aëroplane and what it has accomplished in the great war, both for the Hun and the Ally, it seems almost incredible that only fifteen years have elapsed since December 17, 1903, when the Wright brothers made man's first successful, sustained and steered flight in a heavier-than-air machine, driven by a gas engine over the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina! Upon that historic occasion Wilbur Wright flew 852 feet in fifty-nine seconds, and his four-cylinder gas engine could generate only twelve horse power!

Since then an aëroplane has carried an aviator from Paris via Constantinople to Cairo, Egypt; a biplane, driven by a 300-horse-power gas engine, has climbed to an altitude of 28,900 feet; another, with a wing spread of 127 feet, propelled by four twelve-cylinder motors developing 450 horse power each, has lifted forty people to an altitude of six thousand feet for an hour's cruise over London. Still another machine of the same type, but with only one hundred feet of wing spread, and propelled by only two 400-horse-power engines, has transported five men and a useful load of a ton all the way from London to Constantinople and back to Saloniki, a distance of more than two thousand miles. A two-seater, with a pilot and mechanic, has flown from Turin to Naples and back, a distance of nine hundred and twenty miles, without stopping! A late report from Italy says that a huge triplane, measuring 150 feet, weighing many tons, and driven by three 700-horse-power engines has taken seventy-eight people up for a ride at one time. A piano has been freighted in another aëroplane from London to Paris. The Alps, the Pyrenees and the Taurus Mountains have been aërially transnavigated by aëroplane. The Sahara Desert, the Pyramids, the English Channel, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic Sea have been flown over in heavier-than-air machines, and a dozen factories are now working feverishly day and night to finish an air cruiser with which to win the fifty thousand dollars offered by the London Daily Mail for the first flight across the Atlantic.

Some Celebrated Air Records

IN THE war zone the aëroplane has been put to the most astonishing uses. It has spied out the most hidden secrets of the enemy; it has dropped spies behind his lines; it has photographed thousands of square miles of European and Asiatic terrain; it has directed the fire of artillery and the march of hundreds of thousands of troops; it has scattered cigarettes over advancing soldiers; it has dropped cans of tomatoes to thirsty and hungry men in isolated stretches of the desert; it has carried food to besieged camps; it has bombed trains, concentrations of soldiers, ammunition dumps and ammunition factories, gas plants and innumerable other military and manufacturing objectives. It has performed more maneuvers in the air than the tumbler pigeon. It has fought the most extraordinary battles. It has descended so low as to rake soldiers in the trenches, transports on the highways, trains on the railroads, and even officers in their automobiles. Indeed, by bombing manufacturing cities over a belt of a hundred miles along the Rhine it has done more to break down the morale of the German people than any other factor. Truly this new engine of man has developed, under the intense necessity of war, farther in this short space of time than any other mechanical device—not excepting the automobile—which man has ever invented or fostered.

But with all the wonderful things the aëroplane has accomplished and with all the stupendous advance it has made as a carrier of man and his chattels, even though it does travel the shortest distance between any two points on this planet with the greatest speed, nevertheless, much must yet be done to make the aëroplane a safe, comfortable, popular and inexpensive means of aërial transportation. Therefore, before we attempt to demonstrate how this fastest engine of flight can be made to do man's will as easily and comfortably as the powerful steam engine, the mysterious electric dynamo and the subtle gasoline motor, let us first examine in detail what has already been accomplished in aëroplane transportation. Then, with our feet firmly planted on the ground but with our heads up in the clouds so that we may see over the highest mountains, let us look down the corridors of the ages and discern through the mists of time some of the transportation feats which this new invention of man will most certainly perform.

From the time of the first flight of the Wright brothers till the beginning of the great war, owing to the lack of commercial incentive, the development in aviation was similar to that of any other science that involved some physical dangers. It is true that M. Blériot had flown across the English Channel on July 25, 1909; that Jules Védrines had been carried in an aëroplane from Paris via Vienna, Sofia and Constantinople to Cairo, Egypt; and that Roland Garros had flown five hundred miles across the Mediterranean Sea from St.-Raphael, Italy, to Tunis, Africa; but these facts were regarded as sporting events or stunts that could not be regularly performed by aëroplanes without great loss of life. For that reason practically no commercial interest was taken in aviation, and very little military—except by Germany, which was ready to seize upon and develop anything that would help her to realize *Der Tag* when she would be conqueror of the world.

Indeed, few people outside of those connected with aëronautics know that one of the chief reasons why the Potsdam gang made the Sarajevo murders a pretext for hurling the whole world into war was the firm belief that Germany had at that time the complete supremacy of the air. She had constructed a fleet of two score Zeppelins, some measuring 710 feet in length and being buoyed up by nearly two million cubic feet of hydrogen gas, driven by six Maybach gas engines, each developing 250 horse power, and carrying a crew of forty-eight men and a useful load of four tons.

What destruction those fleets of lighter-than-air machines wrought upon the open villages, towns and cities of England, Scotland, France, Belgium, Rumania and Russia—not to mention the part they played in the naval battle of Jutland—constitutes another chapter in the history of German aërial preparedness and sky-line transportation that must be told in another place. But just as Germany seized on the submarine and developed it for polemic purposes, so she saw the possibilities of the aëroplane as a scout, fighter and bombing subsidiary to the Zeppelin. With the object of developing the aëronautic branch of the service beyond any other country the German Government gave every encouragement to aviation. In 1914 the Huns offered the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars to be awarded for the best water-cooled and air-cooled aëro motor of eighty to two hundred horse power. Among the points to be avoided in its construction was the "use of material from any other country than Germany." Under the auspices of the Aërial League of Germany the Kaiser also put up fifty thousand marks in prizes for the best altitude, cross country and nonstop records made by standardized aëroplanes taken from stock. Subsidized as the German aëro manufacturers were by their government it was not difficult for their flyers to carry off all the prizes at this meet, so that before the end of July, 1914, they had made the following new world's records:

Otto Linnekogel on July ninth climbed to 21,654 feet, breaking Roland Garros' record of 19,032; on July fourteenth Heinrich Oelerich reached 26,246 feet; and Reinhold Boehm flew for twenty-four hours and two minutes without stopping his engine!

Germany's Initial Advantage

THOSE who realize how much time, money and energy have been expended in the last year and a half in this country in getting quantity production of aëroplanes and aëro motors will appreciate what it meant to Germany in July, 1914, when she declared war on the world, to have all her experimentation done and her aëronautical factories tuned up and nearly a thousand standardized planes equipped with standardized Benze, Mercedes and Maybach motors while England had barely 250 planes of almost as many different types, and France was in a similar condition with about 300 aëroplanes and engines!

With command of the land and the air Germany felt she could neutralize or overcome Britain's command of the sea by overrunning France, seizing the Channel Ports, and by flying over the British Fleet land an army in England and conquer the "tight little isle." Indeed, for three years after the first battle of the Marne the fear of just such a contingency compelled England to keep a large standing army at home while Germany with her Zeppelins and aëroplanes even from distant Belgium terrorized Scotland and England with almost daily bombing air raids.

But as soon as the war broke out the governments of the world began to appreciate what could be accomplished by these little toys of sportsmen, and to realize that the side which built and equipped the largest and fastest fleet of scouts and fighters could put out the eyes of his opponent and win the gigantic struggle; for an army or a navy cannot feel its way forward like a worm without being destroyed! This precipitated an enormous economic and manufacturing race to make enough aircraft and to train enough skillful aviators to drive the enemy from the air and get control of the third dimension. The fighting and bombing possibilities of the aëroplane were not then fully appreciated; that came afterward. Consequently the two objectives first sought in the actual designing and building of the aëroplanes were maneuvering ability and speed, and later bombing capacity. Inherent stability and sufficient factors of safety, the two chief considerations in peace construction of aircraft, were only secondary or entirely neglected.

For nearly four years this war of tools and this war in the air went on with fluctuating vicissitudes for Hun and Ally. First came the German scouting and fighting Fokkers

Side View of the Four-Motored Super Handley-Page Machine, Giving a Good Idea of the Length of the Fuselage

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FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

MORE than a year ago, when it looked as though the end of this war might still be far away, Great Britain prepared her scheme of demobilization. She had to if she expected to enter the after-the-war period without disturbance. England lives mostly by manufacturing and shipping. Her factories have been diverted to munitions making, her shipping largely to carrying troops and military supplies. To rush five million men back into England while the machinery of production was still in process of readjustment would mean unemployment on a gigantic scale, want, starvation, disturbance—a calamity second only to that of the war itself.

Hence the committees and boards that have been organizing this first move of peace; and hence the British demobilization plan, by which men will be mustered out according to trades, as industry can absorb them.

This gradual and orderly transfer of her army of war into an army of peace is the great problem of England. Material reconstruction—re-creating the purely physical things with which to go back to work—troubles her comparatively little. There the replacement of merchant tonnage sunk by German submarines is the main item.

Problems of Reconstruction

IT IS different with France. As compared to her ally across the Channel demobilization gives her small concern. Her great problem is the replacement of material values—replacing farm plants and factories, farms and cities wiped out by the German mines, looted by the German occupants or blown to pieces by shell fire. It is not a job, either, that she can do in a leisurely fashion. This northern district which Germany outraged was the source of her greatest wealth—the industrial backbone of the country. If she does not set her farms to producing and her factory wheels to turning within a reasonable time a defeated Germany will have gained one of her professed objects in starting this war—to ruin France as an industrial competitor.

Nor have the French been able, like the British, to make thorough plans for relieving their embarrassments after the war. In the first place the French, as they admit themselves, are not very forehanded in public and corporate affairs. Certain among them say, with a kind of pride in their own faults, "We are improvisators," just as certain kinds of Englishmen used to say "We are muddlers." There are efficiencies and efficiencies. The French have a way of letting down between crises and rising to superhuman heights of performance when a crisis is on. But there was a better reason for the state of comparative unpreparedness with which France faced the unexpected possibility of peace. Up to the end of last July there was always a strong question whether she would have any country to reconstruct. The enemy was in the north; at the very worst of the dark days he was throwing shells into the capital. Every ounce of thought and energy that France possessed must be set to the supreme task of saving the country. Great Britain, intensively as she was engaged in the war, was not immediately threatened with invasion. Her men of affairs had some leisure wherein to think and to plan.

True, Parisian journalists had now and then devoted a few articles to "L'Après-Guerre." True, when the Germans fell back from the Noyon district in 1917 the government passed a few palliative measures looking toward the revival of farming and manufacturing. But these were only beginnings. Not until late September or early October did even the most optimistic Frenchmen believe that victory was really in sight; and after that things moved with a dramatic suddenness that took the breath. Committees and boards began to spring up; the Chamber of Deputies began to consider the problem. I write this on the day when the German peace commissioners, who have been waiting with a white flag and a crouching start in Berlin for President Wilson to give the word, have started to interview Marshal Foch. And by to-day the improvising French, though they have crystallized few of their measures into laws, know the general lines along which they must work, and are preparing the machinery.

Let us first get the minor problem of demobilization out of the way.

Forty per cent of the population of France lives by agriculture. Sending a farmer back to his farm is not an act that tends to disturb industrial conditions. Unless he owns one of the pitifully devastated properties in the troubled north the French farmer can go right to work. It is true that he will have difficulties, hereafter to be mentioned, in the matter of tools and machinery; nevertheless he will have plenty to do. Nearly half of the problem solves itself right there. For the rest France faces some such problem as England.

However, this war, which has been full of surprises, has been a little surprising even in its end. Most of us in thinking about its finish have pictured a definite military victory, the surrender of Germany on her own soil, and the peace conference. It hasn't happened in that way, though Germany is as thoroughly beaten in arms as we might have hoped.

In the nature of things England will concern herself mainly with the naval guaranties; and her navy, which must keep up its personnel in peace as well as in war, will attend to that. On France falls most of the duty of the military guaranties; this involves keeping under arms for some time to come a part of her army far greater than her peacetime strength.

Plans for Demobilization

WHEN the civilian authorities and the military authorities have threshed the matter out and reached an agreement it is probable that France will proceed about as follows:

The older men, say above thirty-five or thirty-six, will be released as soon as the military situation looks perfectly safe. This determination is guided both by sentiment and by convenience. The family men, France feels, should be as soon as possible back with their families. Further, by and large the directing intelligence of a nation lies among the men of middle age. At the dawn of peace conditions such men are needed back at home, to prepare the way for the workers who are going to be released later. In the present state of affairs the release of this class, France feels, will produce little or no disturbance of the labor market.

Following that, as the military situation permits, the authorities will proceed with the demobilization of the younger classes on a plan analogous to that of the British—a study of the needs of France in reconstruction, and the release of men by trades and occupations as work is ready for them.

So much for demobilization, which, as I have said, presents fewer problems in France than in England. It is overshadowed by the pressing task of reconstruction and reconstitution; and there is a job so mighty and complex that one who considers even its main lines finds himself overwhelmed with its immensity. Let us first see what France has to do.

When in the spring and summer of 1918 the Germans pushed their lines farthest toward Paris and the Channel

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SUN-RIPE

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY A. D. FULLER

MRS. HALLOWBY and her daughter Minnie had gauged everything exactly. There was potato bread for supper, piping hot, split and buttered, and there was cold ham delicately pink and white, sliced not too thin for a hungry man's appetite. There were fried potatoes, crispy brown at the edges, cooked to a turn, spicily hot with black pepper. There were little rose-bud radishes, and melting cottage cheese, and quivering ruddy gold jelly made from last year's Maiden Blush apples. For dessert, waiting and ready—for there was no servile changing of plates and shifting of silver at this table—stood a deep bowl of strawberries, wine-red clear through, frosted with sugar, while a pot of thick cream and a round sponge cake, uncut, covered with chocolate that oozed in soft delicious drops down its side, waited beside the berries.

The women bided their time until Wilbur Gaines had got round to his third piece of cake and second saucer of berries. Then Minnie flashed a glance at her mother that commanded "Begin!"

"I got a letter from my step-brother Cha'ncy to-day, Wil," she said, smoothing her apron. Her voice was soft and round like her little dumpy self. "He's been having pretty hard luck lately—in the family, that is."

No man under the influence of such a supper could have been wholly unsympathetic to the ills of step-brother Cha'ncy's family, and Wilbur Gaines was not hard-hearted at any time.

"Yes; his oldest girl," went on Mrs. Hallowby—"the one that's named f'r me, Louisy—she's been ailing quite a lot, and they're afraid of gallopin' consumption. She ain't but nineteen, too—just Minnie's age."

Now indeed, Wilbur Gaines' sympathy was roused. He could barely remember his mother lying on her pillows, coughing her life away. His mother had been pretty and young; he treasured an old-fashioned photograph in a quaint clasped case that proved it. He could remember how she used to laugh at him and tickle him, and how he had heard her say wistfully to his father, "I wish I darst kiss him and kiss him all to pieces. He's the darlingest!" But he was too little then to know why she would not kiss him.

"Oh, that's terrible, Mrs. Hallowby," he said. "That's terrible! They ought to get her away out in the country before she's too far gone. The poor thing!"

Minnie looked again commandingly at her mother, and Mrs. Hallowby's voice went on, softly and roundly, as before. Her work-worn hands fidgeted a little with the edge of her apron now, pleating and unpleating it.

"Yes, that's what Cha'ncy'd like to do, but he can't afford it. The twins have been sick too. Louisy was working in one of them factories where they make ladies' waists or something, and her money was quite a help, but now she ain't earning anything—and there's the doctor's bills. Cha'ncy says he don't know how they manage to struggle along. But I'll allow he's no manager—Cha'ncy; ner his wife neither."

"Well, look here, Mrs. Hallowby," said Wilbur Gaines, taking a last delicious morsel of cake, "why don't you ask her out here to spend the summer? She could have fresh milk and eggs and stuff and lie round in the hammock. Being with her own folks she wouldn't fret like she would if she was sent off somewheres by herself."

"I do declare, Wilbur," said Mrs. Hallowby, wiping her eyes, "you do beat all for kind heart. Just think o' you suggestin' such a thing as that! Are you sure it won't be no bother nor worry to you? For I won't have you put about in your own home f'r my relatives—'twouldn't be right."

Wilbur rose from the table and stretched his long well-muscled young body to its full six foot one. "You sit right down and get a letter written," he said, "and I'll take it in with the first load of strawberries and mail it on the train. Tell 'em to send her right along."

He walked over to the high wooden mantelpiece and took down his pipe, filled and lit it lazily and then sauntered on outside. Minnie and her mother waited until he was well out of earshot.

"You did it fine, ma," said Minnie. "He thinks he thought it all up himself. He is the best-hearted thing!"

She ran a hand over her curly yellow hair, and her blue eyes mirrored intense satisfaction. She was a tall deep-bosomed girl, bright-colored like a piece of china, and she had a determined little lift to her round chin.

"It's a lot better so," said her mother cautiously. "I always say any woman can manage a man if she'll only let him be head of the house—or think he is. Don't you forget that, miss.

"I'll do the dishes," she went on. "You get your embroidery and go out and set with Wil. My, it'll be a comfort to me when you two get married and this place is home. I'll maybe miss my wages f'r housekeepin', but I'll feel as if we was settled at last."

Minnie looked at her mother reflectively and pityingly. "Well, I wish we was nearer to town," she said. "I kind of hate to settle down and be an old married woman and never have a bit of fun." It was the repetition of an old plaint, and she read annoyance in her mother's faded eyes. "There, ma," she said, "you go on and write that letter to Uncle Cha'ncy and I'll clear up, and if you get it done before I'm through you can finish and I'll go out and sit with Wilbur and embroider some more perfectly thrilling daisies on those exciting corset covers! This is a wild life, all right. I'll be thankful when Lou comes—she'll tell me what people are wearing, and what she's seen to the movies, and some new way to do up my hair."

She whisked the dishes together and piled them on a great tray, lifted them easily and carried them out to the kitchen. There was a deft handiness about everything she did, though she hardly used more than the tips of her fingers. She had taught herself to do things that way because she did not want to spoil her hands. Minnie Hallowby was sure that the one sure sign of refinement was a white smooth hand, so she had spent considerable thought on how to make and keep her own so.

She had finished the dishes long before her mother was through with her labored letter writing. She rinsed the dishpan, dried it, hung it up, and shook out her mop and her tea towels, set the big tray on edge and wiped the spattered drops of water from the table oilcloth. Then she washed her hands carefully with scented soap, rubbed the least bit of cold cream on them, looked at them anxiously to be sure that they were uninjured, and catching up a basket of embroidery stuff went out to the side porch.

Wilbur did not get up when she joined him, but merely moved so that the smoke from his pipe would not blow directly toward her.

"What you thinkin' about, Wil?" she asked, calmly rocking and drawing her thread in rhythmic harmony.

He gave a little start, and then laughed, showing teeth as white as a young hound's—the whiter for the contrast of his clear dark sunburn. "I was just wonderin' about those three crates of berries I shipped to that hotel in Philadelphia," he said; "wonderin' if they got there in good condition and what that furriner I saw there—the steward—thought about 'em. If he liked 'em it'll maybe mean that he'll buy a lot of special stuff, Min, and I c'n give up fightin' with the commission men."

She looked at him with indulgent scorn. She did not discount one of his good qualities, but she was clearly aware that marriage with him was going to bore her unutterably. But Wilbur Gaines was a good catch, and she wasn't going to lose him just because she'd have to live in the country. There wasn't another fellow anywhere round who had half his get-up, or was so good-looking, or had so few bothersome relatives, or who was so honest-to-goodness decent. In all the seven years since her mother had come to the Gaines house as housekeeper and brought her, a half-starved girl of twelve, with searing memories of a childhood where there was not enough to eat, and of a drunken man who whipped her with sudden vicious cruelty, she had never seen Wil Gaines do a mean unkind thing. Yes, Minnie knew he'd make a good husband, and that a good husband was worth having. All the same she did wish she could go to the movies more often, and dances, and roam round the shops enjoying the sight of the heaped and lavish counters. That was life! And when it grew too dark to go on with her even stitching she sat quiet in the scented dusk and thought with longing of brightly lighted streets and warm, jostling, noisy crowds, and the flicker of films, and the crash and rattle of ragtime music.

Four days later Wilbur went to the station to meet the invalid, Lou. He had never seen her, but there was no mistaking the thin little figure that dropped down from the high car step and almost fell against him, pulled over by the weight of her heavy old suitcase. He caught her and the suitcase, too, with one easy sweep of his arm.

"Let go that," he commanded. "It's too heavy for you."

"All right, John L. Sullivan, Junior," rejoined Lou, giggling. "Oh, excuse me—I guess this must be Mr. Wilbur Gaines. Min says you've got very masterful ways, Mr. Gaines, and I see she's right. Now just lead me to the limousine, please."

Her face was a little white triangle of skin and bone, her wrists were like birch twigs, and through her thin blouse collar bones and upper ribs showed with a ghastly emaciation—but all the same she was vitally alive. Her eyes, blue, but darker

"I Think It Was Awful Good of You to Let Me Come, Mr. Gaines. Lotsa People Wouldn't Ever Have Thought of Doing Anything Like That for a Stranger"

than Minnie's, sparkled and snapped with vivacity, and her tongue wagged merrily.

Wilbur grinned as he would have done at a saucy child. He had known precious little fooling in his life, and it was a refreshing novelty.

"Right round here," he said, leading the way to the other side of the station. "You don't mind if I put some berry crates in back, do you?"

"All the Four Hundred rides round with berry crates," twinkled Lou, "so let's be in style. I'm a regular slave of fashion, Mr. Gaines—you can see that at a glance. Where'm I going to sit—along with the chauff? Oh, simpully grand! I can talk to the man at the wheel."

The light motor truck in which Wilbur hauled his loads of fruit was already filled with empty crates, so he helped her to the seat beside his, very carefully, noting her frailness. Then he jumped in beside her and they wheeled out briskly from the little tangle of country traffic that had met the evening train. As they did so she began to cough, and the paroxysm lasted until they had cleared the town. Wilbur looked at her in silent distress—he could feel her shake and tremble against the steady strong muscles of his arm. But as soon as she could speak she looked up at him, smiling.

"Something's wrong with the Subway to my Bronx," she said, "and the chief engineer says he can't do a thing for it. But I should worry! A week or two amongst the cooing lambs an' the new-mown strawberries will fix me up better'n new. The doc says I gotta drink a lot of fresh-laid milk and live out under the trees with the spiders and hop-toads. Say, Mr. Gaines, do the hop-toads give a warnin' rattle before they strike?"

And heavily but not wholly unsuccessfully Wilbur Gaines essayed facetiæ in kind. "No," he said solemnly, "they don't make a sound. It's the katydids you're thinking of—they give a low hiss when they attack."

They laughed together and were at once immeasurably well acquainted.

"Gee, don't the air smell good!" cried Lou. "What is that, anyway? Somebody musta lost a whole bottleful of perfoomery round here."

"That's sweet grass," instructed Wilbur. "Just a kind of tough grass that grows along the road."

"Oh, I know," said the little New York cockney, "I got a little souvenir basket once down at Coney Island that was wove of sweet grass, the woman said. But I thought she was lyin'. I thought she must've put some sort of stuff on it to make it smell. I'm a regular nut about the country, I guess you'll think. You'll hafta tell me about everything. Will you?"

She looked up at him eagerly, and he caught again the glint of dauntless spirit in her eyes.

"Sure," he promised laconically.

"That's a promise, now," she rattled on, "and I'm going to hold you to it.

"Well, believe me, I'm glad to get here! And I think—I think"—a sudden hesitating shyness came to her for a second—"I think it was awful good of you to tell Aunt Lou to let me come, Mr. Gaines. Lotsa people wouldn't ever have thought of doing anything like that for a stranger, believe me."

Wilbur stirred uneasily. He did not want to be thanked.

"That's all right," he said hastily. "Look—see that foxglove growing over that old tree. It's right pretty, ain't it?"

"I guess you're kidding," she said radiantly. "Some style this country's got—even the foxes wearing gloves! Tell me another one as good as that and I'll write it down."

Thinking it over as he unloaded the empty berry crates Wilbur decided that it was the shortest ride out from town he had ever made. He chuckled to himself over the memory of the venomous hop-toads and the foxes that wear gloves. And he went in to supper with a sense of pleasurable excitement and expectancy. But the guest did not appear.

"City Cats are So Mean," She Told Wilbur. "Now Charlie's a Real Pal, Isn't She? Purrs Every Time I Pat Her"

"She just kinda collapsed when she got in," Minnie told him, "and ma and me thought she'd better stay in bed. She thinks you're awful nice, Wilbur. Poor little thing—don't she look dreadful?"

Wilbur searched his unimaginative mind for a fitting simile.

"She puts me in mind of a little sick white kitten," he said at last, and almost blushed for such a dizzy height of fancy.

"She talks a lot—she's got that lively way with her even when she can't hold her head up," said the stolid Minnie admiringly. Then, with precautionary thought: "You mustn't mind anything she says, Wil; she's kinda spoiled, I guess, and sometimes she sounds kinda fresh. But she don't mean a thing."

For the first time in their knowledge of each other Wilbur Gaines felt a touch of patronage for Minnie's shortsightedness. Her tactful management of small matters had subtly irritated him before this, though he had not known just what it was that annoyed him.

"I guess I've got some sense," he said with vague resentment.

Minnie looked at him wonderingly but did not answer. Her capacity for silence was as great as his, and she saw that she had been stupid. They sat and finished supper in as prosaic a way as if they had been brother and sister or an old long-married couple, instead of betrothed but a few months. Mrs. Hallowby was upstairs in attendance on Lou, and did not come down until the meal was over. When Wilbur had taken his accustomed seat on the porch Minnie left her mother to eat and clear away, and hurried upstairs herself. Presently Wilbur heard Lou's voice through the window above the porch, the words unintelligible, but the cadence dramatic, varying without pause from tragedy to comedy. Laughter from Minnie, and occasional bursts of coughing on the part of the narrator, punctuated the tale, and sometimes Wilbur smiled to himself at the liquid dip and fall of it, and sometimes he frowned anxiously when the coughing was prolonged. He sat and listened until at last the voice was still, and then he got up and knocked the ashes out of his pipe and mechanically started for his rounds of the stables and barns.

The night closed round him, warm and fresh and luminous with stars, and there came the soft sleepy hush-h that sounds like the murmur of a sea shell and is made by little nocturnal insects and faint stir of leaves and grasses awakening to the cool dew damp. Evening primroses, pale yellow ghost flowers, bloomed along the path, and there was perfume of white clover bruised under his tread. He paused and tasted it all, responsive to its beauty as he had never been before. Slowly he made his way about the stables, trying locks and listening to the occasional stamp of the horses. As he passed the stall of his favorite, Jinny, she stuck a velvet nose suddenly over the manger and whickered conversationally. He could catch the gleam of her friendly eyes, and they reminded him of those deep-blue eyes that had so lately been lifted to him in friendliness.

He rubbed Jinny's nose and remarked irrelevantly, "Plucky little thing. Plucky little thing!" And Jinny mistaking the words for endearments to herself rubbed her head against his arm gratefully.

He did not expect to see Lou at his own early breakfast, and he ate hurriedly, with his mind intent on the work of the day. The high whitewashed room was delicately flecked and spotted with the gold of early sunlight that had forced its way through the screening vine leaves of the porch. It was a bare and beautiful place, that dining room, with its clumsy old walnut furniture, its gleam of shining pewter, its square-shouldered mantel clock with painted glass in the door below the face, and its cheap blue china set out on the white oilcloth table cover. There was a peacock feather fly brush that made more color and an oval mirror in a tarnished gilt frame, and a color print of Lord Byron and His First Love—representing the youthful poet in a sort of midshipman's costume of loose white trousers and a tight blue jacket reclining on the shoulder of a ringleted and obviously much more elderly lady—decorated the walls. Brass andirons and a bunch of dried grasses filled the clean fireplace. Half a dozen almanacs hung on a nail driven into one of the window frames, and there was a commercial calendar from a commission house, with two-inch black figures and a lithographed picture of a giant watermelon above them, tacked beneath the mirror.

Mrs. Hallowby and Minnie and Wilbur Gaines did not know this room was beautiful, yet they all liked it; Mrs. Hallowby because she found it easy to keep clean, Minnie because she thought that when she and Wilbur were married she could refurnish it in golden oak and dark-green wall paper, and Wilbur because he was a born conservative and the fact that the room had been just so in his grandfather's and his father's time made him content with it for himself.

He tramped out from breakfast to the berry field and found there the most of his pickers at work, a dozen or more women and children, families of his own two tenants and the nearest poor whites roundabout. He had built a rough shelter, a roof of planks overlapped, set up on four hand-split posts with the bark still on them. Here were his crates, his baskets, his carriers, and here he could command the field with his eye.

It was midmorning, and he was kneeling beside a full crate stenciling it with his name when someone beside him said "Hello, you!" and he looked up to see Lou, still white-faced and frail, to be sure, but with a look of rest about her that had not been there the night before. The wind was blowing her dull-brown hair about and she seemed more like a little girl than ever. She did not give him time to return her greeting.

"Oh, my soul!" she exclaimed. "I never saw so many strawberries together before in all my life. And how red they are. And how good they smell—just like flowers and wine mixed up somehow. Well, ain't this just swell, though? Say, what are those funny little things?"

He explained that they were the pickers' checks and that as they were marked they tallied the number of quarts of fruit brought in. She brightened with interest.

"Oh, when one of 'em picks five quarts you give her a check marked five—is that it? And then she cashes in when she wants some money; when you're through picking, maybe. Why, it's just like a store, isn't it? Say, Mr. Gaines, let me help. Let me give out the checks, won't you? Isn't there something else you could be doing? I'm the best little helper you ever saw. Will you let me? I'll be awful careful, truly."

He handed over the little tin box of checks into her scrawny reaching hands without a word, and as pickers came up she dealt them out importantly while he went on with the packing and stenciling. And all the while she talked to him:

"Look at that berry, will you, shaped like a palm-leaf fan and as big as a saucer! I'm going to put it on top, and the woman who buys it'll think she's won a prize at a parish-house card party. It's funny, most of these berries look like the emery bags you buy in the stores. A lady friend of mine gave me one once for Christmas; and it was the cutest thing, and I was just crazy about it, but the twins got hold of it—and good night!"

He felt his lips twitching with amusement as he listened—it was odd and pleasantly comradely to have someone there with him. "Don't you get all tired out," he warned her.

She made a little face at him. "Mind your own business, Mister Buttinsky," she said. "Why, this is just like heaven out here, with that breeze blowing and all this greenness round. Say, I'd think Min would help you do this every day."

"She's afraid she might get sunburnt," said Wilbur, as one who states a fact without malice and without great interest.

"That's a scream," replied Lou with her twinkling but not at all unpleasant giggle. "That's why she wanted to force a sunbonnet and mitts on me, I guess, when I started out. But I dodged her. 'No, sir-ree,' I said, 'I'm going to tell all my friends that I spent the summer at Newport, and I'm going to have the swell tan to prove it.'"

She paused and gazed in wistful meditation across the berry field with its dots of stooping figures. "Why, the sunlight," she said, struggling to express herself, "the sunlight, when it was beating down on me as I came out here—it—it warmed me so—and made me feel so good—I opened my mouth to get it inside of me. It made me feel—swell! Oh"—with a return of gayety—"I'm going to beat this bad old Bronx of mine yet."

He looked up with instant sympathy and caught her applying lip rouge in the form of juice from a crushed berry.

"I'm Going to Eat This Little One," Lou Said

She laughed impishly at his surprise. "This one was mashed anyway," she said, "so I thought I'd doll up a little. Look!"

She rubbed the berry quickly on each cheek, leaving big red daubs, and then tucked it in her mouth and ate it.

"There's a fortune waiting for the man who can make a rouge you can eat if you get hungry," she told him. "Useful on the dressing table and the dining table at the same time. It's a great life, kid, if you don't weaken."

He laughed helplessly at her absurdity. "You better wipe that stuff off before any more pickers come up," he said in a paternal voice.

"Not on your life! I'm going up to the house and show it to Aunt Lou and Min. It's the very latest. Can you get along without my valuable assistance for a while, Mr. Gaines, esquire?"

And she was gone. He saw that she walked slowly and that she had on foolish high-heeled white pumps that made her thin ankles twist about uncomfortably. She turned and waved a hand to him, and he waved back, and the echo of her cough came to him faintly.

"Plucky little thing," he thought again lingeringly. But he could not pity her too much, for her spirit forbade it, and he was too busy remembering her droll phrases, her laughter and her grimaces. He went over them carefully in his memory and wound up by telling himself that they were just as good as a show. And she was to stay for weeks—all summer, maybe. The prospect was kaleidoscopic with lively color.

And it was so. The quiet house was forever echoing to her clacking tongue and the tap of her restless feet. She kept Min merry, and even startled old Mrs. Hallowby out of her contented calm now and again. The eyes of the three of them dwelt on her constantly and with the same fascination with which eyes are drawn to leaping, living flame.

The first day in the berry field with Wilbur was the first of many. She followed him round as an irrepressibly yapping puppy follows a big watchdog. She gave out checks with a delight out of all proportion to the use of the task, first for strawberries, then for raspberries and the later crops of small fruits—blackberries, currants, gooseberries.

Now and then she forced Wilbur into some boyish word or act that delighted her and surprised him even more.

"There's only one right way to eat raspberries," he told her gravely one day, watching her as she strayed from the shed to the beginning of a row that the picker had left: "Pick your hand full, just as full as you can hold it, and then throw back your head and clap 'em all into your mouth at once."

No sooner said than done, and the pickers at the other end of the field were startled by her laughter. Then he must do it—and she brought both her hands full of berries to pile into his big palm, and stood back to watch him. It was a great success, and the pickers at the other end of the field were again startled by their laughter.

"Wil," she said—she had left off calling him Mr. Gaines after three days—"you're nothing but a great big kiddo, for all you put on such a solemnness. I've got your number—you'll never fool me again."

It tickled her fancy to learn the names of the garden flowers, though she proudly established her claim to a knowledge of nasturtiums and hollyhocks. But she called the pinks carnations, and she was very skeptical at first that there could be such words as petunia and verbena. Having learned them she developed a strong aversion for one and a liking for the other.

"Silly name—petunia!" she told Wilbur and Min, her enchanted audience. "Sounds like spittoon, and nobody in polite society says rough stuff like that any more. Now verbena's an awful pretty word—kinda like a word in a song—where it rimes at the end of the chorus, you know. But I don't believe and I never will believe that Johnny-jump-up's the name of those funny little pansies. You're both of you kidding me and trying to put one over on the greenhorn just off Ellis Island—I know it. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. If there was a cop round I'd complain on you, I sure would!"

She followed Wilbur to the barn each evening and watched him milk a special cupful for herself, which she

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THE BLACK GOLCONDA

Fortunes in Oil and Their Outlet—By Albert W. Atwood

Burkburnett Is Up to This Moment the Premier Case of the Lambs Winning Against the Bulls and Bears and Tigers—of the Little Investor Coming Out Ahead

THE ways of fortune in oil in the great Southwest to-day are past all human understanding. Now and then, here and there, fortune is cold and flinty-hearted, dispensing her goodies only to the favored few, to those already rich and powerful or who at least have ample resources, experience and shrewdness. Then again she breaks loose and showers her golden smiles and favors with lavish and impartial hand upon whole communities, upon butcher and baker and candlestick maker; upon the wise, the good, the wicked and the foolish; upon those who become frenzied with joy at their new estate, and upon those who seem to care not a whit.

What strange freak is it that oil should come along and heap new fortunes upon Tom Waggoner and Burk Burnett, millionaire cattle kings? Waggoner can hardly count either his wealth or his acres. Once he enriched his children with a million dollars apiece at Christmas by giving them each a ranch. A man was telling a friend that he was about to visit a certain county in the northern part of Texas. "Where in blazes is that?" inquired the friend.

"Oh, that's on Tom Waggoner's ranch." And then all was clear. To one big oil company alone Waggoner has leased 289,000 acres of land for drilling. Only a portion of the acreage has yet been developed, but that is one of the famous oil fields of the country. One can only call it a freak of fortune and stop there before the baffling sphinx-like face of Destiny.

"How do you like the oil business?" I asked Mr. Waggoner.

Oil and Water

ONE of his closest business associates had just stated that common reports of the cattle king's income from oil were exaggerated, that it had never exceeded $40,000 a month and was now only $250,000 a year. He added, however, that the great oil company which had leased the vast tract had been unable, owing to various technical delays and temporary obstacles, to develop more than a tiny fraction or fringe of the property.

"It's a heap of bother," was the cattle breeder's reply to the question of how he liked oil. "They leave the gates open, and sometimes the oil gets in the [water] tanks. The cattle mostly won't drink the water; or if they do drink it and take enough they sometimes die."

"You like the cattle business?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir, I guess I do!" And Waggoner showed real interest for the first time. "I've been in it all my life. I was raised in it. I guess I do like it!"

I related the incident to an oilman. "Huh," he grunted in disgust, "in a couple of years Waggoner's cattle will only be an adjunct to his oil."

Then there is Capt. Burk Burnett, the big pioneer cattleman, very type and pattern of empire builders. Unlike Waggoner he did not inherit his broad acres but built his empire all himself. Though he is now well along in years and no longer lives in rough unsettled surroundings, he has many a time in earlier days been obliged to defend his life and fortunes with a gun. Burnett is known for his generosity and public spirit. He is the leader and inspirer of the cattle breeders of his state, and his brand, the Four Sixes, is known throughout the Southwest. More than that, Burnett has been the intimate of many prominent men, the lifelong friend of two direct political opposites, antitheses of statesmanship—Theodore Roosevelt and former Senator Joseph W. Bailey.

I tell all this solely to show that the great landowner and cattle breeder has lived a life full of action, achievement and color; and yet after its many years and chapters he is once more enriched by fate, this time through oil. Just what Burk Burnett's income from oil may be I do not know. Common report puts it at a large figure, and there are hundreds of thousands of acres that are as yet undeveloped. But this pioneer's oil income would be far larger than it is if he had not sold the land on which the village of Burkburnett stands.

The Family Which Owns This House Made a Fortune in Oil

Few Tears for Spilt Milk

REPUTABLE oilmen say that at least twenty million dollars' worth of the stuff will be taken out from the village of Burk and its immediate surroundings. This is part of an eighteen-thousand-acre tract which Kemp & Kell, bankers and capitalists of Wichita Falls, Texas, purchased at the time they built the Wichita Falls and Northwestern Railroad. No doubt Burnett could have got the twenty dollars or so an acre which he charged and still have kept the mineral rights. No doubt, also, the settlers to whom Kemp & Kell later sold the land would have paid the twenty-five dollars or more an acre which they did pay, and let Kemp & Kell keep the mineral rights. But no one foresaw the oil, and so a great fortune has been divided up among hundreds of local people instead of falling into the lap of one or two men who were already rich.

It would hardly be a fair picture of the big landowners and capitalists of North and West Texas to picture them all as indifferent to oil as Tom Waggoner. It will not be doing Mr. Kemp any injustice—nor do I think he will object—if the statement is made that as we rode through mile after mile of what was once his eighteen-thousand-acre ranch tract, and is now an oil field, he more than once expressed regret at having let it go. But it is a peculiarity of oil that the regrets of its votaries do not last long, and spilt milk consumes but

little thought. Also it is characteristic that few are so busy with other pursuits that they fail to get their feet wet with oil. Despite banks, railroads and irrigation projects Kemp & Kell were "in oil," like all the other business men.

Late one night in another part of the state a little party of us went inside a derrick where drilling was going on. We asked who was drilling there and were told that it was the Swenson brothers.

"Why the devil should they want to find oil?" I inquired. "They own several counties out in the western part of the state; they are big stockholders in the enormously rich Freeport Texas Sulphur Company; they are interested in the Southern Pacific Railroad, and they are directors of the largest bank in New York City."

I addressed this eloquent speech to the "toolie," or tool dresser, who lounged comfortably and chewed his tobacco.

"Well, what of it?" he said, leering at me. "Ain't it a big man's game?"

It is true, of course, that the really great fortunes in oil are always made by those who are comfortably off to start with. Paupers or illiterate Indians by the thousand have made hundreds of thousands of dollars, and even a million, by merely being the lucky owners of a few acres of land that are good for nothing but oil. But the fortunes of ten, twenty and thirty millions are always made by those who already have large resources. This at least is true of the great mid-continent and Texas fields.

The Luck of the Rich

MUCH has been made of the recent deal by which the Chapmans and McFarlins of Texas and Oklahoma sold out their properties to one of the Standard Oil companies for $35,000,000, in a single parcel, so to speak. There were three or four men in on this deal, and one or two of them may have had but little ten years before. But the elder Chapman had been a country banker and money lender for many years in a small place near Dallas. By a whole long lifetime of hard work and saving he had accumulated a moderate fortune, and then struck a gigantic one.

Even the meteoric rise of White & Sinclair and Kennedy & Springer in Tulsa, Oklahoma, rests upon a good many years of hard work as a professional oil operator on the part of at least one partner in each of the two combinations. A banker drove me by a large independent refinery which he said the owner could sell any day for $5,000,000.

"It's a romance," said the banker. "The owner really didn't put up a cent. He got a line of credit at my bank for his pay roll and he bought his materials on time. Then he paid for them out of the earnings."

"My, that is wonderful!" I commented. "And did you say the owner hadn't a cent?"

"No," the banker shot back as he looked at me sharply; "I said nothing of the kind. The owner was worth $250,000. That was why we gave him the line of credit of course. We looked him up first."

But though poor men do not make five or thirty-five million dollars in the oil industry overnight they are just as likely as not to make half a million if they get in at the start of a boom or happen to own land in the vicinity. Unfortunately the stories of the sudden fortunes made in oil cannot be exaggerated. It is unfortunate because the faker who sells worthless oil stocks has an argument ready at hand. But that is not all. Stockholders in large, legitimate oil companies are very quick to become impatient if enormous dividends are not immediately paid.

When it comes to moderate fortunes oil is surely no respecter of persons. I sat in a restaurant in the Far Southwest not many weeks ago and watched a fat man with fat diamonds and none too pleasant face buy food for a party of friends. He had been a gambler, down and out in reputation as well as in pocketbook, hounded by the authorities, in debt to everybody and loved by few. Then came the oil, and he jumped in quick. Now he is worth half a million dollars. Such is the turn of the wheel.

"But who is the gloom sitting at the next table?" I asked.

"That fellow? Oh, he's downhearted because he tried to corner the onion crop and failed. He hasn't a cent now and has to go back to work. But the gambler won't have a cent a year or two from now, either, despite those diamonds!"

Fortune is sometimes literally forced upon people. S. L. Fowler, the cattleman and wheat farmer, who brought in the discovery well at Burkburnett, formed a company of his own and sold stock to numbers of his friends and acquaintances to drill the first well. Though reputed to be fairly well-to-do, with the distinction of having shipped the first carload of cattle from the new town seven years ago, Mr. Fowler did not have an easy job of it in selling stock. It is common report that one merchant from whom he attempted to extract a couple of hundred dollars stoutly resisted the blandishments of promised oil.

"I don't want it," the storekeeper kept repeating.

"Well, I'll put you down for it anyway. I've traded with you a long time," is the fashion in which the whole community records Fowler's reply. Shortly thereafter the disgusted merchant went East, and while there he received a telegram offering him $30,000 for his share. His attitude toward oil has changed. Generally speaking, those who invested $100 with Fowler last summer have paid out, or been able to pay out, for $15,000.

A bank in the same neighborhood took some land a few years ago for a bad note. It tried several times to sell the land outright for $1500, but never had any success. Suddenly oil was found and the bank was able to get $25,000 for a lease on a part of the property.

"That sounds pretty good, doesn't it?" said the banker. "But wait until you hear the rest of it. The chap that bought that lease from us turned round at once and sold it for $75,000."

A peculiar feature of the oil industry in any new field is the immense amount of trading, or speculating, in leases and royalties. Though the big companies and other experienced professional producers of oil sometimes buy land outright they are more inclined to lease it, paying a royalty of one-eighth of the value of the oil produced to the owners, and often in addition a cash-down consideration or bonus ranging from a few cents an acre up to fabulous sums. The landowner receives one-eighth without any trouble or expense, and the company or other producer receives the seven-eighths, but bears all the expense.

But the landowner is at liberty of course to sell his one-eighth interest at any time, and if he is impatient for ready cash he often does so. This causes trading or speculation on a gigantic scale in any new field, and as production heads toward an area of land the buying and selling of one-eighth royalties become more and more frantic. Fortunes are made in this way by men who never have anything to do with the actual drilling, who perhaps have never even been within a hundred miles of the oil field, who never have owned and never will own any land there, and who often do not even go to the trouble of studying a map. Success in such speculation depends either upon real knowledge of the curve of production—that is, being in advance of actual development—or upon the element of time. Persons whose knowledge of the oil business is just exactly nothing may grow rich in this way, but they must jump fast, for it is a game where the devil takes the hindmost.

A restaurant keeper in Fort Worth took a trip to Ranger to study the oil development, but as he got off the train at Ranger someone offered him a royalty, and he bought it on the spot without ever visiting the land. Of course he took the first train back. All he wanted was to play, and he was able to do it without the physical discomfort of staying in a boom town. The same man told me with disgust that a short time afterward he was called on the telephone and offered another royalty, but the amount was so small, only a few hundred dollars, that he did not consider it worth bothering with. A few weeks later he heard that it had been sold for $69,000. Local business men actually run up as high as a million dollars in this sort of speculation, but naturally it is difficult to keep the money, because the temptation is always to play too long, and lose at least part of the profits.

A typical example of the recent trading in the Ranger territory is afforded by a well-known lease. Originally the farmer owner was paid a cash bonus of one dollar an acre and of course the promise of one-eighth royalty of the oil produced. However, when production got within one and a half miles of his farm the owner grew impatient and sold half his eighth interest for $100,000 cash to a crowd of Fort Worth capitalists. Later on the business men sold out their interest at eight to ten times what they paid for it; no doubt to the intense anger of the farmer, who probably considers them a gang of robbers.

Good Advice From a Professional

A FORMER railroad employee who had bought a small peanut farm near Ranger recently called upon a professional oilman in Fort Worth to seek his advice. He had originally paid $5000 for the farm, and now oil production was headed his way. He had been offered $75,000 for one-quarter of his eighth interest, or a total of $300,000 for the entire royalty.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "I am sure when production gets a little nearer, my land will be worth far more than that, and yet $75,000 is a lot of money. Give me your honest opinion."

"My advice," replied the oil professional, "is to take the offer as quick as you can. I have no doubt that the people who have made you the offer may make millions out of your land, but what of it? It is just possible there is no oil there at all and they may lose the whole blamed thing. But the money they are offering you is more than you will need all your life. Why be so foolish as to take the chance of making nothing at all and remaining poor all the rest of your life just because you think by holding off you can make millions?"

Of course after production has actually begun on a large scale on any piece of land, even the most ignorant landowners hold out for enormous prices when approached on the subject of selling their royalties. The most notable case in recent years has been that of a lease in Kansas. This farm was owned by two sisters, one of whom lived on a farm in Indiana. A big company took out a huge quantity of oil, so that even a sixteenth interest ran up to perhaps $75,000 a month. A group of Kansas business men and bankers traveled to Indiana to buy the sixteenth interest. They found the farmhouse and were told to go into the kitchen.

There the sister was stirring apple butter, and without looking up she asked: "Well, what do you want?"

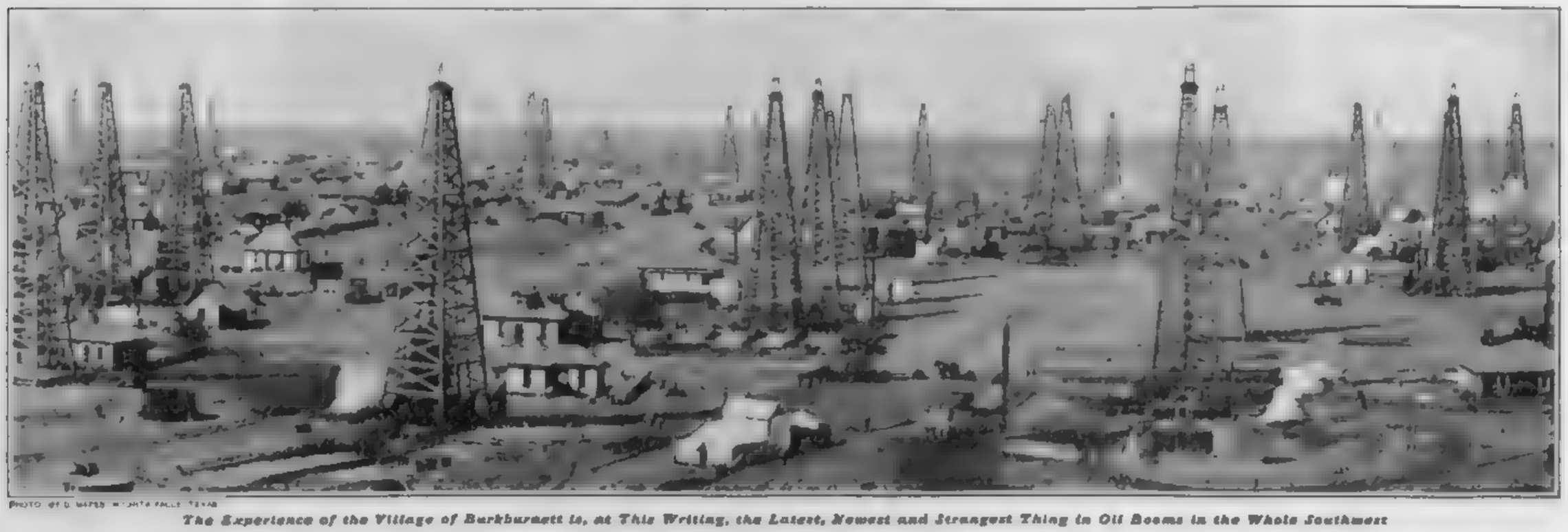
This cool reception rather nonplused the syndicate, whose members were rather filled with a sense of their own importance at the large offer they were about to make.

After much hemming and hawing the spokesman finally blurted out: "We came to offer you $750,000 cash for your interest."

"I'm not interested," she replied, without once missing a stroke and without looking up from the bowl at the departing capitalists as they silently filed out.

Of course the discovery of a big new field of oil enriches so many small farmers that even the local bankers can

(Continued on Page 71)



The Experience of the Village of Burkburnett is, at This Writing, the Latest, Newest and Strangest Thing in Oil Booms in the Whole Southwest

THE CITY OF COMRADES

"I Shall Not be Married Till I See It's the Obvious Thing to Do"

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

XXIV

I NEVER knew the compulsion exercised by organized life till I found it settling round me, with an even distribution like that of the weight of the atmosphere on the body, paralyzing my will and making it impotent. No more than I could throw off the atmosphere could I be free from this force for a second.

It began with my arrival on the dock, where Sterling Barry had come to meet his daughter. I had seen him often enough before, though I had never known him otherwise than in the way called touch-and-go. A ruddy, portly, handsome fellow of sixty-odd, with eyes that had passed on their torch to his daughter's, he must in early life have been retiring and diffident, for his general approach now had that forced jovial note that verges on the boisterous.

"Hello! Hello!" he cried, as he lifted up to where I stood with Lovey in the Customhouse Section M. "Alive and kicking, what? Couldn't kill you. Tried, didn't they?" he went on, looking me over. "Not but what it might have been worse, of course. Billy Townsend's son'll never come back at all, poor chap. Fine young fellow, with a bee in his bonnet about aviation. Would go—and now you see!

"Well, we've got you back and we're going to keep you. What do you know about that?"

I replied that as things were I was afraid I had no choice but to stay.

"And if you want a job come to me. Some big things doing. Country never so prosperous. Lots of business for everyone—even for poor old nuts like us. Well, so long! Come and see us. Mrs. Barry will want to hear you talk. Awfully keen on the war, she is, and that sort of thing. Bit down in the mouth now over this Rumania business. Sad slump that, very."

I said that it only left the more for us to do.

"Got your hands full, what? They do seem to put it over on you, don't they? Ah, well, we won't see you licked. We'll keep out of the war as war; but you've got our sympathy. Watchful waiting—that's the new ticket, you know. Can do a lot with that."

With his light, dancing step he was waltzing away again when he suddenly returned.

"Mrs. Barry'll have something to tell you," he said with a gleam in his eye curiously like that in Regina's. "Perhaps you know it already. Regina may have given you the tip, what? People get confidential on board ship. Nothing else to do. No fuss and feathers about it. They don't want that. Wartime spirit, you know. Just telling a few of our friends. Don't mind saying that Mrs. Barry and I are mighty delighted. Been like our own son for years. Sorry when it came to nothing last time; but look at 'em now!" He pointed to Section B, where Cantyre was bending over Regina as I had bent over her last night. "Can see from here what it means. Get your congratulations by and by."

Of all this the point is that I couldn't say a word. I couldn't tell him there on the dock that I didn't mean to let it go any further, nor did he suspect for a second that I had more than an outsider's interest in the romance. I felt awkward and cowardly at remaining dumb, but neither time nor place admitted of a protest.

So, too, when a few minutes later Cantyre came over to give me his welcome. It was the welcome of old, with a shocked pity in it.

"Didn't expect to see you so badly mauled," was his sorrowful comment after the first demonstrations. "I knew you were wounded, of course, and that you had been blind. Regina wrote me that from Taplow. But I didn't look for your being so ——"

"Oh, it's nothing," I interposed in the effort to shut off his sympathy.

Having asked me a few professional questions in reference to the ways in which I had been wounded he said: "Well, now that we've got hold of you again we mean to feed you up and take care of you. You're going to be my patient, Frank. For the present, at any rate, we'll be living in the same old house, and I shall be able to keep a daily eye on you. Lovey here has your apartment as clean as an operating room. See you there later. Just now I've got to go back to—to Regina. And by the way"—his habitually mournful expression brightened as a lowering day lights up when the sun bursts through the masses of drifting cloud—"by the way, I shall have something to tell you by and by. The most wonderful thing has happened, Frank—something you and I used to talk about before you went abroad."

He wrung my hand with that way he had of pulling it downward and pulling it hard, which betrayed all sorts of raptures breaking in on a spirit that had never known common, everyday happiness. His whole face asked me to rejoice with him, and though I couldn't do that I couldn't do the other thing.

It was on my lips to say "You can't have her because I'm going to take her away from you." But the words died before they were formed. The very thought died in my mind. Whatever I did I shouldn't be able to do it that way; and so I let him go.

"Do you know what he meant, Slim—when he said them things—the doctor?"

This was Lovey's question as he sat beside me in the taxicab, and we drove uptown.

As I made no answer he mumbled mysteriously: "I do. I 'aven't valeted 'im for nothink."

I still made no answer, and the mumble ceased.

As yet I had noticed him only as the returned traveler notices the faithful old dog that greets him by lifting his eyes adoringly and wagging his tail. I saw now that the intervening two and a half years had aged him. He had grown white and waxy; his thin gray hair was thinner. A trembling, like that of a delicately poised leaf on a day when there is little wind, shook his hands, and the left corner of his lower lip had the pathetic quiver of a child's when it is about to sag in a great weeping.

As I had paid him so little attention on the dock I picked up the hand resting on his knee and pressed it.

He responded with a long, harsh breath which, starting as a sigh of comfort, became something inarticulately emotional.

"Oh, Slim! I've got ye back, 'aven't I?"

"Seems like it, Lovey." I laughed without feeling mirthful.

"Ye look awful, don't ye?"

"I suppose I do."

"But it don't make no difference to me, it don't. I'd rather 'ave ye all chawed up like this than not 'ave ye at all."

"Thank you, Lovey."

"Them wars is awful things. Why don't they stop 'em?" He continued without waiting for an explanation: "It's all along o' them blamed Germans. The cheek o' them—to go and fight Englishmen! There was a German in the 'at shop in the Edgeware Road, used to 'ang round me somethin' fierce; and now I believe he wasn't nothink but a-spyin' on me. Don't you think he was, Slim?"

"I think very likely."

"Makes my blood run cold, it does, the times I've took 'im into a little tea shop in Great Hatfield Street—and

"But What I'm Tellin' You is That if I Could Die to Save You From What Ye're Beginnin' to Be This Day, Slim, I'd Do It Cheerful"

me a-treatin' on 'im, like. If I 'adn't 'ad luck I might be lookin' like you by this time. Ain't it awful to be one-eyed, sonny?"

"Oh, I'm getting used to it."

"Used to it till you looks in the glass, I expect. Get a fright when ye do that, don't you? But it's all right, Slim. It wouldn't matter to me if you was a worse looker than y'are. I wouldn't turn ye down, neither, not if it was for all the doctors in the world. Not but what he's been very attentive to me while you was away. I don't make no complaint about that. Bit finicky about socks and 'andkerchiefs always the same color—and ye couldn't see 'is socks most o' the time, only when he pulled up his trouser leg apurpose—but a good spender and not pokin' 'is nose into my affairs. I'll say all that for 'im; but if he was to ask my 'and, in marriage like, and I could get you, Slim—all bunged up as y'are now and everything!—well, I'd know what I'd say."

Too miserable to reject this bit of sympathy I said merely: "Unfortunately, Lovey, everyone may not be of your opinion."

"I d'n' know about that," he protested. "Seems to me everybody would be if you could make 'em understand like."

There was nothing offensive in this, coming as it did from a deep affection, but as it had gone far enough I turned my attention to the streets.

There was a quality in them not to be apprehended by the sense of sight. It defied at first my limited powers of analysis. Something to which I was accustomed was not there; and something was there to which I was not accustomed.

That to which I was not accustomed struck me soon as shimmering, shining, radiant. That it was not an outward radiance goes without saying. New York on that November day was as dreary and bleak a port as one could easily land at. A leaden sky cloaked the streets in a leaden, lifeless atmosphere. The tops of steeples and the roofs of the tall buildings were wreathed in a leaden mist. Patches of befouled snow on the ground, with the drifts of paper, rags and refuse to which the New York eye is so inured that it doesn't see them, lent to the side streets through which we clattered an air of being so hopelessly sunk in dirt that it is no use trying to be any other way. Drays rumbled, motor trucks honked, ferryboats shrieked, tramcars clanked, trains overhead crashed with a noise like that of the shell that had struck the Assiniboia, while our taxicab creaked and squeaked and spluttered like an old man putting on a speed he has long outlived. On the pavements a strange, strange motley of men and women—Hebrew, Slavic, Mongolian, Negro, Negroid—carried on trades as outlandish as themselves. Here and there an outlandish child shivered its way to an outlandish school. Only now and then one saw a Caucasian face, either clean, alert, superior—or brutalized and repulsive beyond anything to be seen among the yearning industrious aliens.

And yet to me all was lit by an inner light of which I couldn't at first see the lamp. I caught the rays without detecting the source that emitted them. In and through and above this squalid New York, with its tumult, its filth, its seeming indifference to the individual, there was a celestial property born of the kingdom of heaven. It shone in the sky; it quivered in the air; it lay restfully on the hoary graveyards nestling at the feet of prodigious cubes, like eld at the base of Time. All faces glowed with it; all tasks translated it; all the clamor of feet and wheels and whistles sang it like a song.

The name of it came to me with a cry of joy and a pang of grief simultaneously. It was peace. I was in a country that was not at war.

I had forgotten the experience. I had forgotten the sensation it produces. I had forgotten that there was a world in which men and women were free to go and come without let or hindrance. And here were people doing it. The day's work claimed them, and nothing beyond the day's work. To earn a living was an end in itself. The living earned, a man could enjoy it. The money he made he could spend; the house he built he could occupy; the motor he bought he could ride in; the wife he married he could abide with; the children he begot he could bring up. He could go on in this routine till he sickened and died and was buried in it. There was no terrific overruling motive to which all other motives had become subsidiary, and into which they merged.

In the countries I had been living in, war was the sky overhead and the ground beneath the feet. One dreamed it at night, and one woke to it in the morning. It made everything its adjunct, everyone its slave. Duty, wealth, love, devotion had no other object on which to pour themselves out. It commanded, absorbed, monopolized. There was no home it didn't visit, no pocket it didn't rifle, no face it didn't haunt, no heart it didn't search and sift and strengthen and wrench upward—the process was always a hard, dragging, compulsive one—till the most willful had become submissive and the most selfish had given all. Prayer was war; worship was war; art, science, philosophy, sport were war. Nothing else walked in the streets or labored in the fields or bought and sold in the shops. It was the next Universal after God.

And here, after God, a man was his own Universal. With no standard to which everything had to be referred he seemed unutterably carefree. Carefree was not a term I should have used of New York, of America, in the old days; but it was now the only one that applied. The people I saw going by on the sidewalks had nothing but themselves and their families to think of. Their only struggle was the struggle for food and shelter. Safe people, happy people, dwelling in an Eden out of the reach of cannon and gas and bomb!

"I came not to send peace, but a sword!"

Sacrilegiously, perhaps, I was applying those words to myself as we jolted homeward. But I was applying them with a query. I was asking if it could possibly be worth while.

All at once my mission became unreal, fantastic.

To begin with, it was beyond my powers. Among these hundreds of thousands of strangers I knew but a handful. Even on that handful I should make no impression. I could see at a glance, from the few words I had exchanged with people on the dock, that each man's cup was full. You couldn't pour another drop into it. I had subconsciously taken it for granted that my friends would be, as it were, waiting for me; and already it was evident that in their minds there would not be a vacant spot. I had not the will power to force myself in on so much hurry and preoccupation.

Then I wasn't interested in it any more. I had pretentiously thought of myself as dedicated to a cause, and now the cause had dissolved into nothing on this leaden, overcharged air. It would be ridiculous to wean these people away from their work, even if I could play like the Pied Piper and have them follow me. I didn't want to do it. I wanted to marry the woman I loved, and settle down quietly, industriously, to spend my days in an office and my nights at home, like the countless human ants that were running to and fro. My celibacy of the will was gone. My consecration was gone. Where these austerities had been there was now only that yearning of whatever it is that draws a man toward a woman, and I asked nothing but the freedom to enjoy. I was determined to enjoy. The resolve came over me with this first glimpse of New York. It came over me in a tide of desire which was all the fiercer for its long repression. It may have been the demand of the flesh for compensation. That which had not merely been denied but brutalized and broken rose with the appetite of a starving beast.

So, thirdly, I was not fit for any high undertaking. It was not my real self that had made these vows; it was a phantasm self-evoked by the vast emotions of a strife in which the passions raged on a scale that lifted the human temporarily out of itself. But now that the strife had been left behind the human fell back into the same old rut.

In the same old rut I found myself. I had reverted to what I had been before there was a war at all. My carnal instincts were as strong as ever; as strong as ever was my longing for Regina Barry as my wife. It was stronger than ever, since I meant to get her by hook or by crook, if I couldn't do it by the methods which colloquially we call straight.

It was, however, the difficulties of hook and crook that oppressed me. The straight line was in this case that of least resistance. I grew more convinced of it as the day advanced.

There was everything to make my return to the old quarters a moment of depression. The quarters themselves, which had seemed palatial after the Down and Out, were modest to the point of being squalid. As Cantyre had said, Lovey had kept them as clean as an operating room, but cleanliness couldn't relieve their dingy shabbiness or make up for the absence of daylight.

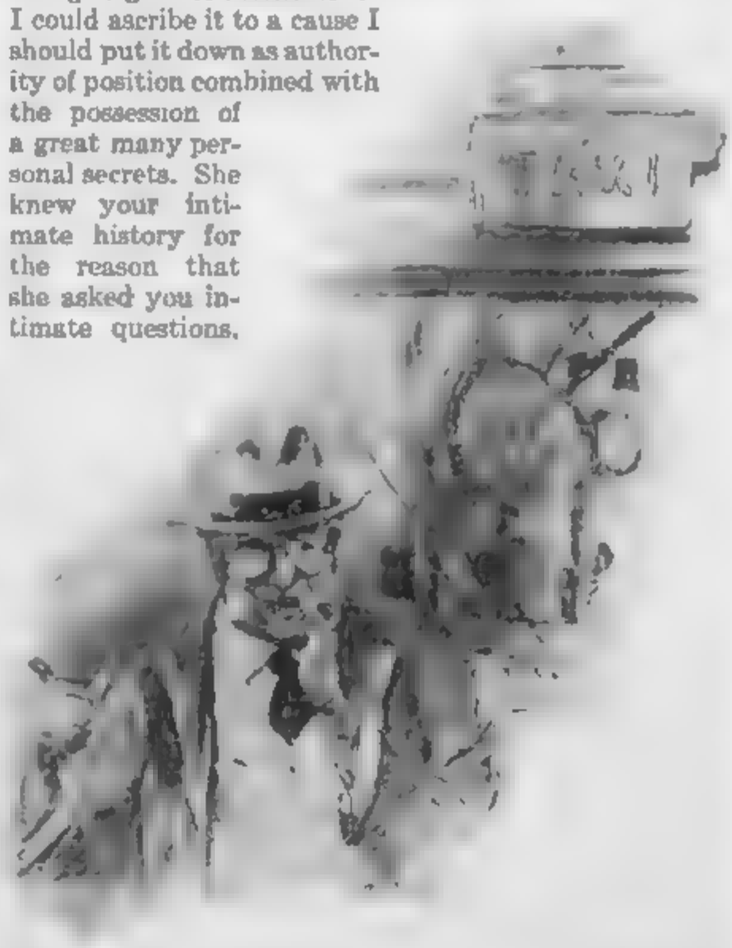
Moreover, Cantyre's own proximity was trying to me. There was only the elbow of a corridor between his rooms and mine. He would resume the old chumming habits of running in and out, while I was sharpening a knife to stab him in the back.

And in the processes of unpacking Lovey got on my nerves. He got on my nerves as a sweet, old, fussy mother gets on those of a wayward son during the hours he is compelled to stay at home. Dogging me about from one room to another his affection was like a draught of milk held out to a man whose lips are parched for brandy.

It was a relief therefore when the telephone rang, and Annette van Elstine asked me to come and have tea with her. I knew that Annette was not craving to see me merely as her cousin; and as my cousin I could have waited patiently for the pleasure of seeing her; but with her scent for drama and her insatiable curiosity she would raise the issues of which I wanted to talk even if I got no good from it.

I found her as little changed as if time had not passed nor War dropped his bomb on the world.

Annette's smartness, as I have already told you, was difficult to define. It was not in looks or dress or manner of living or gifts of intellect. If I could ascribe it to a cause I should put it down as authority of position combined with the possession of a great many personal secrets. She knew your intimate history for the reason that she asked you intimate questions.



"Don't Mind Saying That Mrs. Barry and I are Mighty Delighted. Been Like Our Own Son for Years"

Authority of position enabled her to do this—or at least she acted as if it did—with the right of a cross-examiner to probe for the truth in court. She could convey the impression that her interest in your affairs was an honor—as if a queen were to put her royal finger in your family pie—so that quite artlessly you unlocked your heart to her. Other people's unlocked hearts were her kingdom, since, as far as I could see, she had nothing in her own.

Also, as far as I could see, she wore the same tea gown I had always seen her in; she sat in the same chair in front of the same fire; she had before her the same tea equipage; she might have been pouring the same tea.

The transition from the necessary questions as to my personal experiences and wounds to that of the exact relations between Mrs. Hartlepool and General Lord Birkenhead was an easy one. Disappointed that I had spent two years at the Front and had heard nothing of the delicate situation between these distinguished persons, of which an amazing mass of contradictory detail had reached certain circles in New York, she turned the conversation on what was really the matter in hand.

"So you came over on the same boat as Regina?"

Unable to deny this statement I admitted its truth. The dusky ripples played over Annette's round features, giving them a somber vivacity.

"Did she tell you anything?"

"Yes; a good many things."

"Anything special, I mean?"

"Everything she said was special, as far as I can remember." She tried another avenue:

"You've gone back to your old quarters, haven't you?"

"Yes; I kept them all the time I was away. Stupid, I suppose; but when I left New York I didn't expect to be gone for more than a few weeks."

"Stephen Cantyre is in that house, isn't he?"

"On the same floor with me."

"You'll see a great deal of him, won't you?"

"I did when I was there before."

"Was he on the dock to meet Regina?"

"He was on the dock, either to meet her or to meet me. As a matter of fact he met us both."

"Did he say anything about her?"

"Yes; he said he had to go and speak to her."

"Only to speak to her?"

"What more could he do—right there on the dock?"

"Oh, then, you do know?"

"Know what?"

"What do you suppose? Can't you guess?"

"I didn't know you wanted me to guess. I thought you meant to tell me."

"I can't tell you what I don't know myself—officially."

"Do you know it in any other way?"

"I know it by signs and tokens."

"One can infer a lot from them."

"That's just what I've done. It wasn't till I heard that you'd come over in the same boat with her ——"

The rest of the sentence was conveyed by a look which invited me to go on.

"You thought I might be able to corroborate the signs and tokens?"

"Or contradict them—if it's not a rude thing to say."

I wriggled away from the frontal attack.

"Why should it be rude?"

"Oh, well; I'm the last person in the world to go poking into other people's business."

"Exactly."

"Only people do like to tell me things."

"I can quite understand that—when they've anything to tell."

"Which is what I thought you might have."

"How could I have anything to tell when I've just spent two years in trenches and hospitals?"

"You haven't been in trenches and hospitals during the last ten days. Oh, don't say anything if you don't want to. I'm not in the least curious."

"Of course you're not. No one would ever think so."

"I've only been—well, just a little afraid."

"What were you afraid of?"

"Of the situation. I suppose it wasn't an accident that you took the boat that she was on?"

"No; it wasn't an accident. But what has that to do with it?"

"Just that much—that you did it on purpose."

"So that you were afraid on my account?"

"No; on hers. You see, she's been so terribly talked about that now that it's beginning again ——"

"Oh, it's beginning again, is it?"

She said mysteriously: "Stephen Cantyre is rather a goose, you know."

"In what way?"

"In the way of dropping hints when he'd much better keep still. He's so crazy about her ——"

"It's a pity for him to be dropping hints if he isn't sure."

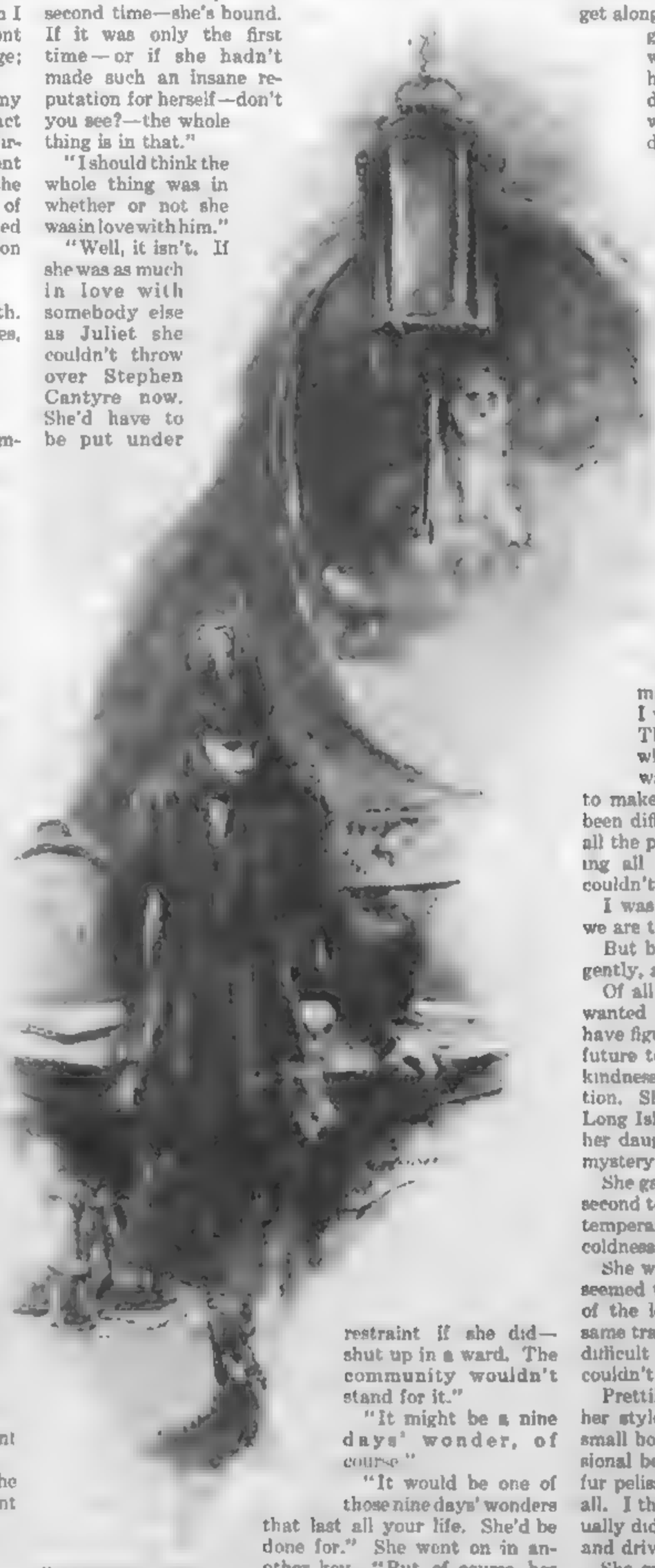
"Oh, he must be sure enough. After the way she treated him before he'd never expose himself to the same thing the second time. It isn't that he's not sure. It's just the way he does it—confiding in everyone, but only saying that he hopes."

"If he only hopes it doesn't bind anyone but himself."

"It isn't a question of binding; it's one of the situation. If she's let him hope—the second time—she's bound. If it was only the first time—or if she hadn't made such an insane reputation for herself—don't you see?—the whole thing is in that."

"I should think the whole thing was in whether or not she was in love with him."

"Well, it isn't. If she was as much in love with somebody else as Juliet she couldn't throw over Stephen Cantyre now. She'd have to be put under restraint if she did—shut up in a ward. The community wouldn't stand for it."



"He Wants Me Not to Have Anything More to Do With the War! And I Can't Stop—Not While It's Going On"

"It might be a nine days' wonder, of course."

"It would be one of those nine days' wonders that last all your life. She'd be done for." She went on in another key. "But, of course, her father and mother wouldn't let her. They're delighted. He's very well off—and a good fellow, who'll give her everything she wants."

"But what good will that do if she doesn't care for him?"

Her animation went into the eclipse that always came over her when she touched the heart of things.

"What makes you think she doesn't—if it's not a rude question?"

"The fact that she turned him down before."

She broke in with that directness which she never hesitated to make use of when the time came.

"You don't think she cares anything about you?"

I considered two or three ways of meeting this, the one I adopted being to put on a rather inane smile.

"What if she did?"

"She'd just have to get over it; that's all. You too!"

"Why?"

"I needn't tell you why. You must see for yourself. Or, rather, I've told you already. There are ways in which an engagement is more important than a marriage—any engagement; and when it's a second engagement to the same man —— If she'd been married to him, and couldn't get along, why, no one would think the worse of her if she got a divorce and married someone else. She would have given him a try; she would have done her best. But just to take him up and put him down, and take him up and put him down again, without trying him at all—my dear Frank, it isn't done!"

"But suppose we did it?"

"In that case it might be the world well lost for love—but the world would be lost; and you needn't be under any misconception about it. Personally I'd stand by anyone through almost anything; I have stood by Regina in the past when lots of other women have given her the cold shoulder because of her ——"

"Fastidiousness."

"Call it anything you like. Most of us have other names for it. All I want to say now is that I wouldn't stand by her in this; nor by you either. If you had come to me when you were in your other troubles—three or four years ago—you'd have found me just the same as if you'd been keeping straight. Anyone can go to the bad. There isn't a family that hasn't someone who's done it. But this would be the kind of thing —— Frank, old boy, I'm telling you right now so that you'll know where you stand with me. I'd have to be the first to cut you both."

To this there were several retorts I could have made, any of them quite crushing to Annette; but I was thinking of the practical difficulties before us. The rôle of unscrupulous coquette was the last in which Regina would care to appear; that of cad was equally distasteful to me. Had it been possible to make one plunge and be over with it, it would have been different; as it was, the preliminaries—the facing of all the people who would have to be faced—the explaining all the things that would have to be explained—couldn't but be devilish.

I was just beginning: "Why should you assume that we are thinking of any such thing?"

But before I could finish the sentence the door opened gently, and a maid's voice announced: "Mrs. Barry."

Of all the people in the world this lady was the last I wanted to meet at that moment. Knowing how I must have figured in her eyes in the past I was planning for the future to figure in a worse light still. I had thrown her kindness back in her face and never given her an explanation. She must have known that my seeming flight from Long Island after that last Sunday in June, 1914, had left her daughter unhappy; and the reason had remained a mystery.

She gave me the first glance as she entered, and only the second to our hostess. The awful severity of those who are temperamentally gentle and unjudging was in the very coldness of her eye.

She was a charming, delicate, semi-invalid woman who seemed to have been spun, like the clothes she wore, out of the least durable materials in life. Regina had the same traits, but harder, stronger and more lasting. It was difficult to think of the latter as an invalid; while you couldn't see the mother as anything else.

Prettily old-fashioned, she seemed not to have changed her style of dressing since the eighteen-seventies. The small bonnet might have dated from the epoch of professional beauties, when Mrs. Langtry was a girl. The long fur pelisse with loose hanging sleeves was of no period at all. I think she wore a train. In her own house she habitually did, and she seemed to have just flung on the pelisse and driven down the avenue in her motor.

She greeted me politely, without enthusiasm but with due regard to the fact that I was a wounded hero home from the wars. Talking of the invasion of Rumania she showed herself much more alive to America's international duty than any of the few men I had met since my landing.

"I wish we could get my husband and Stephen to see things that way," she continued sweetly over her teacup. "They're so pacifist, both of them. My husband feels that we've nothing to do with it, and Stephen is opposed to war on any ground. You must talk to him Mr.—or captain, isn't it? Oh, major? You must talk to him, Major Melbury. He'll listen to you." She turned to Annette. "You know, Annette, I just ran in to share our good news with you. Regina and Stephen—they've made it up again—and they're so happy!" An oblique glance included me. She was getting the satisfaction that women

(Continued on Page 62)

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 11, 1919

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BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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The Thrift Campaign

MANY concerns that borrowed heavily from the public before the war are in an unsettled state—the railroads, because nobody knows what their future situation is to be; many public utilities, because greatly increased operating costs reflect more or less on their future credit; big industrials, because they are in a transition state from war to peace production. They are not in a position to undertake big extensions and improvements involving heavy borrowings. For the time being the Government is not appealing to the public for funds.

So there is a sort of hiatus in the thrift campaign. But there ought not to be. That campaign ought to go right on with posters, advertisements, snappy speeches, and all the instruments of appeal to public attention. If the nation had one hundred to gain by thrift during the war it has at least seventy-five to gain now. The appeal should not drop from one hundred to five or to zero.

During the war the Government became almost the sole applicant for the public's savings. It urged saving to meet its needs and so did an educational work of immense value. The pupils are still here. Government should not dismiss the school. Other agencies should go on with the lesson too. There ought to be no blank in the continuous, intensive campaign for thrift.

The Future Army

IF THE Peace Conference issues in some incredible disaster, leaving us facing the decided probability of another great war, we shall have conscription, or universal military training on the old European model, as an indefinitely continuing policy in the United States. Unless there is some great disaster to democratic hopes at Paris we shall not have conscription.

There are some martial advocates of universal military training on the old European plan irrespective of the issue of the Peace Conference. They still trot out the threadbare and shell-torn European arguments just when Europe is discarding them. They say conscription is a great instrument for democracy because it levels all classes and welds the nation's manhood into a common body—as though every schoolboy did not know what sort of classless democracy conscription made of Germany and Austria! They say it is a sure preventive of Bolshevism—as witness Russia, where universal military training so conspicuously prevented Bolshevism!

Men with technical knowledge of military affairs are putting their talents to bad use in urging European conscription here. What they should do is to work out a plan by which youths of high school and college age can get good physical exercise on lines that will give them the rudiments of military training, but without making any such demands upon their time as European conscription made.

Autocratic Government

WE DO not doubt the Kaiser when he says he did not want to insult England with that telegram to Kruger about the Boer War. But his "advisers" insisted, and after holding off for three days he wiped his eyes and scrawled his name. Probably he was as tractable for a week after that as an urchin that has been soundly spanked usually is.

Likely enough the Crown Prince tells the truth when he says he wanted to make peace after the First Battle of the Marne, did not want to attack at Verdun and opposed the submarine campaign; but Ludendorff glowered at him and told him to shut his mouth and mind his business. Likely enough the All Highest and next All Highest had miserable half hours when they sneaked off by themselves and condoled each other on the way things were going and the rude manner in which the Great General Staff boxed their imperial ears.

Likely enough, because that is the usual way of autocracy. In forty recorded centuries of kingship there were hardly forty kings that ruled. Poor little Nicholas in any one of his vast palaces was bossed by his wife, who was bossed by her first lady in waiting, who took her cues from a dirty, ill-educated religious faker, who probably got his instructions and thirty dollars a week and a kick from the German Ambassador.

Autocracy vests authority in a symbol. Once in a while, as with a Russian Peter, a Prussian Frederick, an English Henry, the symbol is really automatic, being endowed with such extraordinary personal force that it can work itself. But that is very exceptional. Usually somebody has to work it.

Policies

YOU can look at the plight of Russia. You can look at the I. W. W. You can pick up at every third news stand some American example of the sort of radicalism that is helplessly infatuated with anything that calls itself radical in theory though its actual practice involves dynamite and massacre. You can readily become aware that a good many people want to upset the apple cart in the nearest ditch and trust to luck for what will happen afterward, because that is so much more dramatic and exciting than the dull business of sorting out the bad apples.

Then you can hear people denouncing all organization of labor and opposing all child-labor laws. You can listen to spokesmen who do not want a real league of nations or a real democratic peace. Under some transparent camouflage by way of proposing an international debating society, vested with about as much real authority as the Vice President of the United States enjoys when his Chief is on the job, they want in fact to go back to the stupid old game of competitive armaments and balances of power.

Naturally, if you look clear round to the left your first impulse is to jump to the far right, and if you look to the far right you feel like running to the far left. If you restrain both impulses and keep to the middle of the road you are hit with the brickbats from both sides—and must rest under the imputation of really having no policy at all. But there is one trifling compensation—namely, the walking is a whole lot better in the middle of the road.

An Oversupply of Statesmen

"AS UNPREPARED for peace as we had been for war" was what nearly everybody said. Congress had given no attention to the problems that would rise as soon as fighting ceased. What to do with the railroads, Secretary Lane's big scheme to reclaim waste lands for soldiers' farms, what other public works might profitably be launched to keep labor fully employed, a resurvey of the foreign-trade field in the light of new conditions, how far the coördination of industry for war production was to be encouraged in peace—though everyone knew that many such questions would press for an answer as soon as fighting ceased Congress had given them no attention.

Congress had had no time. Its total energy had been absorbed by exigent war work. It is rather well known that some other governments—the British, for example—had for at least three years been finding time for peace problems, though their war problems were even more momentous than those of the United States.

The Armistice was signed. It was reported, then confirmed, that the President would attend the opening of the Peace Conference. The Senate particularly found a good deal of time for that—feeling that the Constitution, by joining it with the President in the making of treaties, gave it a ticket to the visitors' gallery at least, and that if the President went to the Conference alone the main show might be all over and the audience dispersed before it got a chance to express itself on the big stage.

That is one reason why Congress' capacity for work is so limited. It wants to be a statesman and with the statesmen stand. It loves to debate all large, statesmanly questions that are attracting public attention. Participating in a peace conference would tickle it pink. Taking off its coat and moiling away in stuffy committee rooms over tasks that require hard study and exact information is like going to school when going fishing is so much pleasanter. We suffer grievously from an oversupply of statesmen and an undersupply of day laborers in the legislative mill.

Reaction

AS TO this turmoil in Central Europe there is one thing that anybody can predict with certainty—namely, that extremists beget reaction. That is as sure as the operation of the law of gravitation. There is a sort of dead center in human affairs. A violent push in one direction is followed by a counter movement. The violent French Revolution was followed by a long, strong swing toward the opposite pole. The much less violent American Revolution was followed by a much milder yet very distinct counter action. The Puritan Revolution was followed by Charles I. The very mild movement that ousted James II and definitely established Parliamentary supremacy in England produced hardly a back ripple. The violence of the Russian Revolution is a measure of the insane extreme to which Czarism had been carried, just as the length to which the French Revolution went measured the length to which the old régime had gone in the opposite direction.

Of all great nations only the United States maintained a sure equilibrium under the shock of war—precisely because it had been best balanced before the war. There were nervous hints of the danger of a social upset in France and Italy. A strong party in England preached peaceable revolution, involving very radical changes in the existing system. The United States has been most tranquil because it had most nearly kept a true balance.

Undoubtedly Bolshevism has reconciled millions of liberal-minded Russians to "strong" government, and reacted powerfully upon millions of liberal-minded persons in Europe generally. Exactly in as much as extremists get control of the revolutionary movement anywhere the hope of permanent benefits from that movement diminishes. Extremists of one type are as bad for human progress as those of the opposite type.

Why Foreign Trade?

A LOT of people in the United States are insufficiently supplied with goods. There are children with leaky shoes and thin clothing, households with meager furniture and bare cupboards. Why, then, should we be shipping boatloads of American goods to South America and Asia? Every now and then a correspondent asks that question—having, perhaps, been reading some socialistic literature which says that nobody except a few bankers, merchants and manufacturers benefits by foreign trade.

But why trade at all? Doubtless there are ill-clad children in Massachusetts and ill-fed children in Kansas. Why does Massachusetts send carloads of good shoes and calico to Kansas while Kansas sends carloads of good wheat to Massachusetts?

The answer of course is that Massachusetts can produce shoes and calico to better advantage than Kansas can, while Kansas is better suited to wheat culture than Massachusetts is. By exchanging, or trading, Massachusetts gets cheaper wheat and Kansas cheaper shoes—so, finally, there are fewer ill-clad and ill-fed children in both places than there would be if Massachusetts, with an unsuitable soil, insisted on growing her own wheat, and Kansas insisted on turning her farm hands into boot and calico makers.

We believe natural resources and the ingenuity of the people especially fit the United States to excel in many lines of manufacture. If that is true we should seek the biggest possible outlet for such manufactures. Foreign trade finally balances. If we sell more goods abroad we shall buy more abroad, so the regions that can supply us cheapest with things we want will be finding their market here as we find our market there; or if we sell more than we buy we shall be furnishing those regions with capital to assist their industrial development.

Some socialists though they preach internationalism deprecate foreign trade, which has done a millionfold more to lower national walls than all the doctrinaire literature ever written. But socialists say only a few people—bankers, merchants and factory owners—benefit by trade anyway. The statement is exactly as true of international trade as it is of domestic trade.

BUSINESS-MANAGING WAR

Army Efficiency That Expedites Demobilization

By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN the real story of the great war is written and some dispassionate appraisal is made of the causes of victory it will be found that the laurel for civilization's triumph will rest with no single nation. It was not the sacrifice of Belgium, the heroism of France, the courage of the British, the blithe daring of America, the fortitude of Italy or the well-nigh forgotten Russian resistance of the early days.

Rather was it the coördination of effort expressed in the unity of high command at the Front, coupled with a no less flexible and compact unity of supply in the rear, that made the achievement possible.

To this unification, which must stand out as the really determining factor in the war—Germany did not begin to crumple up until the Foch consolidated hammer began to strike—America has contributed her full share. Nor is this surprising. Coördination is simply another name for that larger standardization of efficiency and product which epitomizes her industrial genius. It became one of her overseas aims the moment she became a full-fledged partner in the business of war and had an army in the field. With this business managing of war, as it may well be called, we will conclude our survey of the American supply system in France. Through some of the precedents it has established we shall not only be able to cope with the immense problem of demobilization but assume intelligently the new economic responsibilities that come with the daybreak of world peace.

The scheme of coördinated Allied supply is really due to the foresight of the commander in chief of the American armies in France. Like most admirable institutions it began at home, which means that it was practically born in the A. E. F. The American Army had to be adequately supplied before it could fire a shot. Such a supply demanded a stupendous shipping, and at the outset we had few ships. Tonnage, as I have often pointed out in these articles, was the supreme problem of the A. E. F. from the beginning. Every effort had to be bent to relieve the strain on it.

Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes

Tonnage Saved by Buying Abroad

ONE definite way was to procure everything possible abroad. It necessitated the establishment of a huge purchasing agency which would coördinate army buying and become a vital link in the whole supply chain. Such an agency has been instituted on a truly American scale of scope and action. When I tell you that up to the time this article was written we had purchased 8,400,000 tons in Europe you will realize what this organization has done in bulk alone. But this is not all. Every ton of material bought in Europe meant that a ship ton of forty cubic feet was saved for men or supplies that had to and could be brought only from the United States. Multiply this by 8,400,000 and it becomes quite evident that without the purchasing agency we set up the whole American war participation might have been seriously impaired. Through its labor bureau it secured, maintained and militarized an army of 47,000 civilians in Europe, Asia and Africa; which was another tonnage saver. It has been the silent submarine fighter. The story of the world-wide machine that it has created, the fortitude and resource of the business men in khaki who operate it, and the constructive and coöperative influence that it has exerted upon the conduct of the war comprise a fitting finale to the panorama of the Services of Supply of which it is a part, and which has passed in review before you.

Army purchase began in France the moment that the first American Expeditionary Force landed. Obviously the army could not carry all the supplies it needed, and hungry men and beasts cannot wait. In addition, our first engineering units arrived practically without tools. It meant intensive purchasing, which has kept up on an increasing scale ever since.

As the overseas force expanded, this buying, which began by scattered units, was done by organized services. Each service has its purchasing officer. The inevitable happened. So urgent was the demand for supplies of all kinds that these branches of the army were soon in commendable but costly competition with each other. When the quartermaster corps priced a quantity of material, for example, and returned in a few days with the necessary authority to buy, it discovered that the engineers had already absorbed it. The evil went further, because the French business man, being human, stimulated this competition and raised his price accordingly. The French Army in turn felt the effect of this competition, and a serious situation developed.

No one realized this more swiftly than General Pershing with his grasp of business detail and instinct for standardization. He saw that though every ton we bought in Europe aided the whole shipping program the purchase of every ton must be orderly and constructive. In August, 1917, he authorized a general purchasing board composed of the purchasing officers of the various services, with a general purchasing agent at the head. This agent was to be the representative of the commander in chief in liaison with the various Allied purchasing agencies and charged also with the coördination and supervision of all purchasing agents in the A. E. F.

The problem was to find a business man in the Army with sufficient financial and commercial experience to attach himself to a desk and organize this all-important work. It required vision, executive ability, and the power to handle difficult situations rising out of negotiations with foreign governments. Fortunately a man of this caliber happened to be wearing the uniform of a lieutenant colonel of engineers in France. He was the then Lieutenant Colonel, now Brigadier General, Charles G. Dawes, who had been Comptroller of Currency under President McKinley and who had worked his way from humble station in an Ohio town to be president of one of the leading trust companies in Chicago. He expressed the highest possible capitalization of business brains for the business of war. When we went to war with Germany he sought active service. Having been chief engineer of a small railway in the Middle West in his early days he obtained a commission in a famous engineer regiment which was one of the first to arrive in France and which has left its impress in docks, railway construction and supply depots.

General Pershing knew General Dawes when the latter was a practicing lawyer in Lincoln, Nebraska. He had followed his career in the army, so he installed him in Paris as general purchasing agent. General Dawes began in a small room in the Hotel Sainte Anne, which was then the headquarters of the American Army. To-day his staff and the associated organizations not only occupy the largest hotel in Paris but have representatives in nearly a dozen different countries. Thus with purchasing as with every other detail of American supply you get the now familiar miracle of an almost unprecedented expansion.

Centralized Purchasing Power

WHEN you examine the work of the general purchasing agent and the general purchasing board—they are two separate and distinct propositions—you find that they parallel for war the system of organization observed by a huge corporation in peace. Let me illustrate with the case of the United States Steel Corporation. If every one of its subsidiary companies purchased raw material, machinery and general supplies on its own and in the open market the overhead cost would be excessive on account of the lively competition. Instead, the corporation established a chief purchasing agent, who buys for the whole institution.

Lieutenant Colonel Francis E. Drake

Lieutenant Colonel Nelson D. Jay

All requirements are submitted to him ahead of time; he anticipates needs and gets the best possible product and price. It is centralized buying. This is precisely what happened with the A. E. F. The "G. P. A.," as the general purchasing agent is called, and the "G. P. B.," which is the general purchasing board, do all the overseas buying for our armies through a system that is a marvel of coördination and result.

The general purchasing agent occupies a peculiar and distinct position. Though every dollar's worth of material that we buy outside of America is purchased under his authority he does no buying himself. The buying is done through the heads of the purchasing departments of the various services, who constitute the general purchasing board and who maintain, as a result, an independence of purchase. They purchase by category—that is by specific lists of items—and the process is therefore known as categorical purchasing. The general purchasing agent, however, acts as a general coördinator of all this buying. He approves though he cannot initiate purchase. He likewise exercises the full power of veto, which is the check on excess, extravagance and conflict with the interests of our Allies.

Whether in France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Holland, Sweden or Portugal, the general purchasing agent through his representative in that country becomes the outpost and the scout for supplies. He locates horses, digs up raw material, discovers machinery, secures options on crops. The actual buying of all this, however, is done by the representative of the service for which it is intended, acting under the G. P. A. representative's supervision. This procedure is expedited—you must step lively in war buying—for the reason that an officer of each service is attached to every foreign branch of the G. P. A. In such a transaction therefore the agent of the G. P. A. acts as coördinating officer. The great bulk of our overseas buying, however, has been in France, where an explanation of the system reveals the whole working of an organization that is second to no Allied business institution geared up to the needs of the war.

In order to get a comprehensive view we must begin in the office of General Dawes in the Elysée Palace Hotel, which is the headquarters of all A. E. F. purchasing activities. Every American who has visited Paris in recent years will at once appreciate the picturesque significance that attaches to the use of this hotel for war purposes. The imposing stone structure, which occupies a full block on the Champs Elysées, was the favorite stamping ground—as far as Paris was concerned—of the beauty, chivalry and royalty of Europe before the war. Here King Leopold of Belgium maintained a suite. In the foyer dukes, diplomats and stage favorites mingled in gay and festive array.

Vanished are all these social splendors. Where once the champagne glasses clinked you hear the rattle of American typewriters; in the gilded dining room, whose no less gilded price lists nightly punctured the pocketbook, you find a board of accounts pruning army pay rolls; in those splendid chambers, which rustled with silk and reeked with perfume, American business men wrestle with contracts; and the marble bathrooms, once the wonder and admiration of the French capital, are the repositories of card indexes. One of the smartest hotels in Europe has become the humming countingroom of an animated branch of the American business of war.

Checks on the Use of Metals

TYPICAL of all this denatured splendor is the fact that General Dawes' office is in the stately paneled salon of what was in happier days the grand suite. But it is shorn of its trappings, and save for the noble ceiling and ornate mantel is just like the workroom of the president of a great corporation. In the center is the long table where the occasional meetings of the general purchasing board—the directors of this vast purchasing corporation—are held. Facing the door at a simple flat-top desk sits General Dawes; opposite him is Lieut. Col. Nelson D. Jay, who left the vice presidency of one of the largest New York trust companies to do his share in France.

In this series of articles I have described many charts of army organization, yet none perhaps is more ramified—certainly none embraces more far-flung authority—than the one which bares the operations of the general purchasing agent, who is on the administrative staff of General Pershing. At the apex is the commander in chief. Linked with him is the commanding general of the Services of Supply. Tied up with both of these is the G. P. A., from whom radiates such a network of coördinated agencies that the chart looks like the reproduction of an octopus whose tentacles extend everywhere. They bind the A. E. F. up with all our Allies; they extend to every foreign country where we buy supplies; they disclose a succession of compact, scientific and highly organized bureaus that do everything from standardizing accounts to setting up insurance against after-the-war investigations. To analyze them in order is to dissect a system that could audit, manage and safeguard the fiscal interests of any American corporation, no matter how large. The control bureau will aptly illustrate how the organization works. At the head is Lieut. Col. Francis E. Drake, whose long contact with big business in Europe equipped him to deal with the many problems that Continental wartime buying developed. Associated with him is a group of American business men, most of them long residents of Paris, who left lucrative posts to give army buying the benefit of their varied experience.

The control bureau is the clearing house for all American Army orders. During the war they flowed in to the extent of several hundred each day from the purchasing departments of the eleven services, which buy everything from nails to trucks. Not only must every order have the approval of the general purchasing agent but all orders involving amounts in excess of one thousand dollars must have the additional approval of the French Government. Hence the bureau maintains an intimate and constant liaison with the French Government, which is one of the most interesting and constructive phases of its work.

Lieutenant Colonel Franklin W. M. Cutcheon

Every service in the A. E. F. gets—and will continue to get until the Army leaves France—what are known as the forward requirements of its various units. By forward requirements are meant future needs. These requirements are transmitted to the general purchasing agent, who consolidates them. He likewise coördinates all demands for certain standard commodities. If, for example, the quartermaster corps, ordnance and engineers all need shovels the whole Army need of shovels is unified in one requisition and the buying is done by the engineers. This saves labor and enables the Army to buy in larger quantities and get the benefit of such purchasing.

Orders for food, timber or leather require slight supervision. If they involve the use of metal—as the great majority of them do—they are caught up at once in a drastic scrutiny which not only shows Franco-American supply coördination at its best but unfolds a process of close-knit business administration that will have its effect long after the last shot of the war is fired.

This brings us to the metal-controlling office, whose task is to scrutinize the amount of metal required for the manufacture of articles for American Army use. Installed as metal controller is Capt. Charles E. Carpenter, who had been a successful machinery expert in Paris in civil life. He allots all metal for A. E. F. use. If the needs of the different purchasing departments exceed the available supply he distributes the material in proportion to the need.

The moment you touch metal you touch one of the most zealously conserved commodities in France. The reason is quite obvious. In the first flush of her war successes, when she came down from the north like a "wolf on the fold," Germany acquired by conquest more than eighty per cent of the iron and steel producing capacity of France. A metal crisis at once developed. The French war industries became dependent to a large extent for their raw supplies upon other countries. Much of this material had to come from the United States and therefore became a part of the eternal tonnage problem. Before we entered the war it was not so serious. Just as soon as we began to manufacture munitions for our own use the French metal situation naturally became more acute. Every ton of iron or steel diverted to a nonessential use not only meant the loss of this material to war necessities but likewise wasted a ton of valuable shipping. Hence the French Government wisely established a rigid control over the supply of all raw materials, and metals particularly.

The advent of the American Army in numbers made the metal situation more serious because we began to place orders in France for machinery, tools and other articles that used steel and iron and that could not be shipped from the United States because we needed the tonnage for men and food. This constantly increasing employment of the manufacturing facilities of France taxed output and raw material. The control bureau therefore submits all American orders involving metal to the French, who not only act as censors of price and probity of contractors but practically allot the French material to be used.

Our orders involving metal are sent twice daily to what is known as the Inspection des Forges, where a corps of French experts familiar with every detail of manufacturing makes a rigid examination with the twin view of protecting both governments and preventing any waste of precious metal. This Inspection des Forges is one of the many constructive instruments developed by the war and because of its inevitable influence with peace is well worth an explanation. Before the war it corresponded to the inspection division of the United States ordnance service in that it inspected raw material for guns, and also the finished product. It operated in four districts—Paris, Toulouse, Lyons and Nantes. With the outbreak of hostilities France immediately converted it into an agency for the procurement of raw materials and machinery necessary to war industry. It resulted in what the name implies—a literal inspection or control over every forge in France. It has branches—or detachments, as they are known—in all the smaller cities, and through them it exercises an incessant supervision of the whole iron and steel industry of the republic.

Profiteers Smoked Out

THE control bureau has a liaison officer—Capt. John H. Weare, a steel man of long experience—constantly at the Inspection des Forges. Just as soon as an American Army order arrives it is analyzed. Many essential requirements must be met. Since it involves a contract with a French manufacturer the first step is to find out if this particular firm or individual is on the Black List—that is, if it is excluded from dealings with the French Government. Then comes the examination of the amount of metal required and the relation that it bears to the distribution of the limited supply of raw materials in France. The third item is the all-important question of price. The final qualification is the ability of the contractor to fulfill his obligation within the time limit prescribed.

All this information is readily accessible to the Inspection des Forges because its hundreds of inspectors are constantly in touch with the manufacturing establishments in their districts and know to the quarter of a ton what the plant capacities are.

If the order and the contractor meet requirements the approval of the Inspection des Forges is stamped on the order and it returns to the American control bureau for the general purchasing agent's approval. Once stamped with his visé the contract makes one more journey, to another department of the French Government to be examined with regard to the possibility of its interference with similar work being done for the French Armies. If no conflict is established it receives the final O. K. and goes to the contractor for execution.

This scrutiny shows that there is little chance for the profiteer to get in his nefarious work. Wherever evidence of attempted extortion is found the French Government takes the matter into its own hands and requisitions the material or merchandise on the account of the Army. This close teamwork resulting from a double examination of orders by both governments prevents competition between the two Armies. When there is a limited supply of certain articles it insures equitable distribution between them.

The probe that the Inspection des Forges applies to all American contracts has smoked out many a profiteer, to the eminent satisfaction of the French authorities. Just as soon as a French contractor rouses the suspicion of this admirable agency of conservation he is summoned to headquarters and is put through the third degree by the French. Particular attention is given to middlemen or men who handle army contracts as a side line. The American Army contract has been the means of rendering conspicuous service in uncovering overcharges, as leading officials of the Inspection des Forges informed me. Upon one occasion a Parisian entered into a contract with the A. E. F. to provide a certain number of hack saws. The contract went through the routine mill and reached what well might be called the prosecuting attorney of the Inspection des Forges, who, smelling a mouse, summoned the contractor to his presence. It developed that he was a dealer in pearls who was handling hack saws as a side line. The price he had made for them gave the French the impression that he believed he was still dealing in precious stones.

(Continued on Page 32)

"Tramp, tramp, tramp to feed the Nation!
Good cheer from Miami to Nome!
We have *Campbell's* up in arms
And you can't resist its charms
For it helps protect your own beloved home!"

Arm in Arm

With Uncle Sam on one side and the American housewife on the other *Campbell's* wholesome *Tomato Soup* is in the advance guard of health and good cheer.

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The contents of every can produces two cans of wholesome satisfying soup. You have no waste in using it—nothing to throw away. Every particle is pure nourishment. You have no cooking-cost. It comes to you completely cooked and blended. You save fuel. You save labor. You could not begin to produce such a soup at so low a cost in your own home. Served as a Cream of Tomato it is particularly strengthening and delicious. And there are many other tempting ways to prepare it.

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Order this inviting *Campbell's Soup* from your grocer by the dozen or the case, and have it ready in three minutes when you want it.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Dollar Wise, Dollar Foolish

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

THE Coldrens' breakfast table was, in its way, as appealing to eye and soul as one of Correggio's painted plump-profiled infants. Its embroidered old-blue centerpiece and doilies were handsome bits of convent needle artistes' patient and expensive work. The gold of rind and the white of heaped sugar and the translucence of ice chunks of its four plates of grapefruit were excellent testimonials to Nature's palette.

The white-and-gold of its poached eggs, the white-and-brown of hot wheat rolls, the buttery gold-and-brown of toast, the crisp lean-and-fat, savory brown of bacon and the mellow brown of the coffee were just as excellent testimonials to modern cooking's palette.

And the well-fumed dark grain of the room's woodwork and furniture, together with the three-dollar-a-yard flowering of the chintz curtains at the low wide windows and the thirteen-dollar-a-yard old-blue-and-cinnamon paneling of the mandarin art square under the table, were colorfully satisfactory background.

While past the fluttering chintz draperies, through the low open window, Lake Michigan, billowing in the genial October sun, flashed its white-and-jade as nice aid to perspective. The Coldrens' apartment—their last—was on one of the North Side's newest far-out side streets, where the great lake flowed near and rentals flowed high.

"Meflin Said the Day of the Wastrel in America Was Over, That the Plain-Thinking, Sensible Minority Was Going to Turn Into the Mighty Majority"

But the atmosphere that hung over all this morning-meal charm and harmony of hue was neither light nor bright. It was as heavily somber—clinging to the one convenient metaphorical line—as the grim shadows the great Rembrandt liked to spread thickly over a canvas.

At one end of the table Anna Coldren, in her attractive violet-challis-and-lace breakfast negligée, in cold silence tipped the silver percolator over her thin china cup of conventional plum border and poured herself coffee a second time. In ominously cold silence. Her lips—good-looking lips, if a trifle hard of shape—were pressed together with ostentatious tightness.

At the other end of the table Frank Coldren silently divided his attention among poached egg, toast, coffee and the front page of the morning paper.

At one side Mildred Coldren, aged fifteen, silently divided her attention among plum-bordered cup, an occasional jab of spoon at sugared grapefruit and the inside part of the morning paper. At the other side Rick Coldren, thirteen and a half years old, attended with dispatch to three eggs, much of the bacon on the platter, several rolls and a heap of toast—the grapefruit before him had been pushed aside as an unneeded appetizer.

Presently he and Mildred, both having finished their morning meal, rose unobtrusively, almost with guilty quiet, and left table and room.

In the hall beyond:

"Gee! I was afraid we wouldn't get away before they went to it," grinned the boy, delving into a mahogany tree for his school cap.

His sister, a pale, pretty, sullen thing of sleek, elaborately dressed hair and high gray soft-kid shoes, sighed crossly:

"Oh, dear! So was I. My goodness, I wish"—resentfully—"papa or mamma would get in a better humor soon, so I could ask 'em for ——" She stopped warily.

"For what?" demanded her brother with energy. "Say, let me tell you this: I get the cash for an electric transformer before you land another silk sweater or matinée party."

"How you talk!"—with sisterly contempt. "I wasn't thinking of anything special." But a small pink flush belied her.

"Huh!" The brotherly grunt was wise. "But, anyway"—with a shrug—"from the way our two parents are going to it now, I guess neither of us'll have a show for anything—this month at least. Say, Frieda!"—in a roar. "Where'd you put my cap?"

"Oh, dear! I guess so"—plaintively; and the glance that Mildred cast back diningroomward was, in its way, an Ibsenic volume.

Back in the breakfast room, where the sun sent in rays as bright as benevolence:

"Perhaps," Anna Coldren was saying to her husband in a voice as icily sweet as the sugared chunks still chilling parts of grapefruit, "you'd like to run the house yourself for a while!"

Above the lacy V neck of her attractive negligée, her good-looking dark head was held at a tilt of fine hauteur.

"Oh, I would not like to do anything of the kind! Now, Anna, listen!"

"Why listen to what I know by heart?" she gibed icily. "You nag, nag at me because your salary won't reach farther."

"Oh!"

Frank Coldren slammed down fork and front page. He was a youngish man, though approaching middle age, with worried blue eyes, and with the national characteristics of the American business man—quick, nervous speech, direct, alert glance and smooth-shaved, medium-long upper lip. "I don't nag, nag! I simply started to say again ——"

"That somehow ——"

"Certainly! That somehow ——"

"Oh, somehow a ten-dollar bill can be used as a twenty! Somehow!" Her smile was sneeringly sweet; her reiteration was insufferably mocking. "Somehow!"

Frank Coldren purpled with temper, but he controlled himself to a degree.

"See here, Anna: I'm not nagging—I don't want to quarrel. But we've got to cut out some items in our schedule."

"So you say—so often. So often in the year you mention that little fact! Every year indeed."

Her husband lost some of his carefully retained control.

"Well, by George, I'm saying it now too! My five thousand dollars a year as submanager of the Western Utilities Company doesn't reach—that's all! Off and on I've been overdrawn at the bank most of this past year, and I don't fancy the cashier's look lately! And ——"

Anna Coldren flung an apprehensive glance toward the swinging door at her right shoulder.

"Is it necessary to tell Frieda too?"—insolently.

He went on furiously:

"Oh, darn Frieda! What I'm driving at—if you will condescend to listen decently, Anna—is simply this: In our company there are exactly seven submanagers besides myself, and five of them stand distinctly higher than myself in the company's regard. Hubbetts, our respected Western manager"—in a bitter tone—"is a person of fixed judgments. And he has most of the ear of Meflin, the Eastern head; which means"—the tone grew bitterer—"that I am not likely soon to pass this five-thousand mark, even were there no war. With war as a mix-up factor—well, five thousand's our limit from now on. We might as well admit it and try to trim our sails to keep within it."

Anna Coldren's dark head went higher—insolently, quarrelsomely.

"Oh, I think I try!"

"But this is what I mean: There's apt to be no raise from now on to pull us out of debt, as has been the case at the end of every other two years or so."

"Last week I admit I might have saved six dollars and seventy-five cents—and gone without a lens to replace the one broken when my eyeglasses fell off the other night. But, outside that one item, I think I can say I fairly squeezed the dollars to pay Frieda, the butcher, the fruiterer, the vegetable man, a nine-dollar bill for gloves for Mildred and myself, and new dancing pumps for Rick." Her mien was Duse-disdainful.

"Oh"—impatiently—"it isn't a question of six dollars and seventy-five cents!"

"Hardly!"—with icy contempt. "Since I saw, by a memorandum slip you dropped, that was exactly what it cost you last Tuesday to lunch a man named Elkerson at the Illinois League Club."

His temper flared.

"Well, do you think I pay that much for two sandwiches and two cocktails because I like to? It was rank robbery!"

Sweetly ironic, she interrupted:

"And you didn't know what the League's menu charges happen to be?"

Temper flared higher.

(Continued on Page 26)

This dependable British Tommy
—he helped!

This dependable Yank
—he helped!

This dependable Blue Devil
—he helped!

This dependable Yank Tar
—he helped!

"Lest we forget"

The most useful job of the generation is done. The boys who did it are taking off their uniforms to return to industry, farming, shipping and railroading.

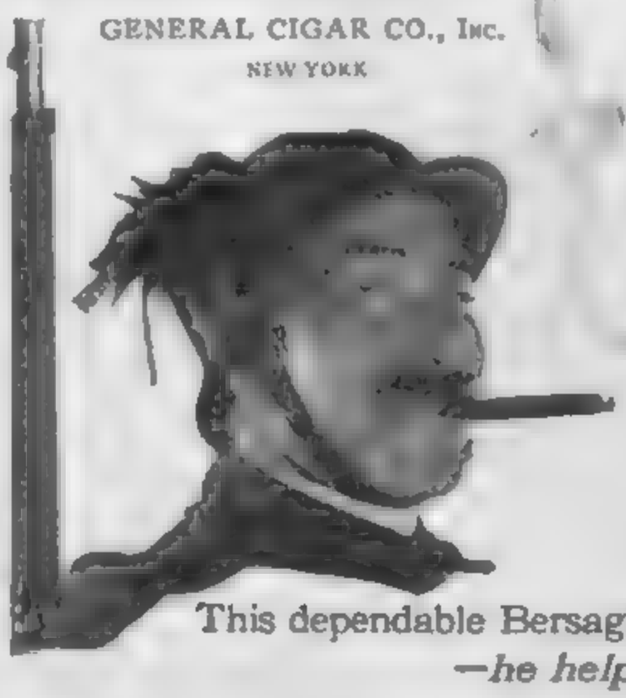
Owl takes this opportunity to wish every man of them Godspeed!

Their new spirit and power to do will go into business. Their daring and resourcefulness will spin the old world into new usefulness and new prosperity.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
NEW YORK

This dependable
Scotch "Lady from Hell"
—he helped!

This dependable Belgian
—Zowie! He helped!



This dependable Bersagliere
—he helped!

All photographs shown here are Soldiers smoking actual OWL Cigars

This dependable Anzac
—he helped!

This dependable Canuck
—he helped!

OWL 7¢

white OWL 8¢

This
dependable British Tar
—he helped!

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

(Continued from Page 24)

"Can I take a man like Elkerson—our chief Boston customer—to a dairy lunch room?"

"And can I"—her voice came shrilly after his, like a hysterical echo—"can I take a woman like Ethel Waller to a cafeteria when I happen to run across her downtown in her sables and electric? When she's lunched me at the Flackstone three times in the last four weeks or so!"

Husband and wife gazed angrily, furiously, at each other. But if, under the anger in each pair of eyes, there lay also a grim, anguished comprehension of common plight, neither would forgo stubbornness and voice it.

Frank Coldren brusquely folded his newspaper, drank the remainder of his coffee and strode out of the room, shutting the front door hard behind him.

At the breakfast table Anna Coldren brooded awhile, face cupped in palms—till Frieda looked in at the swinging door resentfully. Then she rose, went into the living room—an ornate place of mahogany, rugs and huge silk-shaded lamps—and flung herself in a chair for further sulky brooding.

What an awry world! Life was like a porcupine—all prickles. Wherever you touched, you were annoyingly stuck.

Mildred, from the hall, put in a pouting face.

"Mamma, I've simply got to have two dollars for my Good Pals' Club dues. The girls will be talking about me."

"You'll have to ask your father"—curtly. "I'm short this week."

Out the front door to school her daughter flounced. Her low modish heels had thudded across the hardwood floor like sulky words. Anna heard them with sharp irritation. Really, Mildred was unbearable lately!

The bell rang—the mailman's ring. She forgot Mildred and eyed the one envelope with grim expectance. And expectance was grimly answered. She read:

DRY CLEANING COMPANY

1 White chiffon blouse [Her own]	$2.00
1 Rose Georgette frock [Mildred's]	4.00
8 cakes gloves	1.60
1 Wistaria Georgette dress [Her own]	4.00
1 White satin vestee [Mildred's]	1.50
2 White silk blouses [Her own]	4.00
1 Bisque cloth suit [Her own]	3.00
1 Blue tulle scarf [Mildred's]	.90
Total	$21.00

At the bottom—"Please remit at once!"—was a rude italic streak of command.

"Good gracious!" Her sigh was depressed. "I forgot all about this."

The day before Frank had received a cleaner's bill of his own of about the same total. Sixteen years of marriage enabled her to deduce that this morning's unpleasantness might be traced back to that reception. And now another—when he was overdrawn!

"Well"—self-talk was moody—"I can't help it—any more than he can."

And bitter brooding gave way to bitter self-pity. Thou shalt have no other gods before cleanliness, says Civilization's first commandment. But keeping the commandment has come to be costly business in cities where furnace smoke is omnipresent and viciously continual.

Three thoughts now stuck unkindly in Anna Coldren's mind: First, that wistaria Georgette of hers was about worn out and really hardly worth cleaning money—the four dollars would more wisely have gone toward a new one; second, Mildred would have to curb her firm young appetite for white satin accessories; third, twenty-one dollars, the total of this bill, was just what she and Frank had a week to live on when, newly wedded, they first came to Chicago, some seventeen years before.

Twenty-one—it seemed incredible now! But they had blithely left that little down-state town, confident that their young affection, their excellent collection of wedding presents—furniture, silver and doilies *ad plenitudinem*—and their coming twenty-one weekly in the wholesale house, where Frank's aunt's brother-in-law's cousin had kindly made sesame, were plenty to larder their way through a glad city life. To them, exuberant in love, life had seemed a zestful adventure, and fine.

Being a healthy young pair, normal in ambition, anatomy, adaptability and hopefulness, they still found it zestful a year later—but not so fine. Twenty-one dollars, they had learned soberly, was—merely twenty-one. And dollars were not so large in Chicago, it seemed, as back home, where you had your own radish and winter-onion beds, laying Leghorns, and currants for jelly. Subtract the twenty dollars a month for a four-room flat—which has a positively dark dining room, even on bright days—and money for groceries, carfare and other necessary lintels to the doors of existence, and the answer at the end of the month was a flat pocketbook.

Merely flat, however; not punctured. They were wary of punctures that first year. And they told each other soberly that on twenty-five dollars a week they could manage well.

Well, the twenty-five came; but so did Mildred, a foreseen but only vaguely visualized item of expense. Still, Mildred had been an adorable third in the family. They were fairly happy, except for the dark dining room, which got on Anna's nerves at last, and a third summer without a fishing trip, which had got on Frank's. He was used to perch-darting Junes along the winding down-state river back home.

Well, presently he got a raise to twenty-seven-fifty a week. Jubilantly he and Anna assured each other that their middle name was Luck. Now everything was fine and dandy. Life would take on the color of a rainbow. His heads in the wholesale house had talked to him; assured him that he was bound to rise with them. No need to worry now. Every so often he would get a raise; therefore, they might as well live in accordance with raises.

And so it seemed. On the run Anna went flat hunting, and for thirty dollars found a lovely light dining room. Frank got three happy fishing days at a little lake, also some new clothes. An under clerk might sport a shiny serge coat, but an assistant desk man—especially one in the good graces of the firm—needed a new cheviot.

Rick was born presently too. And Anna felt that, though for Mildred she had managed with a small cheap carriage, for her boy she wanted a better-built wicker affair. To make up to the unconscious pink-and-white Mildred, she compunctiously bought her a new white-silk-and-rosebud bonnet.

So, altogether, as afterward they puzzledly admitted, the extra money went fast; in fact, when they itemized thoughtfully, they realized that they had spent too much. It took two weeks' pay to straighten up debts, which straightening left them with a debt to a butcher and a grocer.

If Frank hadn't got thirty a week the next year they would have felt pinched. And even that didn't help so much, because though their flat had a light dining room it had indolent radiators. For the two children's sake they had to hunt a more amenable landlord in the matter of heat. And, as Anna thoughtfully said and Frank thoughtfully agreed, they might as well save moving expenses and change to a really desirable place, where they would be content to stay for years. The only really desirable place they located was five rooms at forty dollars. High; but Frank was pretty sure that before the year was out he would be getting thirty-five at least. Two men over him had dropped out, leaving sure promotion for others.

He was not disappointed eventually, though it was not until the end of the year that he got the promotion and thirty-seven-fifty. And with that windfall he and Anna suddenly decided that, taking it all in all, they led pretty dull lives. For once they'd celebrate, with seats down in the fifth row instead of in the upper balcony. The janitor's wife was obliging and trustworthy—a combination that Anna had not been able to find in any other of their habitats. She would keep the children for fifty cents an evening.

With them taken care of, it was a pleasant evening. But in a restaurant afterward Frank met Nat Waller, manager in a competitive wholesale house, and his brown-eyed wife. Whereat Anna Coldren was instantly made conscious that her blue cloth dress cost twenty-two dollars, while Ethel Waller's gray crêpe cost probably eighty-two.

"But that's the kind of people I wish we could travel with," Frank commented afterward. "Waller's a friendly chap. I like him. And he's done me two or three little favors."

"He must make a lot of money," commented Anna, looking at the dollar-a-pair blue gloves she was laying away in the top dresser drawer. Ethel Waller had worn long, expensive white ones.

"Oh, he makes several thousand a year—five, I guess. And it seems to me his wife's father left her some of her own."

"No wonder she can dress that way on five thousand a year!" said Anna with frank envy.

"I'll be making it some day," declared Frank.

"I wish you would," with fervor. Ethel Waller had been sweetly civil—and patronizing.

"Wait, old girl!"

"I wonder what kind of a flat they have," Anna had mused, ignoring his blithe promise.

"Ah! But they have not a flat," grinned her husband, in gay mood after the play and the chatty supper with the Wallers. "They have an apartment, dear girl!"

"Silly! Of course, though." Again her tone registered envy.

"She asked you to come and see her."

"Out of mere politeness"—coldly. "I don't imagine she'll stay at home waiting for me."

"Now, Anna ——"

"I'm not going"—with firmness. "Still, I wonder what kind of furniture she's got." With rather distasteful eyes Anna Coldren glanced round her own rooms. "No Wilton rugs—I'm sure of that."

"Dunno," yawned Frank, undressing. "But Waller's got a car. Wish I had one."

"So do I."

"When I'm getting five thousand we can have one"—comfortably—"and an Oriental rug nine by twelve." With a grin: "I know pretty well a fellow in a factory in Milwaukee where they make 'em."

"I don't care where they make 'em, so we have some," declared Anna.

Well, that was some years back. Now Frank Coldren was getting his five thousand. And somehow, too, they had again and again met the Wallers; and there had sprouted a friendship of its kind, stiff at first on the part of the two women, but more pliant as time gave its own intimacy.

The Coldrens themselves now no longer owned Wilton rugs—though the last Kermanshah in the hall, which Anna half suspected *was* made in Milwaukee, was not paid for. And Frank had his car—though this week, needing two new tires, it merely consumed space in the garage.

The five thousand was not so big an amount as both the Coldrens had once fancied it would be. Familiarity with it had bred temperish contempt in Anna Coldren's soul; and somehow it had bred irascibility in her husband's. And as for pretty brown-eyed Ethel Waller's purring patronage, Anna Coldren at least came to know it calmly for what it was—the camouflage of a shallow and uncourageous spirit.

And when on this fretful morning, while she brooded over the porcupinish nature of life in general, the telephone rang, and Ethel appealed for her company for a day's shopping, she answered in the crisp tone of intimate acquaintance:

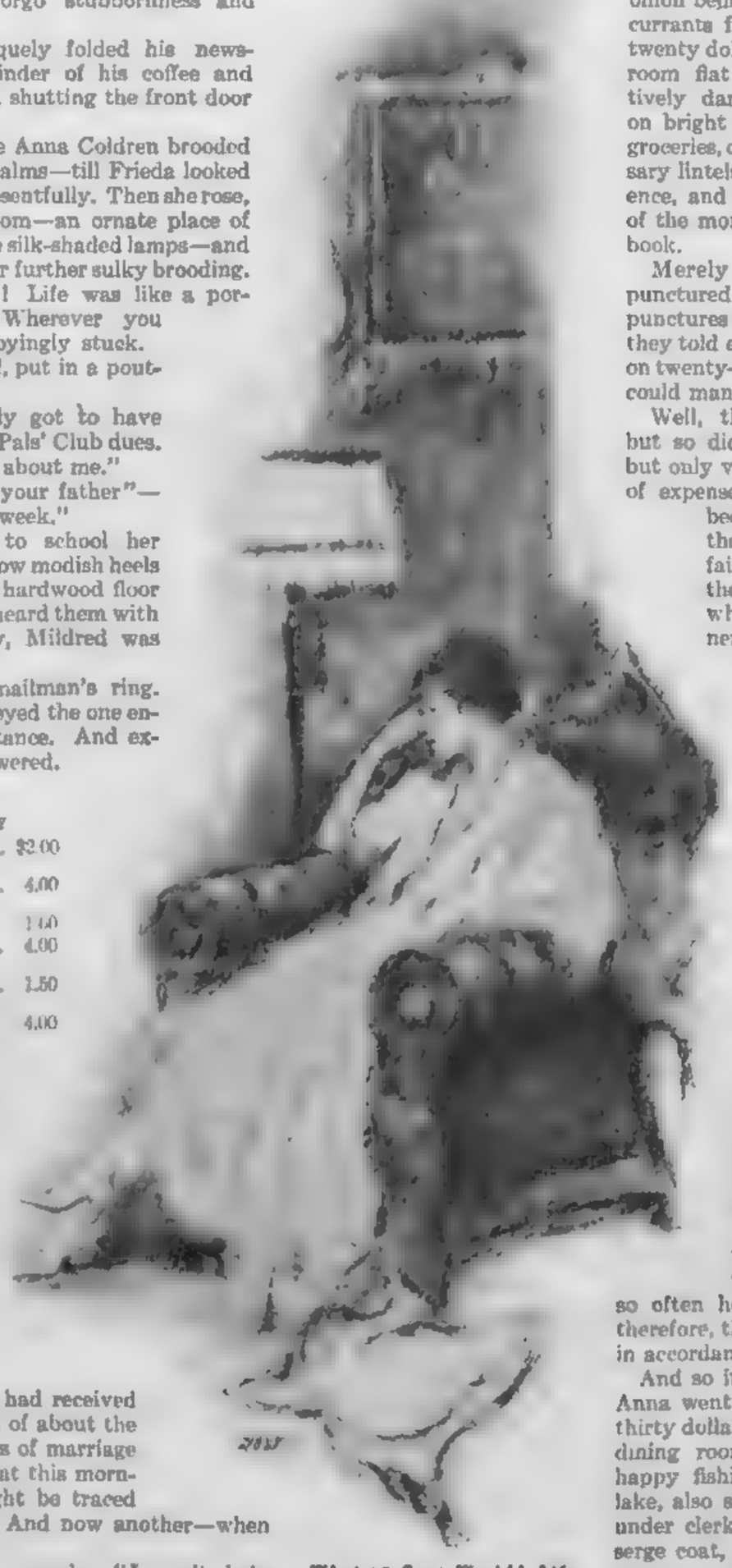
"Really, I'm busy. I'm not good company to-day, anyway, Ethel."

"Oh, my dear, you've got to come!" pleaded Ethel. "I simply must have someone's advice. There're two coats at Beven's—a maroon velvet with an ermine collar, and a rose panne-and-marten. I didn't sleep"—wearily—"all night trying to decide."

"But, Ethel, really ——"

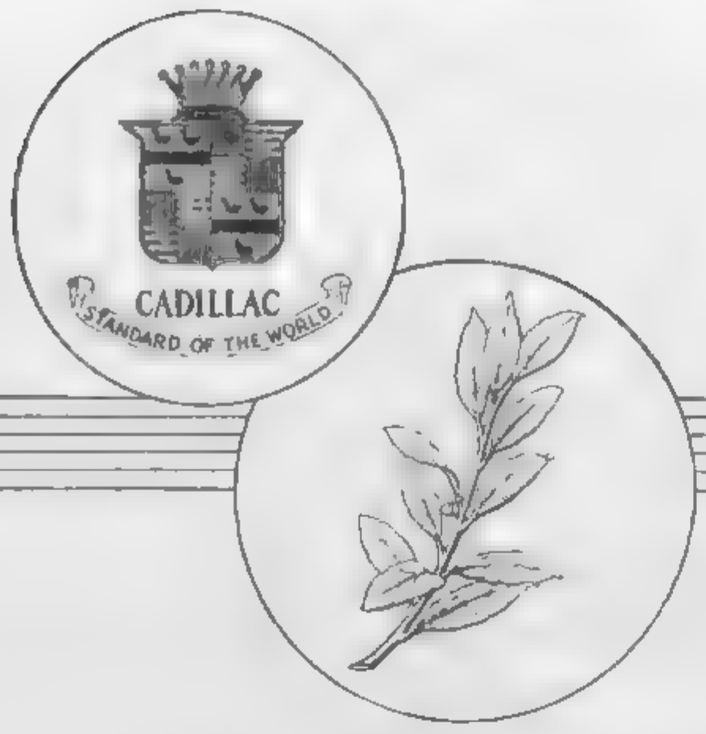
"You surely want to be looking, for yourself."

(Continued on Page 29)



What an Awry World! Life Was Like a Porcupine—All Prickles. Wherever You Touched, You Were Annoyingly Stuck

THERE is a definite reason why the Hupmobile has always had such a wonderful hold on its owners. It actually *does* possess qualities *not usual* in four-cylinder cars. The fact is admitted, even by exponents of the multi-cylinder type, who cannot quite understand how *The Comfort Car* gets these results out of four cylinders. They are naturally interested in the intense loyalty of Hupmobile owners. And so, there is a strong tendency, now, to try to return to the four-cylinder principle. Of course, the Hupmobile has reached its present state of development only by eleven years of studious application.



The Penalty of Leadership

IN EVERY field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity.

Whether the leadership be vested in a man or in a manufactured product, emulation and envy are ever at work.

In art, in literature, in music, in industry, the reward and the punishment are always the same.

The reward is widespread recognition; the punishment, fierce denial and detraction.

When a man's work becomes a standard for the whole world, it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few.

If his work be merely mediocre, he will be left severely alone—if he achieves a masterpiece, it will set a million tongues a-wagging.

Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting.

Whatsoever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius.

Long, long after a great work or a good work has been done, those who are disappointed or envious, continue to cry out that it cannot be done.

Spiteful little voices in the domain of art were raised against our own Whistler as a mountebank, long after the big world had acclaimed him its greatest artistic genius.

Multitudes flocked to Bayreuth to worship at the musical shrine of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced argued angrily that he was no musician at all.

The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by.

The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and the effort to equal him is merely added proof of that leadership.

Failing to equal or to excel, the follower seeks to depreciate and to destroy—but only confirms once more the superiority of that which he strives to supplant.

There is nothing new in this.

It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions—envy, fear, greed, ambition, and the desire to surpass.

And it all avails nothing.

If the leader truly leads, he remains—the leader.

Master-poet, master-painter, master-workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages.

That which is good or great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial.

That which deserves to live—lives.

Copyright 1914, Cadillac Motor Car Co.

(Continued from Page 26)

"I do not"—quickly. "My Hudson seal does me for all occasions."

Her friend sighed:

"I wish I could manage as you do, dear."

"Do you?" At the end of the nonrevealing wire Anna Coldren's countenance registered frank suspicion of a feline thrust.

"Please come!" whimpered Ethel. "I need your advice. I'd take both—they're so tempting—but Nat would simply have a fit!" Her tone was martyrlike.

"Would he?"

"Just that! He's unbearable lately. My dear"—exasperatedly—"if this war doesn't end soon my nerves will simply be gone! Hasn't it"—mournfully—"served husbands the most terrible excuse for shrieking economy?"

"Oh—perhaps."

"Won't you come?"—coaxingly. "My dear, please!"

"Oh"—she hesitated—"I suppose I may as well. Perhaps the ride will put me in a better humor."

"Why the bad humor?" inquired Ethel as the Waller electric coupé glided along the Lake Shore toward the Loop.

"Oh, nothing special; everything in general"—evasively.

Anna was not minded to reveal to the other that she and Frank squabbled hatefully over the inelasticity of their income, for the Waller finances still paced far ahead of theirs.

But Ethel Waller had one virtue—or vice, if you will: she was more given to pouring out confidences than drawing such out.

"My case too," she sighed. "I do think a husband's the hardest thing to live with!"

"I agree," Anna could not help saying dryly.

Her friend went on preoccupiedly:

"There was another man, though, when I was young; and I've often thought ——" She paused delicately.

"Where is he now?"—politely.

"In the Senate! Put there, too, by a corporation—at least, Nat says he was. And, my dear, you ought to read about the way his wife dresses! Even at Palm Beach she's talked about for her extravagance. And just think—if Nat Waller hadn't been so persistent and fairly worn down my will I might have been her!" Tears of regret almost welled from the brown eyes. "Instead of hearing Nat nag!"

Such confidence could not fail to get a return. Anna Coldren was no strong-minded person absolutely above confiding in a friend.

"I guess all men nag," she admitted gloomily. "You should hear Frank. And I never know whether he's really angry at me or venting anger at himself."

"My dear"—mournfully—"men are brutes—every one of 'em—and unreasonable. Nat likes to see me well dressed as well as I like to be so; but he wants me to do it at half cost."

"When it comes down to brass tacks men are as extravagant as we are," muttered Anna; "but they won't admit it."

"My dear, that is certainly true. I shall tell Nat so to-night."

At home, in the late end of a weary afternoon, Anna Coldren found that the day's shopping had not increased her good nature. It was irritating to look at coats when her Hudson seal was showing its third winter.

And Ethel, conveniently abstracted, let her pay for the salad and sandwiches in the tea room. Two dollars and eighty-five cents! She could not spare it; but she had to spare it or cry "Behold, I am broke!" Which is the last cry tortured Pride permits.

Then, though she did not waste any sympathy on shallow little Ethel—secretly Anna considered sensible Nat Waller too good for his pretty wife, whose claws were as often sharp as friendlily velvety—the whimpered might-have-been of weak old romance reminded her—Anna—of one Anton Rudd, in memory's recess of old days in the little home town.

He was an uncouth young fellow, with narrow, greenish light eyes and a bony, sallow forehead; no man that a girl ever dreamed about while the moon silvered facts to fancies.

And Frank, back in those days, had the blue eyes and white comely temples that—she remembered—often kept her up under Diana's glow for many a soft emotional hour. But ——

But not long back she had read that Anton Rudd was getting a dollar a year in Washington. A dollar a year! Once unmentionable, even to American humor, now—paradoxically—a dollar a year made five thousand dollars seem paltry.

And this paltry five thousand Frank inferred she partly threw away! Her nose—which she was quite conscious was still a very good-looking nose—curled disagreeably. Threw away? When the years had burned the value of a dollar on her weary brain! Her eyes flashed dislikingly. Looking back, the years with him seemed actually unhappy ones. At best, they were strained, always fretful ones.

Work kept Frank downtown that evening, he phoned. She and Mildred and Rick dined in the usual conversational way, therefore; though the two, noting her preoccupation, exchanged wary glances and forbore requests.

Marital constraint was unrelieved for three days thereafter. She coldly gave Frank the cleaner's bill. He coldly stuffed it into his pocket, muttering that the garage man was howling too.

But on the evening of the fourth day he broke the constraint by announcing, with suppressed eagerness, that the coming week would bring Meflin, the Eastern head of the company, to Chicago.

"And there's a rumor that Hubbetts is pulling out to take a governmental post in Washington," he went on, with nervous though controlled excitement. "That means a readjustment of us submanagers—and one of us slated perhaps for the big job."

Mildred and Rick had left the dinner table and the apartment for motion picture and bowling alley. Anna Coldren leaned toward Frank with almost her usual familiar manner, forgetting quarrels recent and ancient.

"That'll mean a raise again?"

"If I'm one of the lucky ones"—curtly, with less excitement. "I may not be. Bowen and Smith are getting best bets."

Anna Coldren's good-looking dark eyes took on a gleam that was mingled hope and calculation.

"There'd be how much more money?"

"Oh—twenty-five hundred more anyway."

"Ah!" She drew a little breath that was anticipatory relief. "Then we'd be all right; we could straighten up what we owe."

"Ah! Couldn't we though!"—half to himself.

"We could indulge in a few tires instead of floor space in the garage." Elatedly her spirits were swinging up from the depression of the past days.

"Yes." Frank Coldren was thoughtful.

"And we could see about a school for Mildred."

"Ye-es."

Anna lapsed into silent anticipation of more personal matters. Her eyes half glinted toward the bedroom, where her seal coat of third-winter wear was hanging. And she cast an appraising glance down at the mandarin art square. She had never greatly liked it for her dining-room floor.

Frank Coldren had been watching her; and now, with an unpleasant little smile, he remarked:

"Better go slow on the planning, Anna. I haven't got either promotion or raise yet."

The decided undercurrent of hostility in his voice was detected by her experienced wifely ears. She sensed that his mood was still offensive. The desire to tell the news had merely created a surface truce. At once her own mood reacted. She, too, could keep up the quarrel. And she began to suspect coldly that, as a matter of fact, he was really sure of promotion but would not give her the satisfaction of knowing it too.

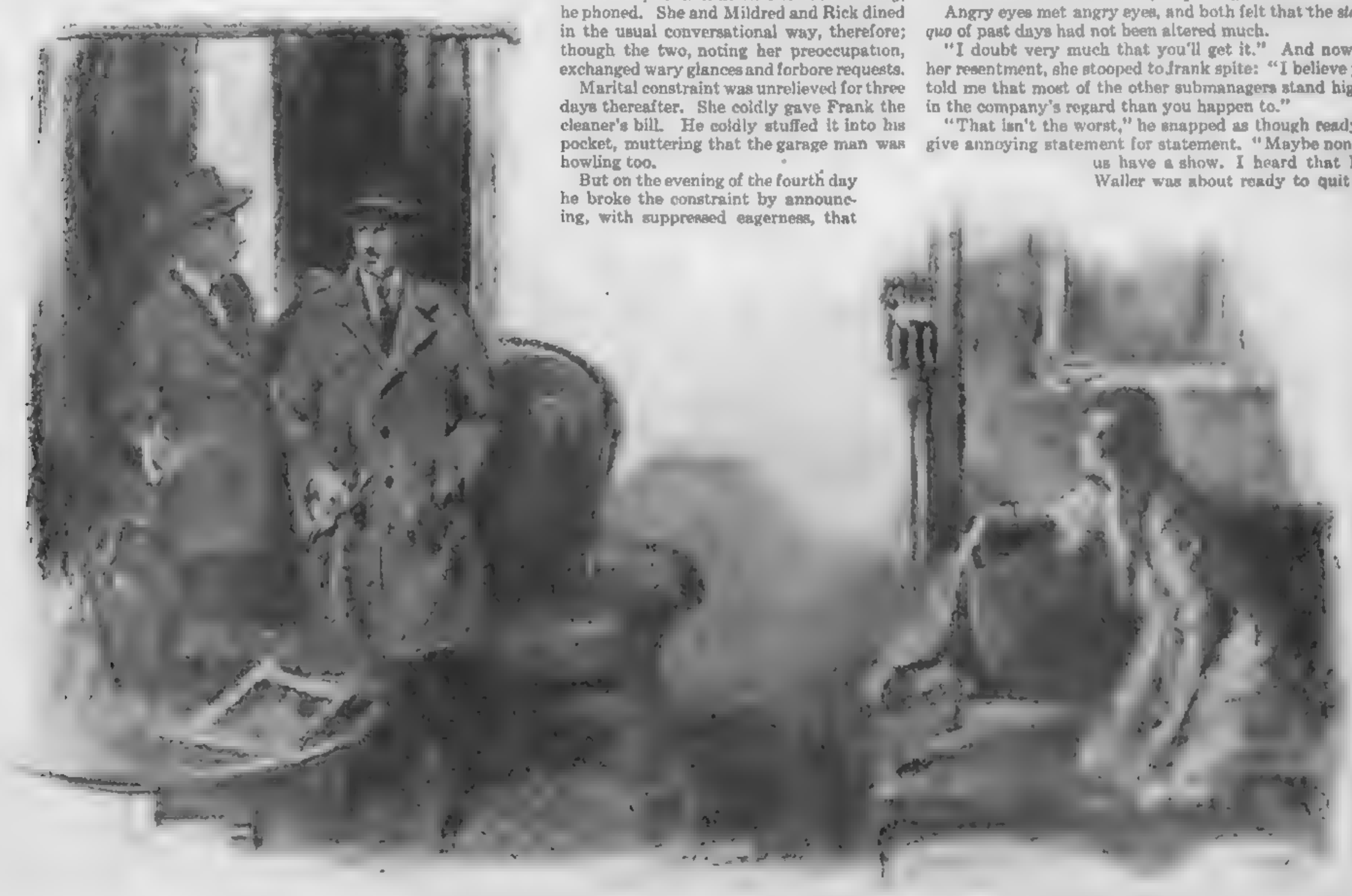
"Oh, I don't count on anything until I actually see it," she returned disagreeably.

"I wouldn't!" He was equally disagreeable.

Angry eyes met angry eyes, and both felt that the *status quo* of past days had not been altered much.

"I doubt very much that you'll get it." And now, in her resentment, she stooped to frank spite: "I believe you told me that most of the other submanagers stand higher in the company's regard than you happen to."

"That isn't the worst," he snapped as though ready to give annoying statement for statement. "Maybe none of us have a show. I heard that Nat Waller was about ready to quit his



"Nonsense!" Counter-Protested Frank. "Mrs. Coldren Would Never Have Forgiven Me if I Hadn't Brought You Home With Me"

firm and was looking for inlet with us. So—he may be the lucky chap."

Ah! That was a shock. It overwhelmed mere quarrelsomeness. Her eyes dilated. Frank smiled disagreeably.

"Of course somebody else would have the luck!" she finally commented nastily.

"Of course!"—offensively.

Defiant eyes met defiant eyes. And, though each admitted secretly that a common apprehension that dared not hope lay behind each one's offensiveness, neither admitted it openly.

"Once we thought five thousand would be luck," he commented caustically.

"Did we?" She was offensively skeptical.

"We did!" He added moodily: "And somehow it seems as though we could manage better on it."

"Tell me how," she invited icily, "and I promise you I will do it."

"Oh!" He shrugged irritably. "All I can tell you is to cut down expenses somehow. And, believe me, it won't be from choice—if I don't get a raise. And it's darned unlikely"—gloomily—"I'll get it; though I'm going to try to bring Meflin out here for dinner some night. Go slow on engagements while he's in town—will you?"

"Very well."

"I've a tiny idea that if I have a chance to outtalk the others—especially Nat Waller—I may land the luck. If I don't land it"—with a scowl—"there won't be any choice about our living on a simpler scale. My credit is going—and you know what that means. Butchers and grocers will be yapping at you: 'Charge accounts not desired.'"

His glance went ironically down to the laden and bright table at which they had just dined. Then he strode out of the room. She looked after him with eyes that fretfulness narrowed and that dislike almost sharpened.

Seventeen years she had lived with this man. Together they had lived long enough and faithfully enough for the years to have welded, with time's own peculiar welding intimacy, their lives into one. Existence apart would be a strange thing to each of them. And yet she felt that it would be quite easy for her to divorce him.

Their mutual existence had become too wrangling, too unpleasant for any joy or any satisfaction to be felt in it.

This feeling, which was partly a real and growing dangerous emotion and partly mere nervous temper, increased as the days went on. Constraint lay heavier over the household. Mildred's winter wardrobe was to be planned too, which never made for parent's or child's good nature. With every winter that young person had become more imperious over her clothes, till her mother was distraught. Now, torn between desire to meet Mildred's demands and need to refuse them, she sympathized and condemned in the same breath. In such a mood she had no good humor to extend to her moody, silent husband.

But as one week ran into the next this unusually long-drawn-out moodiness of Frank's became unendurable to her. She knew what had happened, though he did not speak. Luck had passed him by; Meflin had made another choice. Disappointment ate like acid into her soul. And though she had no wish to try to console him should he confide their mutual disappointment, she was made more out of humor by his sullen lack of speech about the matter. By his attitude he seemed to blame her for life's awryness.

This was most decidedly unfair of him. He need not lay the onus of their unhappiness all on her. Cut out items in their schedule! What items? Items where? Heaven knew that her days were one unending strain to dovetail dollar to dollar that they might live in the comfort which both long ago had tacitly planned to be their due.

Oh, she remembered that in the old days Frank had complained as bruskly as anyone over various unpalatable items in their days. Cheap cuts of meat, a small flat, balcony seats, street-car straps—all such had irked him too. By Jiminy—he used to vow—some day he'd have what other men had! And now—a simpler schedule was his cry!

And in the midst of an afternoon of such tart remembrance—a morbid afternoon almost—a little vengeful notion came to her. What was the old saying—something about *similia similibus?* Possibly Mr. Frank Coldren's recollection of old days was not so clear as her own. Possibly the glamour of habits since lay over habits that were—bill-of-fare habits, for instance. Suppose she set before him, home at night for his usual excellent and expensive dinner, the plain pot-roast-and-boiled-potatoes spread that once had been their lot!

She recalled once distinctly hearing him swear: "By George, some day we'll have porterhouse!" He had particularly disliked the economical pot roast with its carrot and potato garnishment. But since he yelled for plainer living ——

Very coolly she began to recall all the items of the old days' table. Very collectedly she began to plot Mr. Frank's discomfiture. She herself, a long time back, had deliberately forgotten certain details of that early twenty-one-dollar-a-week life—the plainly sugared apple sauce, for instance, which was their chief dessert; the little slab of American cheese, which was a treat; the ten cents' worth of dill pickles, which were a great savor to the meal. He blamed her, did he? Very well! She would do a wifely part to cut down expense—on one meal at least. And the expression that would come over one husband's face would recompense any wife for the trouble! She wished it was a joke she could share with someone.

It was several days before the gods of circumstance cleared the way for her plan. One evening Mildred had a girl friend over. One evening Frank was not home for dinner. But finally Frieda asked for an afternoon and evening off—a sick mother, she claimed—and got both with a celerity that startled her suspicious Swedish soul; and she almost refused her mistress' indulgence. But she went.

And Anna Coldren, finding herself in sole possession of her apartmental Lares and Penates, smiled to herself with unpleasant complacence. She went forth to shop—and not at her regular meat shop or grocery; farther—in a residential district where residences and shops were closer to each other than round her own exclusive and pretentious street.

She carried her purchases home and went to work, very glad to get this meal herself, instead of overseeing the astounded Frieda. Not that she would have minded the girl's presence greatly—Frank's coming discomfiture occupied her mind to the exclusion of other matters; but the girl's unspoken comment would have been decidedly irritating.

She had not forgotten how to cook. Anyway, spitefulness was a sharp spade to dig up old skill. Three hours later she sent a small, malicious, satisfied smile over the table she had set. There was plenty of food on it—plenty. But—such as it was! Frank's face would certainly be entertaining.

Oh, she realized that she was acting with childish spitefulness; but she did not care. Frank was unfair to her.

Frank Coldren was late in reaching his home that night. Anna began to be impatient, and under her impatience moved a sort of surging depression as she mechanically flipped the pages of a magazine on the broad mahogany table of the living room. She fretfully wished she had had a chance to dine that omnipotent, detestable Meflin. Such a lovely dinner she might have put forth!—a dinner that would have wheedled any man into an agreeable, benevolent humor. She would even have given Frieda her best beaded blouse to insure harmony and success in its preparation.

The minutes dragged on. Mildred began to show impatience too. She had come from her room and her wicker-and-ivory dressing table only at dinner time; a dancing party was on her evening's program. Rick alone was perfect patience; under a great rose-shaded lamp he was reading.

Finally the familiar click was heard in the lock. The hall door opened. Mildred sprang up from the couch, pouting nicely.

"Dear me, papa, you're awfully late!"

And then—Mildred politely forbore. Her papa was not alone. Another gentleman was silhouetted under the soft rose glow of the hall lights; a portly, distinguished gentleman, you saw, even at the first startled glance. That first glance and premonition came sickeningly over Anna Coldren! And, for once, premonition came true.

"Mr. Meflin, my dear." Frank advanced, cordially wearing his best host smile. "I caught him as he was taxi-ing off."

"And sincerely abashed, Mrs. Coldren," quickly and deprecatingly explained the guest, smiling an affable guestish smile. "I protested emphatically to your husband that this is no way to treat a wife—this bringing an unexpected ——"

"Nonsense!" counter-protested Frank. "Mrs. Coldren would never have forgiven me if I hadn't brought you home with me."

"Indeed not!" Mrs. Coldren by pure will power dragged out a hostess' charmed expression; by pure will power held her teeth from chattering.

"Coldren, you must bear witness that I insisted on the club!"

"Preposterous!" smiled Coldren.

"Of course!" rigidly smiled Mrs. Coldren, while the back of her brain registered horror, pure and unmitigated. What would she, could she, should she do?

"And we're in a great rush," went on her husband, glancing toward the dining room. "Hubbetts is leaving on the eight-o'clock train. We want to fix up a small matter with him before his train pulls out; so if dinner is ready ——"

"Dinner is ready to be served, papa," put in Mildred with a desire to be agreeable to all present; for which her mother could have slain her. If only she could have had a few minutes ——

But with the busy air of men on whom immediate business hangs heavily, both gentlemen insinuatingly turned at once. Involuntarily, being hardly conscious of what she was doing, Anna Coldren dazedly turned diningroomward. Mildred came skippingly; Rick, her brother, came bashfully. And before Anna Coldren could limber her horror-rigid wits all of them were entering the dining room.

It would be futile to try to describe her emotions during that horrible twenty-foot walk between living room and dining room. But even the soles of her feet were aghast.

And when they were there a second and longer glance confirmed her first awful impression. No common man this portly polished Meflin, to whom you could laughingly make explanation! Never! Dignity incarnate sat on his high-bridged, aristocratic nose. Decorum lay sleekly on his longish, clean-shaved upper lip. His thin, nearly white hair, very smooth, had a prelate's hauteur. His cold, polished black eyes, prominent from their surrounding of wrinkled flesh, were the kind of orbs that stares back unuttered excuses—from friend or employee.

After her first dazed minutes her senses were preternaturally sharp. Without looking directly at either, she saw Mildred's little start at sight of the table; saw Frank's careless first glance give way to curious, unbelieving wonder.

Her daughter, however, was a young person of perfect table manners if not of some other virtues. After the first start she was demurely quiescent. And Frank Coldren immediately took pains to hide the fact that, as a rule, he did not sit down to a plain old-fashioned pot roast, boiled potatoes and apple sauce evening meal.

Anna feverishly began what small talk she could muster, her eyes avoiding her husband's.

"This isn't Chicago's best time of year, you know; this chill lake wind ——"

The guest was interested to hear this. The lake wind had struck him unkindly.

Conversation proceeded smoothly. The host briefly remarked that the war was certainly a war. The guest agreed. A terrible phase for the world, but a needed phase for America.

Host, guest and hostess calmly consumed portions of boiled meat, boiled potato and carrot garnishment. Mildred, with dainty fork, pecked at brown shreds, left untasted her potato, eyed curiously the plate of small slabs of American cheese. Rick was the only one who ate with gusto. He had spent the cold afternoon on the football field, and food was food to him—nothing more; and his young stomach was a vacuum that called for filling.

Occasionally during the meal—when it was impossible to avoid meeting—Anna Coldren's dark eyes met her husband's. And pair spoke to pair.

Said hers: "Your own fault! Telephone next time!"

Said his: "A joke, I suppose; but a joke I don't see!"

Said hers: "More of a joke on you than on me!"

Said his: "Oh, I guess you'll suffer as much as anybody!"

Said hers: "Bah! I don't care!"

Said his: "You'll care!"

Said hers: "Oh, là! là! là! Shan't!"

But even the longest dinner comes to an end sometime—even one whose first course is horror; and second, feverishness; and third, suppressed hysteria; and fourth, fifth and sixth, clammy strain.

Frank Coldren and the polished, nearly white-haired Meflin departed, rushing off to catch the departing Hubbetts on the steps of his train. The one, to the last, was all host, and polite; the other, all guest, and urbane.

When they had gone Anna Coldren cast from her the hostess' calm in which she had wrapped herself; cast it away utterly, flung her aghast self into a chair, and mentally tore her hair. Her son Rick hovered near her, about to broach the desirability of his possessing an electric transformer.

"Rick, leave the room!"

He stalked out resentfully. Mildred had fled to finish her toilet preparations for the evening's gayety. Their mother was left undisturbed in her bitter self-berating.

Why, oh, why had she been so silly? So childishly vengeful! Why had she been such a fool? Now promotion and raise were gone to the limbo of things lost forevermore. Now nothing indeed remained but the old fretful, strained, scheming way. Their debts—with them their debts would stay! Frank would ——

But her bitterness sharpened on itself. Frank needn't say a word to her. Let him dare! After all, it was only his fault. If he hadn't been so irritating she would not have been goaded into the childish, spiteful business; she never would have thought of such a thing, and there would have been the usual excellent well-served fare on the table. She finally snatched up the evening paper and tried to read and forget. But the paper did not distract; she could not put that dinner out of her mind. She flung the paper down finally and went to bed.

When Frank Coldren came home, toward eleven o'clock, she was apparently sleeping in her fumed-walnut bedstead, her face turned toward the wall.

In absolute silence he undressed, without trying to learn whether she was asleep or awake, got into his own bed, and turned his face toward the opposite wall.

In the days that ensued thunderous silence rolled over the Coldren household. Even Mildred put away her usual pert insouciance and shrank from it. Rick walked about uneasily. Quarrels between their parents had been plentiful in their young lives—hard words and high. But this ominous unrelenting between their elders, the cause of which they had not fully grasped, frightened them. Both warily made continual pretexts for hours away from home.

At the breakfast table and at dinner their two elders showed countenances as stony as the compressed bricks of which their apartment building was constructed. And the meals were so icily wordless that Mildred one morning mockingly though furtively shivered "U-ugh!" as she and Rick left the room.

"I'd better tell Frieda to go in and sweep up the icicles," she said.

"I'd like to know what's wrong," muttered Rick. "I bet I don't ever get a transformer!"

His mutter would have been more pessimistic had he glimpsed his mother's hostile face, an hour later, as she stood at the telephone. Ethel Waller had phoned a gay, excited invitation to dinner on the coming Thursday.

"An awfully important affair—for us," she chattered shrilly; and Anna Coldren knew just how the shallow brown eyes were flashing. "It's for Meflin—your husband's chief. You know he and Nat knew each other years and years ago! And I'm having a big, gorgeous affair. I've got"—the shrill, affected soprano dropped to cooing mystery—"I've got a private reason, too, for taking a lot of pains."

"Have you?" Had her life depended on it, Anna Coldren could not have kept the dry, anguished note out of her own voice.

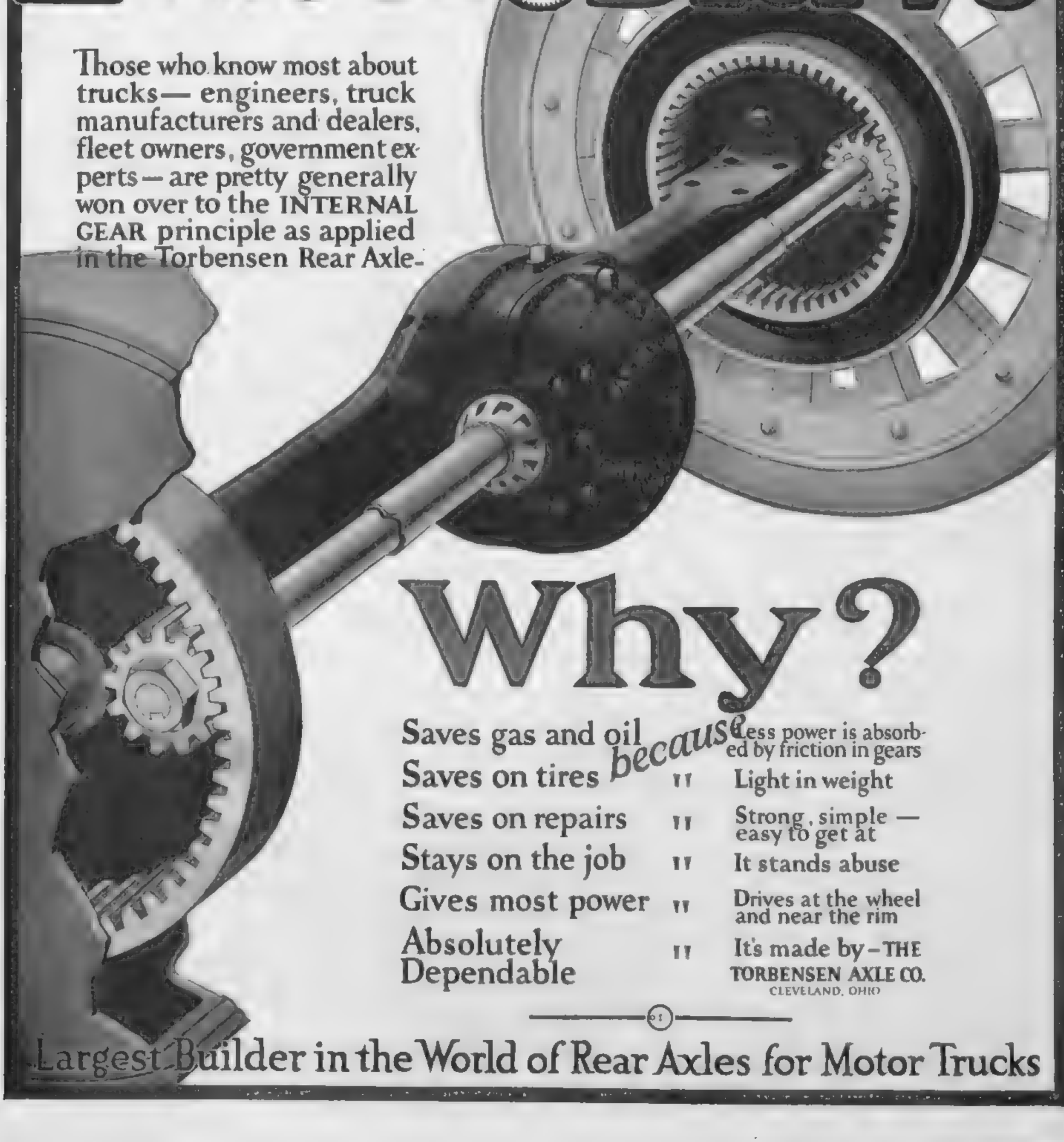
But Ethel was not observant; her own affairs, as usual, filled all her thoughts.

"Come early, dear. I want you to see how beautiful my table'll look. D'ye know, I was frightened sick! This awful order limiting sugar—and then I remembered candy! So I fairly flew down and got eight pounds; a dollar and twenty cents a pound—isn't that robbery? And that helped me frost the French pastry. Wasn't I clever?"

(Concluded on Page 32)

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

Those who know most about trucks— engineers, truck manufacturers and dealers, fleet owners, government experts—are pretty generally won over to the INTERNAL GEAR principle as applied in the Torbensen Rear Axle-



Why?

Saves gas and oil	*because*	less power is absorbed by friction in gears
Saves on tires	"	Light in weight
Saves on repairs	"	Strong, simple — easy to get at
Stays on the job	"	It stands abuse
Gives most power	"	Drives at the wheel and near the rim
Absolutely Dependable	"	It's made by—THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

(Concluded from Page 30)

"Very clever"—with dry lips admitted her friend.

But she briefly pleaded another engagement on Thursday night. Ethel airily accepted the excuse; which airy acceptance added to Anna Coldren's bitterness of soul.

Not that wild horses could have dragged her—especially with Frank—to witness her friend's sure triumph; but she shrewdly guessed that Ethel was secretly relieved by her nonacceptance. The field was preferred clear for Nat's maneuvering.

And, if pert young Mildred felt the icicles at former meals, at the Coldren dinner table that Thursday evening she must have suspected the contiguity of great glaciers.

Frank strode out of the house after dinner. His grim, moody countenance proclaimed that he preferred solitude to the family circle, as for some evenings back. Anna felt stolidly that it would be a relief to her if he did not come back. She reasoned that the two of them were very close to positive hate.

However, he came back—at bedtime. And in grim silence he and Anna went to bed, absolutely ignoring each other's presence in the same room.

But the next evening, a good hour earlier than his wont, Frank Coldren hurried into his home. His flushed face and dilated eyes bespoke tense mental excitement.

Anna Coldren, lounging in a huge overstuffed chair in the living room, half raised her eyes in some surprise; then, with an air of being deliberately disagreeable, she dropped them again to her lace-mending. The bars of silence were down, she saw; merely to let in some fresh altercation, she feared, however.

"Anna!"

Hostilely she raised slow lids.

"Well?"

"I've got something to tell you!" He was trembling with excitement.

"Yes?" Offensiveness, like a stiletto, pricked her utterance of the curt monosyllable.

"Meflin has made me manager!"

"What?" Hostility, offensiveness and secret bitterness dropped from her like rags of garments.

"Anna, he did!"

"Frank! It can't be so!" And she began to tremble.

"It's so! It's the blessed truth!" He laughed excitedly and tossed his hat on the table.

She stared incredulously.

"Not"—the warm color flooded her face while she gasped—"not after that awful dinner!"

Again Frank Coldren laughed excitedly, like a glad boy.

"Anna, it's unbelievable—but it was the dinner that did it!"

She shook her head unbelievingly, staring hard.

"Honest, old girl! Let me tell you." As though perfect amity existed between them in the present, in the past and the pluperfect, he perched himself happily on the overstuffed arm of her chair and laid a careless arm round her neck. The news, like a great war tank, had ridden right over fences of disagreement, ditches of resentment. "It's the most remarkable happening; but he gave me the job because—he said—his unexpected dining with us gave him such a side light on our—yours and mine!—sensible régime! So uncommon in this extravagant, high-living America! Honest! He said that." Frank paused excitedly to let her grasp it.

"Oh—no!"

"He said that! Said, furthermore, that any man who had a wife that had the strength of mind to run her household along lines of plain living when all her friends ran theirs on the line of least resistance, which meant big bills and waste, was the man to have his finger in his—Meflin's—business pie!"

"Oh—not really!" The color ebbed and billowed in her face.

Her husband chuckled.

"Really, actually and positively! Unwittingly, my dear girl, you gave me—what do they call it in fiction?—atmosphere—the needed atmosphere!"

Anna Coldren did not chuckle. She blushed—red.

"Did—did you—explain?"

"N-no"—with a sheepish grin. "I dare say an honester man would; but I—I couldn't. Anyway, honesty aside, it would have been a nasty display of our private laundry ——"

"Oh—a terrible display!" she murmured abjectly. "Frank, I could have pounded myself afterward! But I never dreamed that he was still in town. Oh, I was so sorry!"

"Oh, I know!" He cheerfully poured his coals of confession over hers. "And it was all my fault. If I hadn't harped at you —— But I have been so dog-goned worried this last year ——"

She was bent on her share of abasement.

"Oh, I knew you were! And if I hadn't been the meanest woman on earth we never would have quarreled so long."

"Oh, well," he suggested airily, "let's chuck the deadwood. I'll get seventy-five hundred a year. We'll swing out of debt."

She put in impulsively:

"And stay out. Oh, Frank, I wouldn't admit it, but I can cut down our schedule if I quit trying to live up to Ethel Waller."

"That'll be easy," he commented rather soberly. "Waller's lost his job—and he didn't land this. And it's reported that she's spent every cent her father left her; so they haven't any choice but to trim expenses. And Waller's taking it hard."

"Ah!"—soberly.

"Meflin said a lot," he went on reflectively. "Said the day of the wastrel in America was over, that the plain-thinking, sensible minority was going to turn into the mighty majority, and that the destiny of the land would lie in the hands of those who had the courage and the common sense to lead their fellows. And, also, he said ——"

At this point Frank Coldren hesitated an instant; then went on, in a curiously serious voice:

"Well, he let me understand—very considerately but plainly—that if the war hadn't swept up so many younger men they'd have found one for this managing job."

"Frank!" A few days before this woman had calmly thought of divorcing this man; but now a wife's partiality flared in her incensed eyes. "The idea! Why, you're young!"

He shook his head regretfully.

"No; I'm not."

"I don't consider myself old; and you're barely two years ——"

He gingerly touched his forefinger to the beginning of a bald spot on the crown of his brown head.

"I know!"—quietly. "But we're not kids, any longer, Anna—though we acted as if we were."

They looked straight at each other. Again the color flowed into her face. It came over her suddenly that he had put the case in a nutshell. They had acted like kids—tantrumish, future-all-before-them kids—uncontrolled, uncontrolling.

And she—and he—shivered a little. It was the shiver that comes at that first look out of the thirties into the forties and, beyond, at the fifties; and beyond the fifties.

"I think it would rather benefit Mildred—at least—to grow familiar with pot roasts," she said thoughtfully.

BUSINESS-MANAGING WAR

(Continued from Page 32)

Not only was he deprived of the contract but the French Government put him on a list that would prevent him from practicing any further extortion.

The generous cooperation of the French Government with our Army has no higher expression than in the work of the Inspection des Forges, which has saved the United States infinite anxiety, time and money. This institution, however, is not only the watchdog of wartime product and pocketbook but it will be a bulwark of French industry after the war and a vital instrument with which to combat German industrial aggression. It can be developed into a tremendous rival of the celebrated German Metall Gesellschaft, which, with the Allgemeine Elektrische Gesellschaft—the Teutonic electric-machinery trust—was on the point of dictating terms to the Continental metal industry when the war interfered with its mighty program.

Closely allied with this metal control is a kindred control of equal importance. With more than three-fourths of her iron and steel resources in the hands of the Germans, France faced a serious problem in filling orders for the American Army. She was perfectly willing to help us out and relieve the strain on shipping, but she had to have the wherewithal to produce the goods. To this end an arrangement was entered into by which we transport raw material from the United States and parcel it out to the French factories. The intermediary is the bureau of reciprocal supply, which is part of the general purchasing agent's organization.

Though this operation requires a considerable tonnage the commodities into which this material is converted would require a good deal more. Experience has proved that the bringing in of a single ton of raw material saves five to ten tons of shipping and, what is equally important, provides for the rapid and uninterrupted procurement of articles in which a scarcity develops. This applies to almost every known product from ash cans to automobile trucks, which are being made every day in France for the A. E. F.

Let us assume that the quartermaster corps needs five thousand ash cans, that the motor-transport corps requires one thousand five-ton truck chassis, and that the air service must have two thousand gasoline tanks at once. If orders for these articles were placed through the control bureau with French firms and with the approval of the French Government it would absorb a considerable quantity of raw material necessary for French war industry. By procuring the raw material from the United States the strain on the French sources of raw material is at once relieved and tonnage is saved at the same time.

Here is where the board of reciprocal supply comes in. The French firms that have contracts for these specific articles submit their requirements for the raw material. These requirements are transmitted direct to the War Industries Board at Washington, which controls all raw material in the United States. Washington through its various agencies secures the material and ships it to France, where it immediately becomes available for American use.

Every day an immense amount of such material arrives at French ports. It must be received, stored and allotted to the various French industries. All this requires a definite organization. It would not pay the A. E. F. to build up an institution for this work, for the simple reason that the French Government, through its control of industry and material, already has such a machine in operation. Hence all this material is turned over to the French, who store it and deal it out to their industries, which are paid the price fixed by the government. Again you have an example of the cooperation between the French and American governments which is both constructive and economical.

As a result of this activity the emergency needs of the A. E. F. are met and many thousands of tons of precious cargo space are saved for necessities that can be manufactured only in the United States. This is particularly true of hollow ware. A container of any kind as a finished article occupies a considerable amount of room on a ship. When that article is sent to France in the form of a sheet of iron it occupies much less.

The extent to which tonnage saving has been carried is almost amusing. Let me illustrate with the case of macaroni. The hole in a single stick of macaroni is a very trivial thing, but when you consider twenty or thirty millions of pounds it is not to be despised. Hence we ship flour in bulk from America and make the macaroni in France. It is good to remember that in tonnage as in everything else the sum of the small things counts.

No phase of our purchasing system in France is more significant than that which deals with the procurement of machine tools, for which there is a special machine-tool section. Primarily this has been a war of machinery. When you have studied its economic phases, as I have had the privilege of doing for the past four years, you realize the value of a lathe or an automatic. In the early days these machine tools were worth almost their weight in gold. Some of the great American war fortunes were made in them; first, because the Allies had to have machinery for shell production, and second, because we ourselves went into the munitions business on a large scale and the market was combed out.

America had been so prodigal with the sale and general consumption of her machine tools that when we actually got into the war and needed machinery for our various services in France we were hard put to secure them. At that time army purchasing was in the first throes of organization, for General Dawes had just taken command of procurement. In order to expedite his work in specialized lines an auxiliary advisory committee composed of leading American business men in Paris was formed. It was of immense aid in securing much-needed machinery, including six thousand machine tools which were distributed among the repair establishments in France. Out of this purely volunteer organization grew the control bureau and the machine-tool section of the general purchasing board. Last October, however, the purchase of all machine tools and small tools was transferred to the ordnance service, of which the machine-tool section is now a part.

Behind this army acquisition of machinery is the larger fact that every machine tool used for war which stands up under the strain of incessant wear and tear will be an equally important factor with peace, when the world will enter upon an unprecedented era of industrial competition. The more machinery we acquire now, especially in France, where we shall be compelled to establish industries to hold our own in the great commercial game, the better prepared we shall be for the titanic after-the-war trade struggle.

Our army purchasing abroad is not without its element of stirring interest. So unromantic a need as a freight car has taxed ingenuity and afforded an example of Yankee enterprise that fits into the great story of American war-supply achievement. Though we have a succession of car shops in France there is always an immense demand for freight cars. A large car-building concern in a neutral European country had a contract with a French railway for a thousand cars. The bodies had been built but the contract remained unfilled for the reason that between the time the agreement was made and the time of delivery of the cars the price of steel advanced tremendously. The company wished to increase the contract price and the French railway declined to meet it. As soon as the general purchasing agent learned of this situation he bought the bodies, rushed wheels and axles from the United States, and our transportation system overseas was a thousand cars to the good.

On another occasion there was a pressing demand for railway ties. It was before our sawmills got into action and prior to the arrangement with the French for the use of their forests. One of the scouts of the general purchasing agent located an immense quantity of ties in a neutral country, got them on a ship and landed them at a French port in record time.

When the German hordes overran Belgium the railway authorities of that unhappy country had the foresight to run five or six hundred locomotives into France under their own steam and save them from falling into the clutches of the Hun. It was long before the great American moguls began to arrive, and we had to have engines. General Dawes heard of these Belgian locomotives and acquired them. To-day you can see them, with American engineers at the throttle, hauling long trains of freight cars, marked U. S. A., all over France.

I cite these incidents to show how the long arm of American Army acquisition has reached out everywhere and obtained needed supplies without drain upon the transatlantic bridge of ships.

This imposing array of actual commodities garnered in many lands and under varied conditions comprises only one branch of American Army purchase abroad. We now reach a detail of it that has tested our resource and skill to the limit. To study it we must leave the domain of the concrete and deal with an intangible thing, which is power. It had to be acquired in precisely the same way as guns or trucks.

(Continued on Page 35)

'Royal Cord'

Now For the Tasks of Peace

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A devastated continent is waiting to be rebuilt. Hungry nations are looking to America for food. This country still remains the one great open market of the world.

Business is taking up its post-war work with optimistic vigor. Enterprises long held in abeyance are being put on substantial feet.

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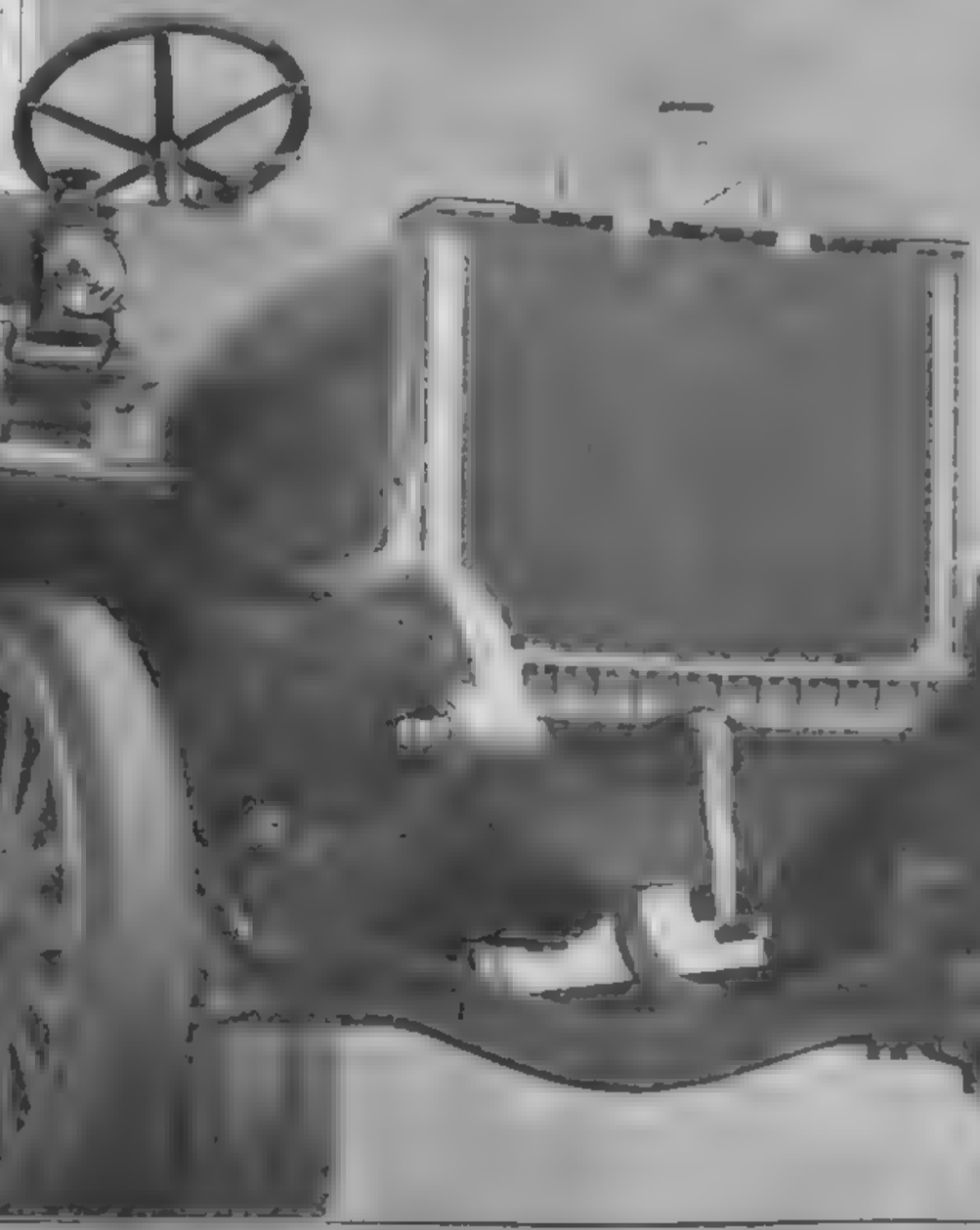
THE NATION'S FREIGHT CAR



Diamond T Motor Car Company 4519 W. 26th St., Chicago

(Continued from Page 32)

Fully to comprehend the extent of this problem you must understand that the A. E. F. is engaged in an immense industrial activity in France. We have enormous car and locomotive erection and repair shops; we build tanks; reconstruct motor transport; salvage endless equipment; occupy hospitals almost without number; operate docks; roast and grind coffee and manufacture chocolate. All this requires power, and every service clamors for it. How do we get it?

Instinctively you would say: "Why not obtain it from the French?" This is easier said than done, for the reason that war industry made an enormous demand upon the French electric-power supply, and extensive expansion has been greatly retarded by the scarcity of men due to the calling up of millions to the colors. Our wheels had to be kept turning. The provision of power became a vital matter and its procurement was put up to the general purchasing agent who, like our old friend G4—the army coordinator—is the repository of requests.

The general purchasing agent met the emergency by establishing what is known as a technical board, one of the many activities under his supervision. The executive head of this board is Lieut. Col. Francis E. Drake, who as chief of the control bureau is the chairman of the technical board. The active head, however, is the chief engineer, Maj. Dugald C. Jackson, a widely known consulting engineer with much experience in public utilities in America, who was a member of the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Associated with him from the start has been Capt. Albert B. Cudebec, a specialist in hydroelectric construction, who with Major Jackson was one of the pioneers in American Army power production in France. Gradually they have assembled a group of more than forty engineers who in civil life built dams and irrigation projects and installed power plants from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The technical board is a sort of congress of experts which, in the face of almost innumerable obstacles, has furnished the juice to drive the Army's many-sided industries.

Since it was extremely difficult to get complete new power plants from America, the board set about to develop and adapt existing French power establishments to the American needs. Wherever an uncompleted French power station was discovered American construction gangs were put to work to complete it. Every possible makeshift was employed, all to the end that power be secured. The general purchasing agent learned that some Swiss turbines intended for Russia had not been shipped. They were immediately secured and installed by American engineers in a French power station. Our purchasing representatives scoured all Europe for installations. A complete plant was discovered in Portugal. Within sixty days it was driving machinery up in the advanced section.

The Technical Men

The technical knowledge required for all this adjusting and adapting frequently had to be supplemented by tact of the highest order, for the reason that these undertakings involved rival French commercial interests, which were jealous of their prerogatives and which had to be reconciled to the larger obligation that both France and America were being served by this expansion. With power as with railroads and docks this dynamic Americanization is helping to change the face of the country. Small communities that lacked public utilities are now enjoying the heating and lighting advantages of large cities.

The technical board is on the job day and night and it has met emergencies with a degree of swiftness not surpassed on the firing line. Here is a concrete story that will show the kind of propositions that are put up to it: On September seventeenth last, Major Jackson received the following telegram from G4 at Tours: "Get 3000 kilowatt plant in Europe." It was intended for immediate and urgent use at a large base port that we are using. You get some hint of the extent of this order when I tell you that this plant was of sufficient power to provide electric service for a city of about the size of Roanoke, Virginia, or Haverhill, Massachusetts. Within a week a plant had been located in England and in a month it was installed in France. The supply cities have had no monopoly on army wonder-working.

A huge map that hangs in Major Jackson's office at the Elysée Palace Hotel gives a comprehensive idea of the empire of power that we have helped to develop in France. We use power in exactly three hundred and twenty-eight localities. Each one of these installations is shown in a concrete way. The master color for steam-generating plants is green, and hydro-electric service is in blue. Whenever the service is all-American the indication is surrounded by a red circle. In addition to this every army activity has its own color. An orange square denotes a bakery; a black square a salvage depot; a green-and-white square an aviation center; three white squares reveal a tank-building plant, and so on.

This American-developed power area means a great deal more than driving machinery in A. E. F. bakeries, salvage depots, air-service stations and machine shops. It has a significance for peace not to be overestimated. Combined with the utilization of water power, which is incorporated into our general power scheme, an immense section of France is likely to be diverted after the war from agriculture to industry. The brilliant imagination of the French has caught the spirit of what adequate power means. In this inevitable evolution you see one of the many permanent results of the advent of the American Army.

The Legal End

If all this army buying had been done in a definite and orderly manner through forward requirements and under circumstances which permitted the drawing up of stable contracts the task of economic demobilization would be comparatively easy. Unfortunately this has not been the case. Millions of dollars' worth of food and supplies had to be bought in the early days under the stress of emergency, which knows neither haggling nor inspection. We had to have the stuff; the French and British saw that we got it, and the matter of reckoning was left to the then dim and distant date when, with victory assured, inventories could be made.

We were not long in France before we realized that the American business of war, like the American business of peace, required a good lawyer. We did what any corporation would do and installed a bureau of contracts and adjustments, which added another and highly useful section to the constantly widening organization of the general purchasing agent. Once more the Army took toll of a big business brain, because Franklin W. M. Cutcheon, a prominent Wall Street attorney who had specialized in financial law for years, left his desk in New York to take charge of what was nothing more nor less than the legal department of the American Expeditionary Forces. He was commissioned a captain, but his conspicuous though unspectacular service in disentangling the almost endless kinks in our relations with our Allies has raised him to a lieutenant colonelcy.

The net result is that Colonel Cutcheon occupies very much the same relation to the Army abroad that Elihu Root bore to the American Tobacco Company and Francis Lynde Stetson to the United States Steel Corporation. In other words, he keeps the Army out of legal morasses and helps in no small measure to pave the way to an orderly adjustment of our international relations when the time comes.

When Colonel Cutcheon took hold in January, 1918, he faced a well-nigh staggering proposition. It was no man's fault but the fault of the great god, War. Practically all the first purchasing of the A. E. F. was done in haste. The contracts were oral and therefore indefinite. The French Government had met the situation promptly by allowing us to get supplies at cost. Hence in many instances there was no fixed price. Britain displayed the same generosity. When the bills began to come in there was naturally no way to check up. First of all there was a lack of data about deliveries. In those first days we did not have enough officers to go round, and sergeants had to act as quartermaster lieutenants and receive goods. Many of them have been shifted; some have been killed; others have gone home. We had to begin to straighten out our financial affairs and the job became part of the work of the bureau of contracts and adjustments.

The first attack was launched against the mountain of unpaid bills, involving many millions of francs and covering items that ranged from gasoline to guns. The board did what any court would do in the case of a promissory note. If evidence was lacking it became a matter of good faith. Wherever receipts for delivery were unavailable the word of the French Government was taken. The financial decks were cleared and an era of economic administration began. Henceforth every voucher for purchases had to have the receipt of delivery attached, a French or British certification, which with the United States Government check concluded the transaction.

Every army contract of importance must have the approval of the bureau of contracts and adjustments. This work, however, does not end when the contract is signed or even executed, as this incident will show: A French butcher made a contract at a base port to furnish the American Expeditionary Forces with five thousand pounds of fresh beef every day. After he had begun to carry out the terms of the contract the price of meat went up. When he submitted his first bills he increased his price accordingly, though it was not the contract price. The commanding general of the district approved of the transaction, but the disbursing officer declined to pay, contending that the strict letter of the contract had to be fulfilled. The matter was referred to the bureau of contracts, which after a careful investigation decided that the butcher, who was a man of excellent character, had no intent to gouge and was therefore justified in what he had done, and the bill was paid. This is a typical example of what the board is constantly called upon to do.

The board also deals with all claims other than those involving damages. The A. E. F., for example, may make a contract with a French quarryman for a large amount of stone; the man may be delayed so long in installing his machinery that the material must be procured elsewhere. The quarryman, however, has a claim for compensation based on his expenditure for a new plant. It is no uncommon case.

Complicated Finance

So, too, with the many claims of the Allied governments. In these transactions Colonel Cutcheon acts precisely as a negotiating lawyer would act down in the financial district in New York when two great corporations are putting through a big deal. He is both lawyer and business man. Typical of the complications that arise in these matters is an episode in process of adjudication at the time I write: As is now well known, a number of American divisions were sent to the British Army last summer, partly for intensive training and partly for combat. Though they were equipped when they arrived in France they had to use British machine guns, rifles and ammunition. In addition, the British had to transport, feed and house them and provide laundries. It was not difficult to figure out a basis of settlement for actual new equipment, but the matter of land and sea transport was more complicated. The British frankly admitted that they did not know how to appraise and charge; so a capitation rate, a certain sum per head per day, was agreed on.

The work of the bureau of contracts and adjustments will continue long after the last American doughboy has waved farewell to the shores of France. On it will depend some of the harmony of our whole future relations with the Allies. This observation brings us to still another wing in the organization of the general purchasing agent, which is engaged in a task no less vital to our permanent friendship with the great peoples with whom we have fought and bled. I mean the board of accounts, which was a natural development of the stream of fiscal items that literally poured into the G. P. A.'s office.

The reason for the existence of a board of accounts requires no diagram. With eleven services buying supplies every day; with almost continuous financial transactions with Allies and neutrals involving half a dozen different kinds of money; and finally, with the necessity for a prompt winding-up of all these relations as soon as possible after peace, the need of fiscal centralization and standardization is obvious. The bureau of accounts, therefore, is charged with rendering a consolidated account of all A. E. F. expenditure. This means that it must mobilize, classify and itemize all vouchers and make up a master account for the War Department at Washington. It is a control and record bureau rather than an operating institution. Its work is to create a machinery that will make the path to economic army demobilization easy.

Such a work requires the most highly specialized direction. It was found in the person of Maj. C. B. Holloway, who in civil life was a member of one of the largest expert-accountant firms in New York. With him as junior officers are men with similar experience, who have been invaluable assets in this all-important labor.

In analyzing this work you again face the many complications arising out of our advent in France in unexpected numbers and the emergency commercial relations that had to be established with our Allies. In war every step is costly either in human life or in money. In times of stress, when the newspapers are filled with the accounts of great advances and the conduct of the conflict is a matter of everyday necessity, the cost is seldom reckoned. But when the smoke of battle clears and peace is on every tongue the words "Settle up!" have a far different meaning. The overhead on glory must be reckoned coldly and in cash. The A. E. F. went to France prepared to pay for what it got, and the board of accounts is making it possible to find out what it owes and will owe when the end has come.

No Time to Haggle

"Why didn't the Army pay as it went?" you may ask. Simply for the reason, as I have pointed out earlier in this article, that emergency knows neither haggling nor orderly transaction. The payment for actual purchases made in the normal course of war events is a simple piece of bookkeeping. But when you come to appraise, for instance, the value of a forest and the basis on which it is to be restored after the war it becomes a matter of pure speculation.

Here is another case: An emergency arose through which the A. E. F. required many thousands of French horses. These beasts had to be acquired through a swift census of the farms of France. There was no time for dickering. Big guns had to be moved. We got the horses, and the bill will be rendered later.

Still another instance of this inevitable financial hangover arises out of our joint occupation with the French or British of various sectors in France. Our units have been thrown temporarily into various districts, where they purchased supplies and incurred other fiscal obligations. Almost before there could be an orderly process of acounting they were shifted elsewhere. Adjudication had to wait for serener times.

This is why an immense amount of unpaid obligation confronts us with the cessation of hostilities. In addition to the instances I have already specified it applies to the use of the French railways, the lease of locomotives from the Belgian Government, the rehabilitation and occupation of plants, quarries and hospitals, and the undetermined debts in neutral countries. So much for our debit.

On the other hand we have established a considerable credit, for we have provided our Allies with quantities of supplies that they were unable to obtain themselves, more especially food, fuel and metal stores. Frequently these supplies have been issued in the field and were recorded on scraps of paper or anything that would hold ink. The task of the board of accounts is not only to consolidate these various debits and credits but to establish a series of standardized forms which makes interallied financial transactions simple and easy.

The way deliveries to Allied forces have become a matter of systematic record will explain what has been done. Every officer in the field who issues supplies to the French, for example, is provided with a book in which the issue is recorded in quadruplicate. All instructions are in both English and French. The original and duplicate are signed by the Allied receiving officer and returned to the American delivering officer, who keeps one and sends the other to the board of accounts. The triplicate copy is retained by the Allied receiving officer, while the fourth goes to the French Government. Thus all parties to the transaction have a definite record. In addition the back of the book contains a form, also to be made out in quadruplicate, for the whole month's transactions.

That is only one example of standardization of form. It is being extended so as to cover every phase of interallied army negotiations involving money. A standard form has been made out to bill the British and

(Concluded on Page 37)

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(Concluded from Page 35)

French Governments that is a model of completeness and detail. All this means that when the time comes to balance the great book of war there will be a definite and orderly basis of settlement. When you polish off the financial rough spots you go a long way toward establishing harmony. In war or peace money, or the lack of it, is the usual root of most evil.

This standardization of accounts will perform still another vital service for peace. It will enable the various governments to know their war obligations in advance of that great day when the armies come marching home. This means that they can arrange for additional loans and taxes, and help to adjust the tangle of foreign exchange, which unless anticipated may be one of the economic sore spots in the epoch of world rehabilitation.

The subject of money naturally leads to the financial requisition officer—Capt. Raymond Ives—who is the custodian of the strong box of the A. E. F. His office is one of the smallest in the Elysée Palace Hotel, yet the Army can do no business without him because he holds the purse strings. The disbursing officer of each service—in the main they pay their own bills—issues checks against deposits in the branches of the American trust companies that are the accredited depositories in Paris. Every afternoon each of these companies renders Captain Ives a total of the army checks drawn on it the day before. He in turn gives them a check on the Bank of France to cover the amount. Uncle Sam maintains a generous credit in this great national financial institution.

Every Dollar Working

In this daily check-up you find the application of a rule in operation in every well-conducted corporation. It means that the Army has no idle and inert money lying round loose in the French banks, as was the case before our system became organized. Instead, our funds are liquid and at work. If you want to get some idea of what war costs I have only to add that the disbursing requirements for the A. E. F. for October, November and December are exactly $538,627,837.

The average reader need scarcely be told that all this ramified buying, which must go on for a long time yet and which involves hundreds of millions of dollars and many thousands of articles of everyday use, must have a background of vital statistics. Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, a master doer, once told me that the secret of success in the business of war or in the business of peace was summed up in the sentence "Statistize everything." The general purchasing agent does this very thing. Hence the statistical board is an essential instrument of coördination of war work which, as you will presently discover, is performing a definite service for peace. It was built up by Maj. J. C. Roop, now at other work, and is in charge of Maj. Joseph Willard Krueger, who has audited construction accounts all the way from the Philippines to the Malay States, and who was on the board of valuation of the Interstate Commerce Commission when he cast off mufti for the army khaki.

His main job is to classify and compile the consolidated lists of quarterly forecasts of the army purchases. It involves an examination of every order for commodities and materials authorized by the A. E. F. He gets the similar forecasts of the British and French Armies in France "for the purpose of comparison, standardization and control." In simple everyday language this means that he must prevent duplication as far as possible. To achieve this desirable and economical end he has, with the cooperation of Lieut. Donald des Granges, a Boston architect in civil life, instituted a work that will make a definite and permanent contribution to the stabilization of international trade. It reveals a picturesque condition developed by the war.

Every service in every Allied Army uses nearly every known kind of tool, especially in its supply domain. Each service, however, has a different name for the same article. Ask an Englishman for a monkey wrench and he thinks you are talking about natural history; speak of a frog, which is a portion of a railroad switch, to a Frenchman and he at once assumes that you mean one of his favorite articles of food. When you see a bunch of interallied army orders you are apt to find eight or nine different titles for the same thing. Let me illustrate with a common saw: In making requisitions the air service calls it a hand cross-cut saw; the engineers know it as a cross-cut saw; motor transport knows it as a hand-saw; construction and forestry orders it as a wood saw; and the salvage service indicates it as a carpenter saw. It makes for confusion.

The statistical bureau is making a giant card index, or a vocabulary, as it will be finally known, that standardizes the name of every article that armies will use. The specific item of saws that I have just used shows the urgent need of it. In the vocabulary all ordering will be made for a hand-saw. The British and French will have copies of this index and will know precisely what the Americans want, while the Americans in turn will be able to fill the needs of the Allies in the same way.

This vocabulary will have an immense significance when orderly trading between nations is resumed. One of the greatest drawbacks hitherto in international business relations has been the difficulty of different peoples in making one another understood. The vocabulary therefore becomes a dictionary for world commerce and will be one of the many constructive contributions that war will make to economic peace.

Two Vital Points

The work of the American Army in France both at the Front and in the Services of Supply could never have achieved its results without perfect liaison with the French and the British. Since our Armies have operated in France and have bought and will keep on buying the bulk of their supplies from the French, this series would be incomplete without a brief explanation of how liaison works. I can impress its value no better than to quote what an American general in France once said in connection with it. His remarks were:

"I wish earnestly that two vital points be once for all brought to the minds of all American officers: One is that liaison is nine-tenths of the battle; the other is that two minutes of personal conversation are worth more than a ream of correspondence."

Liaison as applied to the Army is the connecting link between interallied forces. At the headquarters of the Services of Supply, for example, there is what is called a French mission which represents the authority of the French Army. All negotiations with the French must be made through that mission. Attached to every service, large or small, is a French liaison officer. When any matter arises that requires French intervention or coöperation it is referred to him first. In the Elysée Palace Hotel is a considerable French mission which acts as the intermediary in all matters of purchase and which stamps the final French approval on all American orders for goods bought in our sister republic.

Sum up the work of the fiscal activities that flourish under the banner of the general purchasing agent and you find that they write a consolidated insurance policy against post-war investigations and scandals. Long and costly experience has shown that it is not war itself that digs the graves of reputations, but the official inquiries that come afterward. When peace finally broods John Jones, of Oshkosh, or anywhere else in the United States, who bought a Liberty Bond, may and probably will demand to know how his money was spent in France. Thanks to a standardized accounting system and a recorded follow-up of supplies to the point of consumption, he will be told to the last dollar. The balance sheet of the A. E. F. will be as clean as the consciences of the gallant men who registered their heroism on the field of battle.

It remains only to speak of the significant coördinating agencies that supplement the business-managing of war and rear the unbroken bulwark of Allied supply. Chief among them in many respects is the Military Board of Allied Supply, which is wholly American in conception.

General Pershing's Proposal

After the momentous decision was made for military unification of the Allied Front under the supreme command of Marshal Foch, General Pershing made the proposition to the Allied Governments last April that it was absolutely essential to match this with a military unification of the rear. He made a general request for an immediate consideration of the matter. He appointed General Dawes, then a colonel, to represent the A. E. F., and M. Clemenceau named M. Loucheur, the French Minister of Munitions, to consult and suggest a plan. They jointly devised a scheme for coördination which was discussed at two conferences. M. Clemenceau presided at one of them.

The result of these international conferences was to demonstrate again the enormous difficulty so often encountered throughout the entire war of securing agreement between large bodies. In his great desire to secure military unification of the rear General Pershing authorized General Dawes to state to the interallied conferences that if it could not be accomplished otherwise he would relinquish the command of his own rear in favor of either a Frenchman or an Englishman under a plan looking to consolidated authority.

Finally realizing the necessity for quick decision General Pershing without waiting for a conclusion of the interallied conferences submitted a plan to M. Clemenceau, which they jointly signed. He then sent General Dawes to England to see Lloyd George and Viscount Milner, the British Secretary of State for War, to secure the acquiescence of the English Government. After General Dawes' explanation of the plan the English Government through Viscount Milner formally accepted it.

The plan as finally adopted provided for the coördination of the rear of the three Armies by means of a military board consisting of one officer from each Army. The president of this board is Col. Charles Payot, who has been in command of the rear of the French Army for the last three years and is considered one of the ablest officers in the Allied Armies. Maj. Gen. Reginald Ford represents the British Army, and General Dawes, by nomination of General Pershing, represents the American Expeditionary Force. The Italian Army in France is represented by General Merrone, and the Belgian Army by Major Cumont.

The board has headquarters in the field and at the time I write has been operating for about four months. The complete record of the formation and accomplishments of the Military Board of Allied Supply, or, as the French term it, the Comité Interallié des Ravitaillements, will afford one of the most illuminating studies of both the difficulties and the enormous advantages of Allied coördination and will shed new light upon the strong character of the American commander in chief.

The Military Board of Allied Supply represents one angle of the extraordinary teamwork between the Allied governments which brought Germany to her knees. Its full mate is the Interallied Munitions Council, which standardized shells and guns and enabled America, for one thing, to take her place in the battle line without delay. The principal American member is Mr. Edward R. Stettinius, whose great work as chief purchasing agent of the Allies in America in the early years of the war equipped him admirably for this huge work. He has occupied a dual rôle in the fact that he went to France as a special representative of the Secretary of War, which made him an unofficial and overseas member of the cabinet. The council has created vast pools of ammunition upon which the three Allied Armies drew.

Full mate in coördination is the Interallied Maritime Transport Council, which will endure in history and likewise in the gratitude of the whole American people, because to the great sacrifice of British international trade it placed great fleets of ships at the disposal of the United States and for months on end carried practically sixty per cent of our troops to France. Without this aid we might have continued to be a negligible fighting factor and might not have been in strong at the death.

Survival of the Fittest

All this close-knit endeavor, both in supply and in transport, dramatizes an interallied coöperation that in the last analysis expresses the principle upon which the whole structure of modern industry is reared.

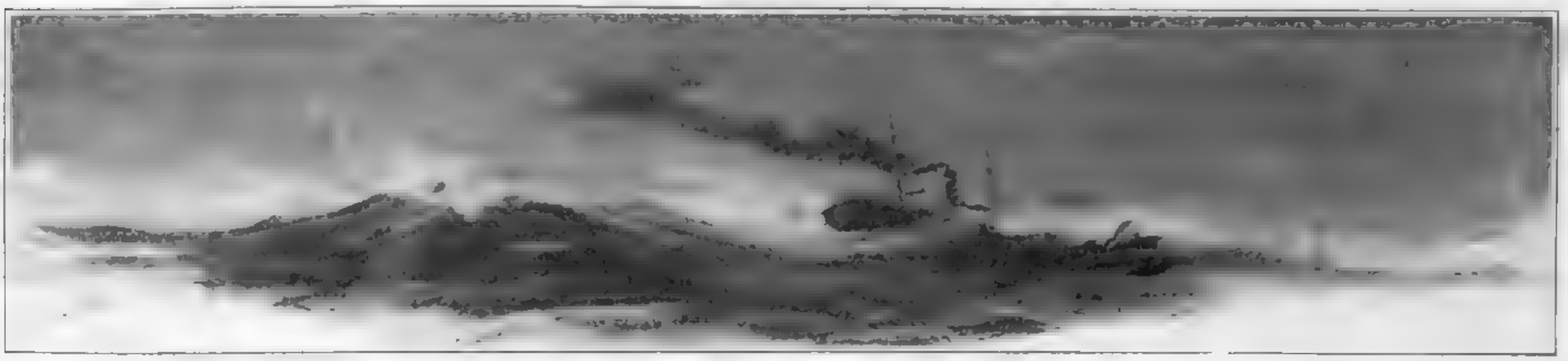
The Allies have won the war because after nearly four years of acting on their own they subordinated individualism to the bigger issue of defeating Germany. What was said in the beginning of this article may now be repeated and emphasized at the close. In this unity of effort in the Front and in the Rear lies the real reason for democracy's triumph.

How long this teamwork will obtain after peace no man can tell. The struggle to live, both with the individual and with the nation, will become a fierce battle. It will be a case of the survival of the fittest. Whatever happens one thing is certain—the lessons of coördination learned in the travail of war emergency will have their constructive effect long hereafter.

History will give the American fighting men a high place in the Valhalla of the great war. Because of the end of the struggle they will not have the opportunity to show their mettle in larger numbers and in a wider field, however ardent their hope. Their comrades of the rear have been more fortunate. Their task began the moment the American flag was unfurled on the soil of freedom, and they were able to record a complete achievement in force that will endure with the gallantry of Château-Thierry and St.-Mihiel.

There is glory in supply as well as in combat.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the American supply organization in France.



FOR UNTO US

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Yes, Even Though Epictetus Proved to be the Most Remarkable Son Ever Born I Should Hold Tenaciously to My Common Sense

AZALEA and I had been married something over a year. So thoroughly had I adapted myself to my new condition of living that it seemed to me I had always been married. My dear wife and I were blessed with abundant health and our cook was an excellent one; therefore there was no cause for vulgar bickerings. Our association was most felicitous.

I rejoiced in this, for it promised a future where nothing could happen that would trouble the smooth waters of our tranquil lives. Indeed, the slightest domestic discord would have affected me deplorably, for I was deeply engaged upon a monograph, assisted by Professor Dodds, my wife's father and my closest friend. Professor Dodds, himself a Greek and Latin scholar of note, was visiting us at this time.

One evening I was sitting at the piano, running dreamily through the lilting fancies of my beloved Grieg and thinking of my monograph, when my wife came softly into the room and stood behind me. I felt her hand caressing my hair and I smiled absently up at her, still playing softly and thinking upon my monograph. Presently she spoke.

"Your Grieg always reminds me of a little child," she whispered—"a little child playing among the roses. . . . A happy little child, delighted with this wonderful new world"

"Grieg reminds me of you, dear one!" I replied, still playing pianissimo, thinking upon my monograph even while speaking to my wife. "Grieg is like you—a constant playing of bright, pure thoughts that flutter round one like apple blossoms falling through the spring."

Again I was lost in my thinking, while my wife continued to stand silent behind me, her fingers still straying through my hair. I had half forgotten her presence when she spoke again. And now her whisper was so low that I scarcely heard it.

"What a wonderful thing it would be if it should be —— Our child!" she said. "Playing among our roses ——"

This time my mind came definitely away from the monograph and contemplated Azalea's extraordinary observation. It was a peculiar speech, apropos of nothing that I could discern and quite unlike the dear girl. I ceased playing; but before I could reply Professor Dodds came into the room.

After a few moments Professor Dodds and I adjourned to the rose garden, where we discussed the monograph for more than an hour while the gloam thickened and the dim radiance of a full moon began to lighten the eastern hill rim. But throughout the entire conversation that peculiar observation made by my wife lay in the back of my mind and would not be forgotten.

At length I mentioned the phenomenon to Professor Dodds—quite casually, as befitted a thing of such slight importance.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed the professor. Clearly he was startled, though I saw no reason for it.

"A strange speech, was it not?" I suggested. "Strange for Azalea, I mean."

"Not at all!" said the professor solemnly. "William, she has been pondering the mystery of man's entry into the world! The wonder of it has just reached her mind."

These words roused in me a certain antagonism, for I always have been intolerant of unseemly emotions.

"Tut, professor!" I said warmly. "Tut, tut! There is no mystery about it at all, no mystery apart from the composite enigma of all created things. There is nothing worthy of profound awe connected with anything that is common. It is the uncommon that is mysterious. Even the stars are viewed with indifference; we have seen them all our lives. Then why should birth be wonderful? It is common to all sentient creatures."

"But a new parent ——" began the professor. I cut him short.

"A blithering idiot!" I assured him. "Contemplate the transports of a man who is a father for the first time! Why the absurd ravings of an otherwise sane human being over the appearance of a first-born child? Ridiculous! Pardon me if I speak vehemently, professor; but to me that weakness always has seemed a direct blow at the reasoning processes of our species—the one thing that raises man above the level of the lower kingdom. To make a jackass of oneself merely because, in the natural course of created things, a unit has appeared upon the earth, to become an integral part of the next generation! Rubbish! Bosh! Pooh-pooh!"

The professor did not answer. He was filling his pipe and watching the white rim of the moon stealing above the eastern hills. Suddenly from the house came a mere whisper of music. So softly was it played that we scarcely heard it at all. Tennyson's Lullaby it was; and through my brain ran the accompanying words:

Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea ——

A most haunting thing—Tennyson's Lullaby. Not a sonorous movement, like some of the works of the great ancients, but still a thing which by its very simplicity runs along your heartstrings and touches an inner cloister where something is hidden that perhaps you never knew was there. We listened, and as we listened the gloam held a great silence that seemed the silence of a universe holding its breath.

"Still," said the professor in a low tone, "I doubt not that Adam went into just such an ecstasy over the birth of Cain."

"Then Adam was an ass!" I said positively.

The moon had cleared the hill-rim now and launched itself triumphantly into the velvet blackness of the sky. The professor spoke again; and I wondered at the quiver that was in his voice.

"I agree with you most heartily, William," he said slowly—"that is, as touches the idiocy of other parents. But"—he leaned forward and laid a large, kindly hand upon my knee—"what if it is coming—to you?"

The moon seemed to stop and hang dead above the hills, even as it did in the Valley of Ajalon. The universe held its breath; and from the house came that whisper of music, running along the heartstrings of my soul:

Sweet and low ——

II

THE days came and went, multiplying themselves into weeks. As the weeks grew into months I developed a gradual mental change. I no longer thought upon my monograph. I neglected my piano, and I even neglected to read Horace among the roses of an evening. I found myself continually meditating upon the event which impended above my home; and ever and anon I noted that my mind was singing to itself, over and over, Tennyson's Sweet and Low.

As the time went on my singular aberration took on a more acute phase. I cut dead my friends upon the street—quite inadvertently, to be sure—and was compelled later to attempt explanatory apologies, which were chiefly notable for their clumsy futility. For example, I was walking along the street one evening, completely lost to the outside world, when someone clapped me upon the shoulder. I looked up and saw Professor Chandler.

"What were you thinking about so deeply?" he demanded suddenly.

Dazed by the sudden recall from my mental oblivion I answered with the prompt obedience of the hypnotized.

"A little child," I said mechanically, "playing among the roses. A happy little child ——" And then I caught myself and broke off, flushing most painfully and making some banal remark concerning the weather.

After a brief conversation, through which I floundered, growing more and more incoherent in my embarrassment,

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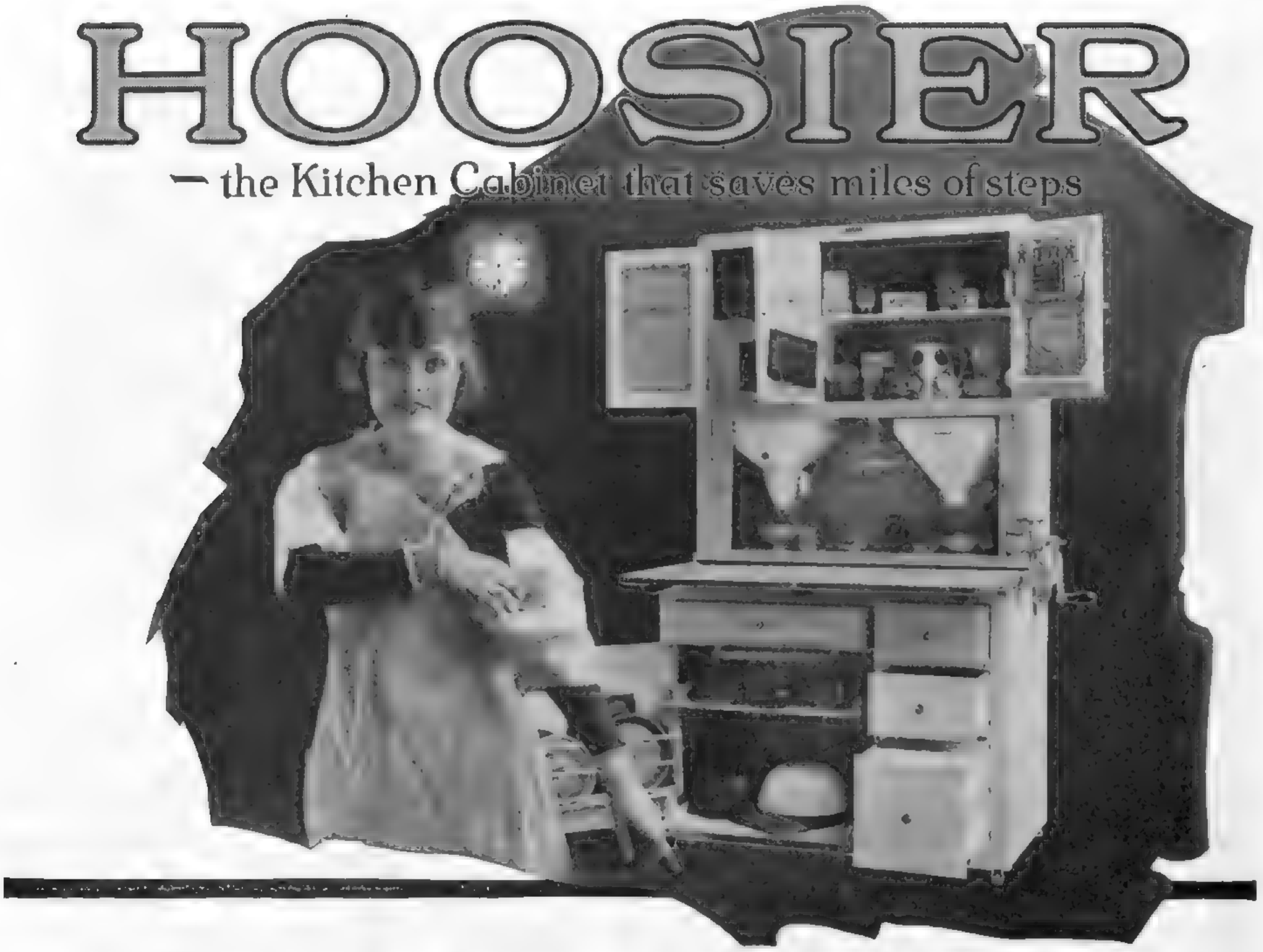
HOOSIER

— the Kitchen Cabinet that saves miles of steps



"I've banished evening weariness by saving needless steps"

START the new year right by selecting *your* Hoosier today. This automatic servant is the right of *every* woman. With its many work-reducing inventions, the Hoosier is equally as important as the modern appliances that make man's work easier and his days more enjoyable.

In Hoosier homes it saves, each day, thousands of miles of needless steps and as many wasted hours. Its 17 exclusive features cut kitchen work in half and, when evening comes, exhaustion is unknown.

America's twenty million kitchens is our biggest industry, yet it is equipped with fewer labor-saving devices than any other. Woman and woman's work have been neglected. The fault, in many cases, is her own. She has not demanded this "greatest helper."

Not only does the Hoosier solve home-keeping problems, but it adds attractiveness to woman's workshop. It removes the need for apology and saves energy by centralizing utensils and supplies.

Send for "New Kitchen Short-Cuts"—a valuable book for any housewife, containing practical work-saving ideas and beautiful illustrations of all Hoosier Models. If you don't know the Hoosier dealer in your town write for name of store where Hoosiers are demonstrated.

The Hoosier Manufacturing Company, *Main Office,* **119 Maple St., New Castle, Ind.**

BRANCHES:
THE HOOSIER STORE, Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Building, San Francisco, California
THE ADAMS FURNITURE COMPANY, Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Canada
THE HOOSIER STORE, 368 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada

Builders of new homes will find it advantageous to include this work-saver in their plans. Our builder's booklet sent free upon request.

(Continued from Page 38)

we parted. At the end of the block I glanced back. Professor Chandler had stopped to chat with a mutual friend and both were looking after me. There could be no doubt about it—both thought my mind was breaking!

Of course I walked alone to the university now. I missed the companionship of my beloved wife most grievously, for I needed someone to rouse me from this mental absorption into which I invariably fell when walking alone. Moreover, the failing began to produce serious results, for one morning I awoke suddenly from my abstraction to find, to my dismay, that, instead of proceeding toward the university, I had gone in the opposite direction; and for the first time in my experience I was quite two minutes late at my classes. Even then my work was wretched; for all through the day's Greek and Latin ran the constant croon of the little spirit voices singing to my soul:

Low, low,
Breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea——

Naturally I recognized these mental phenomena as mere resultants of my solicitude regarding my dear wife's health. I was sure they did not arise through any preposterous exaltation of spirit over the coming of my first-born. I proudly told myself that in me the world should see an example of paternal nonchalance that would enlighten future generations and show them the proper attitude of mind to be assumed upon the occasion of the initial nativity. And yet ——

And yet there could be no doubt that, reflecting upon the fact that soon one should be father to a new human creature, one developed unaccountable mental reactions quite impossible to reason away entirely. One is bound to wonder, necessarily, whether it will be a male of the species.

I did this frequently. I found myself speculating upon the color of his hair and hoping that he would grow to be a young giant of a man, thereby escaping the humiliation of his male parent—who, I must explain, is of meager build, weighing round a hundred and nineteen and three-quarters. Eventually I decided that it would indeed be a son, and would in the course of years weigh two hundred pounds. Indeed, I went so far in my prophetic contemplation of my supposititious son that I named him Epictetus, after the ancient philosopher.

As I continued to ponder upon Epictetus he became so tremendously real to me that sometimes I half expected to meet him on the street, a Freshman's cap upon his noble head and a football under his arm, on his way to Bellew Field, where already I had established him as a gridiron hero known all over the world.

As I have previously observed, however, these queer mental phenomena were not the manifestations of a mind temporarily unbalanced over the imminence of fatherhood. I still held firmly to my contempt for those who undergo a mental cataclysm upon the coming of their first-born. I continued to view the matter calmly and to hold myself well in hand; for I knew that there was absolutely no reason for excitement or extravagant emotion over the mere arrival among the human myriad of an insignificant integer—even though that integer happened to be my own son Epictetus.

The thing was common. A million million other sons had been born; so my position in the matter was unassailable. Yes, even though Epictetus proved to be the most remarkable son ever born—which he undeniably would be—I should hold tenaciously to my common sense. With all the wonderful qualities with which my imagination had confidently endowed him I should not allow myself to forget that Epictetus was still but a human integer. I rose superior to the silly maunderings of the average parent and would not be moved to excitement. And yet —— Something seemed wrong with my appetite. I now weighed but a trifle over a hundred and sixteen and seven-eighths.

But never mind! I was lending dignity and sanity to the race. Hereafter, viewing my sensible attitude, it would be possible for a parent to become a parent for the first time and still be human. The thought cheered me. Yes; hereafter it would be possible for a new soul to enter this world without being greeted by a sire who seems to be emulating the antics of a howling ape that has been suddenly bereft of all animal reason. The textbooks should refer to the pioneer saneness of the father of Epictetus.

And when he should become a parent himself Epictetus would look back upon my dignified conduct and shed tears of pride. This thought comforted me greatly and sustained me, especially on those unhappy days when I went to the university with a vague pain in my mid-region, which later I attributed to the fact that I had forgotten to eat my breakfast. If my actions at times seemed queer to the plebeian mind I comforted myself with the reflection that Epictetus would understand. And then I marveled at his wonderful perspicacity!

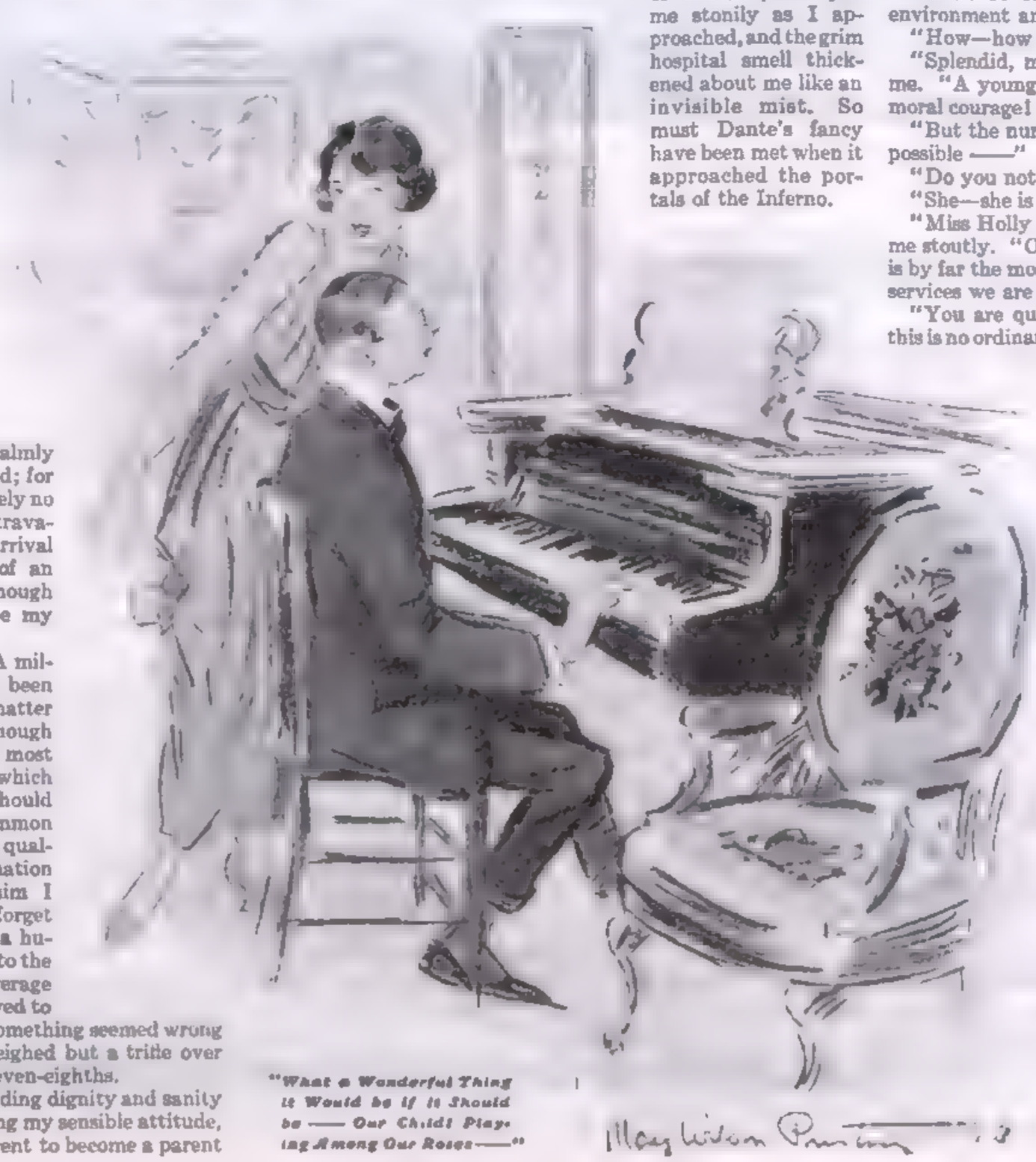
Truly, I admitted to myself, any other parent might be forgiven certain extravagant transports over being father to so remarkable a son.

Came then the day before Christmas. The city was green with holly and the world was filled with joy over that long-ago coming of a first-born Son to Joseph and Mary. But I could not enter in. For my world centered in Room 27 at a certain place called Capitola Hospital.

As I proceeded toward this place in my automobile I seemed to myself a tortured soul swimming through a world of phantom happiness on its way to perdition.

III

I DO not like hospitals. About them hangs a subtle odor that grows insistently upon the senses at every step of your approach. A composite of ether, iodoform and a thousand others. Withal, it is a beneficent odor; but to me it is associated with anguish. And times without number I have walked two streets out of my way to avoid encountering it.

It met me even as I ran my automobile up to the curb and stopped before the Capitola Hospital—a faint ghost of a smell, which depressed me most remarkably and tempted me to drive on for a while, so that I might pluck up courage wherewith to face the ordeal awaiting me. But I am a man tenacious of purpose, one not to be swerved from my course once I have seen a bitter task that must be attacked. I climbed out of the machine and went resolutely—though perhaps a trifle slowly—up the walk. The grim windows of the hospital eyed me stonily as I approached, and the grim hospital smell thickened about me like an invisible mist. So must Dante's fancy have been met when it approached the portals of the Inferno.

"What a Wonderful Thing it Would be if it Should be —— Our Child! Playing Among Our Roses——"

Inside the hospital the Smell dominated all. For a moment I paused, irresolute, and looked about me. On my right was an open door, beyond which I saw a room, with a calm, bored lady sitting at a desk. On my left was a large alcove, with bottles ranged all about upon the walls. Here, with the nonchalance of long habit, two females in white caps and aprons conversed indifferently.

While I paused a man came by and started toward the stairway; a tall, gaunt man, dressed in a blue flannel shirt and worn corduroys. In one of his hip pockets was a hammer; protruding from the other hip pocket was a screw driver. I accosted this person and asked for Doctor Benson.

The man turned a square, grim face and regarded me with inscrutable blue eyes, set beneath an ambush of heavy grizzled brows. The eyes reminded me of the hospital windows.

"He'll be on the surgical floor, I'm thinkin'," said the man. "Room 27. A maternity case. The Mat is crowded; so they are accommodating the overflow on the s. f. Come with me."

He padded away toward the staircase and drifted upward through the Smell. I followed, feeling more and more like a pilgrim into the Inferno, floating upward through the Smell—a trembling pilgrim, following a sour-faced Scotch guide with a hammer and a screw driver wabbling uncertainly in his hip pockets.

At the top of the stairs we came to a long corridor with short lateral corridors, where were many numbered doors. A young woman came briskly by and my guide stopped her.

"Miss Holly," he said, "here's one that's askin' for Doctor Benson." He went on down the long corridor and was lost in the Smell.

The young woman—she seemed scarcely more than a child—smiled at me.

"That's Andrew," she explained, "and I'm Mrs. Wendling's nurse. You are Professor Wendling, of course. Please wait here a moment and I'll send Doctor Benson out to you."

She turned into one of the lateral corridors and I saw her disappear inside Room 27. Presently Doctor Benson came out. I had smoked many a social pipe with old Doctor Benson among my roses, and here his jolly old face and irresistible side whiskers seemed singularly out of place. As he came up to me, where I stood by the newel post at the top of the stairs, I wondered vaguely how he could be so smiling and matter-of-fact amid such an environment and at such a time.

"How—how is she, doctor?" I whispered with dry lips.

"Splendid, my dear professor! Splendid!" he assured me. "A young woman of robust health and tremendous moral courage! It is seldom one sees so interesting a case."

"But the nurse, doctor ——" I quavered. "Was it not possible ——"

"Do you not like her?" asked the doctor.

"She—she is so young!" I said. "A mere child ——"

"Miss Holly is our best nurse," Doctor Benson assured me stoutly. "Out of our hospital force of seventy-five she is by far the most capable and trustworthy. In getting her services we are most fortunate."

"You are quite sure?" I asked. "Remember, doctor, this is no ordinary case! My wife and Epictetus must ——"

"Eh?" said the doctor, and stared blankly.

"I—er—I mean to say ——" I stammered, and choked.

Doctor Benson quickly recovered.

"Absolutely no ground for apprehension," he said with a sudden access of what I felt to be exaggerated cheerfulness. "You go home now; go home, my dear boy, and I'll see that you are called when ——"

He propelled me gently but firmly to the stairs, talking steadily. Nor did he release me until we were upon the sidewalk. He here pressed a paper into my hand and helped me into my car.

"Get that prescription filled at the drug store," he said, "and take one every four hours. Then try to sleep. Good-by! Absolutely no cause for apprehension. Absolutely ——"

I drove away with his hearty assurances following me. But—alas!—they did me no good. For how could he or any other mere mortal understand the mighty things at stake? And his silly prescription ——

Five minutes later I was back in the Smell, standing by the newel post at the top of the stairs.

Andrew came by and found me there. He bent a dispassionate eye upon me and went on down the corridor. How the mind seizes upon trifles when at the

(Continued on Page 43)

New
Paramount and Artcraft
Pictures released
in January

Listed in order of their release

Consult the local theatres' newspaper advertisements for dates of showing.

Paramount

Pauline Frederick *in* "Out of the Shadow"
Vivian Martin *in* "Jane Goes A-Wooing"
Lila Lee *in* "The Secret Garden"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Dub"
John Barrymore *in* "Here Comes the Bride"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Venus in the East"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book),*
A Wm. A. Brady Production
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Fred Stone *in* "Under the Top"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "His Parisian Wife"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"The Romance of Happy Valley"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"Don't Change Your Husband"

Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy
"Camping Out"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"Cupid's Day Off"
"Never Too Old"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"Impropaganda"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* **Paramount-Drew Comedies**

■

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures One each week

"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

An eventful evening two or three times a week is an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.

Now that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has taken the guess-work out of motion pictures you can bank on the evening coming off *right*.

Is it a Paramount Picture?

Is it an Artcraft Picture?

Those are the key questions.

The reputation of the foremost stars, of the greatest directors, of the topmost and largest motion picture organization is vested in and richly expressed by Paramount and Artcraft Pictures.

Those brand names have naturally come to mean a whole lot to America. They sum up the cream of the national entertainment.

Don't take chances with your evenings. Be sure it's a Paramount or Artcraft Picture. Note current releases in panel.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

Choicest of Hawaii's sun-ripened crop!

From planting to packaging produced by Libby's own experts

IN the tropical islands of Hawaii grow the sweetest, juiciest and tenderest pineapples in all the world.

But fine as they are, not all of them can meet the exacting Libby ideal of flavor and quality.

And so we keep our own experts in Hawaii. Their watchfulness begins with careful selection of the soil. It ends only when the rich slices of fruit—perfect, flawless every one—have been packaged for you in clear syrup of cane sugar.

This packaging is done in near-by Libby kitchens immediately after the fruit is picked—and the picking is done only after many months of warm Hawaiian sunshine have *fully* ripened the fruit.

The minute you taste Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple you'll see a difference. You'll see it in the deep, golden-yellow color of the fruit—in its juicy tenderness—in its fine texture—and, above all, in its wonderfully-fresh, honey-sweet flavor.

Have Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple for dinner tonight—see how much finer it is, how the Libby ideal has improved this most enticing and healthful of fruits.

Order a package of Libby Hawaiian Pineapple now. Your grocer has it or will gladly get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 501 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

(Continued from Page 40)

peak of its agony. My whole attention centered upon those grotesque hip pockets, even while it strained toward Room 27. Out of the history of that horrible night my mind still remembers most vividly the picture of a long screw driver and a drunken hammer handle, wabbling in twin corduroy pockets, disappearing down the corridor into the Smell.

An hour later Miss Holly came out of Room 27. She saw me and smiled her friendly smile.

"I thought you had gone home," she said.

"I—I came back," I replied, watching Room 27.

"I see," observed Miss Holly gravely.

"I couldn't stay away," I continued, speaking not to Miss Holly, but to my misery.

"I understand," said Miss Holly gently.

"I am glad you do," I said. "Even Doctor Benson, my old friend, did not!"

"I understand that too," smiled Miss Holly. "There are some things that even the wisest doctor does not know—things that the nurse must know; or else she is not a good nurse."

I looked at Miss Holly. Somehow she seemed not to look like such a mere child. Instinctively my tortured soul leaned upon her.

"Would you like to see the nursery?" asked Miss Holly.

Half reluctantly I permitted the young woman to lead me away from the newel post. We proceeded down the long corridor until it divided, one branch proceeding slightly to the right and the other dropping downward to the left at a long incline.

"That," explained Miss Holly, indicating the right, "leads to the o. r."

"O. r.?" I repeated.

"Operating room," said Miss Holly calmly. I shuddered. "This one," she continued, referring to the incline down which we were traveling, "takes us to the nursery."

At the bottom of the incline Miss Holly stopped before a closed door.

"You may not go in," she whispered. "There is no telling how many million germs you are carrying about with you. Mrs. Matson is very strict. But you may peep."

She opened the door softly and I looked into a sunny room, filled with diminutive iron beds, white-enameled. Nearly every bed held a tiny bundle, which one knew instinctively held an infant inside it somewhere. From time to time a baby wailed tentatively. Looking beyond, I saw through the windows an artichoke garden, houses, and the green slopes of the hills east of the city.

"Seventeen beds!" whispered Miss Holly. "Fifteen of them are occupied, you see. Yours will probably be Number 16," she said, smiling her bright, unafraid smile at me.

"Where—where is it?" I gasped, straining my hot eyes.

"Over yonder in the corner," said Miss Holly. "See? The number is hung at the top of the bed."

I saw; and never shall I forget the picture of that little bed, hallowed forever by its tentative dedication to my son. My eyes filled. Miss Holly gently closed the door and led me back up the incline.

"Might I not go in?" I said, my gaze yearning wistfully back toward the door.

"Mrs. Matson would have a fit!" declared Miss Holly positively.

We had reached the top of the incline and were halfway back to my newel post when a horrible thought speared through my mind, filling me with a sudden terror.

"Suppose," I said—"suppose that Epictetus—suppose my son should become mixed —— I mean, what if he should be placed inadvertently in the bed belonging to another child—an inferior creature?" I stopped in the middle of the corridor the better to contemplate the horrible possibility. "My God!" I exclaimed hoarsely as the sinister possibility bore its full weight upon my distracted mind. "The thing is almost sure to occur."

Miss Holly soothed me.

"It could not possibly happen," she declared. "You see, they attach your baby's number to the back of its neck. Adhesive tape, you know—sticks like blue blazes! The number on the back of your son's neck is bound to correspond with the number hung upon his bed—see? So there cannot be the slightest chance of confusing your child with another. It is very simple.

"Besides," continued Miss Holly seriously, "beyond any doubt your son will be so very superior to the others that there will be no difficulty in picking him out of a thousand."

To my mind this appeared eminently sound reasoning. However, I was not entirely convinced. To me there still seemed remaining an element of uncertainty. I thought upon the matter and remembered that I had an indelible pencil in my pocket. Privately I resolved that, no matter what obstacles might intervene, I would be on hand with my pencil and mark Epictetus with my own hand.

Miss Holly parted from me at the newel post. Here I was left with my new worry, while the excellent young woman disappeared inside Room 27. The strain was beginning to tell on me. My eyes were very heavy; but I forced them to keep watch on the door of Room 27. Frequently I nodded and was compelled to lash myself desperately back to wakefulness. Andrew came by and turned his craggy face toward me as he passed.

"Splendid, My Dear Professor! Splendid!" He Assured Me

"Ye'd better go back to the smoking room and sit," he said grimly. "Ye'll be fallin' over the baluster presently and breakin' your neck."

I thanked Andrew, but stopped on at the newel post. I do not know why I chose this spot. I did many things during that awful night—things which, now that I view them in happier times, seem rather incomprehensible. I do know, however, that I always drifted back to the newel post at the head of the stairs and clung there listening and waiting. I was most uncomfortable; but no other place satisfied me.

Again I felt the sleep of mental exhaustion stealing over me. My heavy eyes seemed determined to fall shut in spite of my efforts. But suddenly, when I was hovering upon the border line of slumber, an awful shriek cut through my drowsiness and I came instantly alert, quivering and keyed to the highest pitch. The shriek was succeeded by blood-chilling groans; and to me the groans seemed to proceed from Room 27. I left the newel post and dashed frantically into the short corridor; but at the door of Room 27 I collided with Miss Holly.

I should not have believed her to be so strong. Her capable young hands seized me shrewdly, and before I knew it I had been borne back and Miss Holly had noiselessly closed the door.

"My dear professor!" she smiled, her face slightly reddened by our struggle. "Really—you must not!"

"I heard a shriek!" I panted. "And groans! There—again! Do you not hear them?"

Miss Holly laughed and pushed me gently but very decidedly along the corridor to the newel post.

"Merely a patient coming out of the ether," she said. "They always yell like that. It's a good sign; for if they can make a fuss like that—why, there's plenty of life left in them." Her tone changed suddenly and she looked at me keenly. I saw and recognized the look of the professional.

"Professor," she said, "you must promise me to keep yourself under control. Doctor Benson has trusted me with his patient and has instructed me to keep her entirely quiet and undisturbed. You must not allow your very natural nervousness ——

"My dear young lady," I said, trying hard to keep my voice from shaking, "I assure you I am far from being nervous. Mine is merely the natural solicitude ——"

Miss Holly put up her hand and I thought for a moment I heard a smothered giggle.

"I know! I know!" she said then. "But please walk about a little while. Please—please don't stand there looking as if you were about to scream! You'll give Andrew nervous prostration! Go down into the yard and get some air. Go to the little park across the road and watch the moon come up. It's Christmas Eve, you remember; and the sky is always wonderful on Christmas Eve!"

She went back to her duties, leaving me still as anxious as ever but a trifle abashed. That I, a staid man of mature years, a professor of Greek and Latin in the university, should be thus ordered about by a mere chit of a girl with a confident smile and arms of spring steel! Ridiculous!

Nevertheless, I acted upon her advice and walked to the smoking room; but I could not stop there more than a couple of minutes. Something drew me back to the newel post; and after straining my eyes and ears toward Room 27 again, I once more tore myself away and went to the smoking room; then back to the newel post at the head of the stairs.

This, I decided, was an excellent compromise. So for perhaps two hours I paced back and forth, sentrylike, between the newel post and the smoking room. Nurses, white-capped and white-aproned, flitted by. Frequently Old Andrew passed, bent upon his eternal errand. Did the man never sleep? Apparently not! He seemed to me but a machine, empty of human sympathy, grim, indifferent, compassionless—a walking automaton of hammers and screw drivers, doing the bidding of the Smell.

After a long time I decided to go down to the door and get a breath of air. I would stay but a moment, I assured myself.

The night was very still. The little park across the street was dark, with the white glamour of the moonlight falling upon its darkness. Far beyond, the city lay silent and asleep. I sat down upon the top step and groaned with the relief of sitting. Leaden hands seemed to reach up out of oblivion and drag at my eyes.

It was hours later when someone shook me roughly; and I opened my eyes and blinked up into the flinty face of Old Andrew.

"Eh, mon!" he said. "Have ye no' heard the news? Doctor Benson has gone home, and ye have a son!"

"Where—where is he?" I gasped, staggering drunkenly to my feet.

"They've taken him away, of course," said Andrew. "They've taken him ——"

But already I was through the doorway and flying toward the stairway, an icy terror clutching at my heart. Still half asleep, I was an easy prey to the forebodings that had pursued me all the night, even in my slumbers upon the steps. I was sure the horrible thing had occurred—as sure as though I had seen it done. They had mixed Epictetus!

I did not stop at the newel post. I did not stop to look into Room 27. Straight down the corridor I ran, past frightened nurses, who shrank against the wall to avoid my flight. How well I knew the way!—down the sloping floor to the left. Beyond the closed door I heard the wailing of a babe.

I wish here to explain positively that my ensuing actions were in no manner due to an absurd mental upheaval over the arrival of my first-born. They were entirely the resultant of a paternal fear, a fear that my progeny might become, in his innocent helplessness, a victim of lost identity. And who can blame a parent for solicitude regarding his offspring?

With my indelible pencil clutched in my hand, I reached a bed and began tearing at the tiny bundle. Directly I uncovered the small atom of humanity it set up a most terrifying wailing. Nevertheless, I held stubbornly to my enterprise. In spite of the infant's lamentations, I examined the back of its neck. Alas! It was Number 7.

Hardly knowing what I did, I attacked another. Here, however, I experienced the same deplorable lack of success. One after another I tumbled out nearly a dozen babies, when suddenly it occurred to me that Number 16 was in the far corner of the room, and that the number was posted conspicuously upon the top of the bed. I found it readily enough and began unwrapping the morsel of humanity with trembling fingers, my worshiping eyes watching for the first glimpse of my amazing son.

I think I shall never entirely recover from the shock I received when, reverently drawing aside the last enveloping blanket, I revealed the coal-black face and kinky hair of a colored child! I staggered back and stared, the blood pounding in my temples and my eyes straining from their sockets.

Doggedly then, with the desperation of dying hope, I seized the black supplanter and examined the back of his neck. Alas! It was there—Number 16! I dropped the hideous little mockery back upon its pillow and promptly it joined its howls to the pandemonium. Babies were weeping everywhere, and the room—it must be confessed—looked as though a cyclone had passed through it.

But I heard and saw nothing of this. Above all, drowning even the unanimous squalling of an outraged nursery, thundered the thought that smote my soul into the dust of despair: Where, then, was Epictetus?

The arrival at this time of the large Mrs. Matson was most unfortunate as well

(Concluded on Page 45)

The Hudson Super-Six $2,200

Choose Your Car—Normal Production Can Not be Restored Before Next June

There are so few Hudsons of any model to be had just now and it will be so long before full factory production is attained that buyers will do well to select their car without delay.

Super-Six production was to have ceased January 1st.

Dealers, in anticipation of the months that new cars would not be available, had taken all we could produce. But the demand for the Super-Six made it impossible for them to accumulate stocks. Deliveries of Hudsons every month since the Super-Six was introduced have practically equalled the output. More than 100,000 Hudsons are already in service.

Had Planned to Sell Used Hudsons

To provide stocks for the future, dealers bought used Hudsons, paying cash for them, so they would have cars to sell during the time when new cars could not be obtained. But even then they were unable to accumulate stocks of used Hudsons.

Thus is again shown the popularity of the Super-Six. Its white triangle has become the symbol of super-quality and super-performance throughout the world.

Hudson production will be resumed as rapidly as possible. But it will be months before we can meet the usual demand. An interruption of at least three months in the output of open models is inevitable.

Everyone knows the completeness of the Hudson Super-Six line. There were nine different types. Recently we added the Coupé, a beautiful four-passenger model, and a new series of the Touring Limousine.

They Are Pattern Cars

Every Hudson model has been admired, envied and copied by other makers. But under our plan there is constant development and so any Super-Six you get today is months ahead of similar types of other makes.

You can probably get a Hudson Super-Six today—perhaps the very model you prefer. In view of the situation, don't you think it best to see what models your Hudson dealer can supply? There is no certainty as to what you can get next spring.

Need you be reminded of Super-Six value? It is the recognized standard of motordom. For three years its leadership has been undisputed. Today it carries the added endorsement of thousands who have learned to know its absolute reliability through all the months when automobile service attention was so hard to obtain.

Hudson Motor Car Company

Detroit, Michigan

Look for the White Triangle on the Radiator

(Concluded from Page 43)

as lamentably inopportune. I have a dim recollection of her stricken face as she charged through the wreckage, her reaching fingers clawing convulsively, and of my own voice, hoarse and unnatural, rising above the din:

"Woman, what have you done with my son?"

Subsequent events dwell but hazily in my recollection. I recall my precipitate departure from the nursery.

I forgive Mrs. Matson for the words she used. Naturally she was startled to come into her cherished nursery and find it turned upside down, with a strange man digging up babies like a mischievous puppy. Yes, I forgive her unfortunate choice of language; but I cannot even yet find it in my soul to forgive her for kicking my shins.

I recall the sight of Miss Holly, flying down the incline to meet me, white-faced and scared; of her first words: "Oh, heavens! You've spilled the beans after all!"

Then she was her normal self again, comforting, explaining, soothing. What a wonderful creature is a trained nurse! In a moment she had told me all. Epictetus was with his mother. He had been taken only to the dressing room, and Miss Holly had stayed beside him all the time. And now he was back. And—oh, professor—such a humdinger of a baby! Would you believe it?—he almost talks already! What a wonderful thing to be the father of such a squabnoolious boy!

By this time we had reached Room 27. Miss Holly opened the door softly and shoved me inside. And I saw ——

Side by side they lay. My wife looked up and smiled wanly. I crossed to the bedside and fell upon my knees. My dear wife's hand stole up and feebly caressed my hair; and the ghost of an old evening touched my memory in that holy instant:

"A little child! Our little child! Playing among our roses ——"

My soul turned to water and I wept like a child, and did not care who saw.

It might have been only minutes and then it might have been hours—I do not really know—when Miss Holly took me gently by the arm.

"See!" she whispered. "They are asleep! Let us go away."

Out by the newel post—where now was the horror of the place? Where now was the sinister quality of the good old Smell? Here the young woman stopped.

"Breakfast now, professor." She smiled. "Three blocks down the street is a little hole-in-the-wall, where a Greek keeps an all-night eating place—a Greek with a broken nose and whiskered like an Airedale. The coffee will be as black as lye and the hot dogs so full of garlic you can smell 'em from here to there; but, professor"—the good girl's eyes became very soft and her voice seemed somehow like my mother's voice—"professor, you'll never eat another Christmas breakfast that will taste half so good!"

"I wish I could thank you, Miss Holly," I said, my voice husky and coming with difficulty from a swelling throat. "I wish I could tell you how much I appreciate your patience and goodness and gentleness."

"Nonsense!" she laughed and turned to go. "That's what we're trained to do. It's part of our job."

"I shall not believe that!" I said. "Perhaps it is part of your work to be all that is gentle and good; but in my heart I know that God made the soul of a trained nurse before ever the job demanded these things."

Miss Holly went suddenly grave.

"I think I like that," she said, and was gone.

Halfway down the stairs I came upon Old Andrew, broom in hand, beginning the labors of a new day. Truly the man never slept! As I was about to pass, his hard lips moved, though he seemed not to look at me.

"I hope you're quite yourself again," he said harshly.

"Quite, thank you," I rejoined. "I am feeling splendidly! I"—I had forgotten that he knew—"I am the father of a son!"

"I know it," said Andrew, and a sour grin suddenly cleft his rock-ribbed visage. "So does everyone else in this viceenity."

The observation sounded invidious, but in my great happiness I let it pass. I started on.

"Don't feel badly," Andrew called after me. "Every mon has a God-given right to make a jackass of himself at least once in his life—when his first bairn is born! But, I say, better a tender-hearted jackass than an unfeeling brute! God bless ye, sir—and a Merry Christmas!"

"G-God bless you too, Andrew!" I blurted, and stumbled out.

For Andrew was indeed human! And as I stepped out the Smell seemed to follow me like a benediction.

Here I stood for a moment, recovering my equilibrium. I reflected proudly upon my remarkable self-possession all through those trying hours. How glad I was that my spirits were so resilient, rising superior to the emotions that usually upset the male parent upon the appearance of his first-born! I had, indeed, done remarkably well.

True, I had been somewhat agitated during the affair in the nursery; but what parent would not display a certain amount of mental disturbance when suddenly confronted by the realization that he has been mysteriously bereft of a son whom he has not yet seen? Yes; I had borne myself creditably. Epictetus might well be proud of his sire.

The full realization of my wonderful happiness burst upon me, and I looked about and listened to the mighty silence of the night. I was the father of a son!

In the darkness of the shrubbery across the road a little bird awoke and called sleepily to his mate. It was the first voice of the morning, which even now was creeping up out of the east.

And then, from far across the city, came the ringing of triumphant bells. Suddenly I appreciated a Christmas morning. My heart swelled as I remembered the message of the bells—a message I could understand now: "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given!"

Humbly and reverently I lifted my eyes toward the mysterious stars, paling now in the coming of this new morning. How wonderful the stars seemed when viewed through a mist of happy tears! They were not common now.

COMMERCIAL FLYING

(Continued from Page 10)

equipped with motors which owing to their superior horse power made them faster and more easy to maneuver than anything the Allies had until the famous French Baby Nieuports with 110-horse-power Le Rhone engines appeared in 1916 and began to equal the boche in those two prime requisites. Then, owing to the number of machines shot down or forced to land through engine trouble, neither side could long keep any secret of aëro-motor construction or aëroplane design from an opponent. Therefore the struggle for quantity production began. In the meantime the huge bimotored Caudrons, Handley-Pages and Capronis began to be built in large numbers by the French, British and Italians, and the Gothas by the Germans. Each year saw an increase in the horse power of the motors and in the size of the aëroplanes; and still, owing to the infinite area of the skies to maneuver in and the lack of large aërial fleets flying as a unit, neither side could prevent the scouting machines or the bombing raiders from spying out or bombing any objective within a flying radius of two hundred miles of their aërodromes.

With the advent of the United States into the struggle it became more and more apparent to the German military leaders that they must win the war before the tremendous manufacturing and aviator resources of this country could be felt on the West Front. That, of course, was one of the cardinal reasons for the series of great German drives beginning with March 21, 1918.

The Allies, too, now fully realized that the great war would be won in the air, so they expended every effort and resource to build aëroplanes to clear the German machines from the skies and to bomb Germany from the air. How much these raids behind the boche lines had to do with the breaking down of the morale of the German people and Teuton soldier cannot yet be properly estimated. However, to give an idea of the severity of this war in the air and destruction wrought by bombing machines in Germany we know that the British Independent Air Force sent out over the enemy territory squadrons of five to one hundred aëroplanes, which dumped daily, rain or shine, sixty to one hundred tons of high explosives on military objectives and manufacturing plants scattered over a belt a hundred miles wide all along the Rhine Valley. These raids penetrated as far as Essen and Heidelberg. They destroyed ammunition dumps, railroad yards, chemical and gas works. By blowing up railroad communications with the rear they virtually cut the arteries of the German Army. Moreover, by their repeated excursions into Hunland they disrupted the sleep, the rest and the working capacity of the people in the manufacturing towns and cities in Southern Germany.

In the battles in the air too the Allies were rapidly becoming supreme. On October eighteenth the British air force alone destroyed sixty-seven Hun machines and brought down fifteen more out of control, losing only fifteen machines themselves. Thus these flyers blinded the German artillery, and in contact patrol swept the Teuton trenches, bombed their motor and rail transports and dispersed concentrations of their troops. Indeed, the only place to escape these relentless dragons of the air was actually underground.

Meanwhile, after much delay and many mistakes, American-built aëroplanes were beginning to appear in quantity on the West Front. Here is the record of what the Americans accomplished during the short time in which they had machines: 926 German aëroplanes and 73 balloons were destroyed. The Americans lost 265 aëroplanes and 38 balloons.

Finally, in October, 350 American-built aëroplanes in one single formation dropped thirty-two tons of high explosives on Wavrille. When the armistice was signed there were actually engaged on the West Front 740 American aëroplanes, 744 pilots, 457 observers and 23 aërial gunners. Of these 329 were pursuit machines, 296 observation machines and 115 were bombers.

How much damage the French and Italians did to German aërial supremacy and manufacturing efficiency has not been summarized. It was at least considerable and, taken in conjunction with the others, sufficient to convince the German military leaders that the Allied production of aircraft was so rapid that within less than a year at most the Allies would sweep the Huns from the skies and not even Berlin would escape the fate the Huns had so often visited upon London, Paris and Bukharest. Finally the plea issued by the German Government to the Allies, about a month before the end, to confine air raids to within a fifty-mile zone of the fighting line was a complete confession that the Allied supremacy of the air was one of the most deciding factors in causing Germany to surrender.

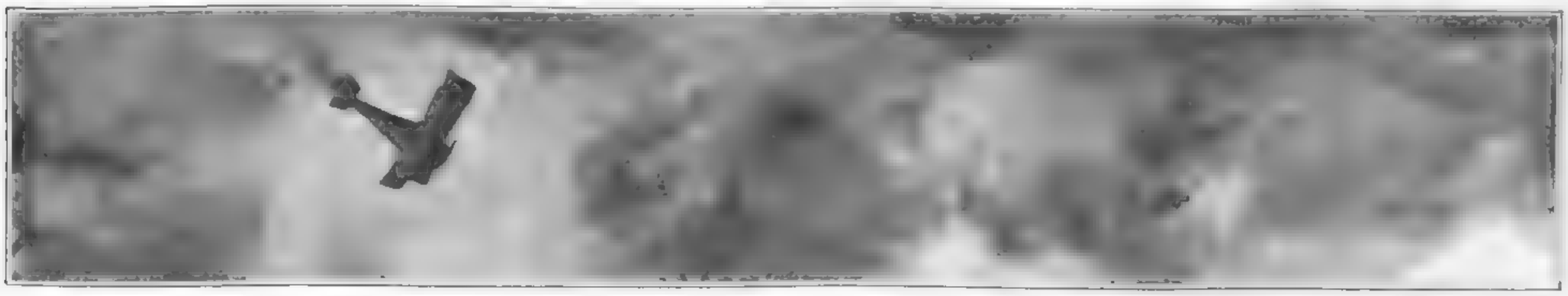
But though the primary uses of the aëroplanes during the last four years were polemic, nevertheless, several of the startling new feats demonstrate clearly what may be expected when the same aircraft manufacturers design and construct machines for the avowed purpose of commercial aërial transportation. Here are only a few of the most startling world's records that suggest these possibilities:

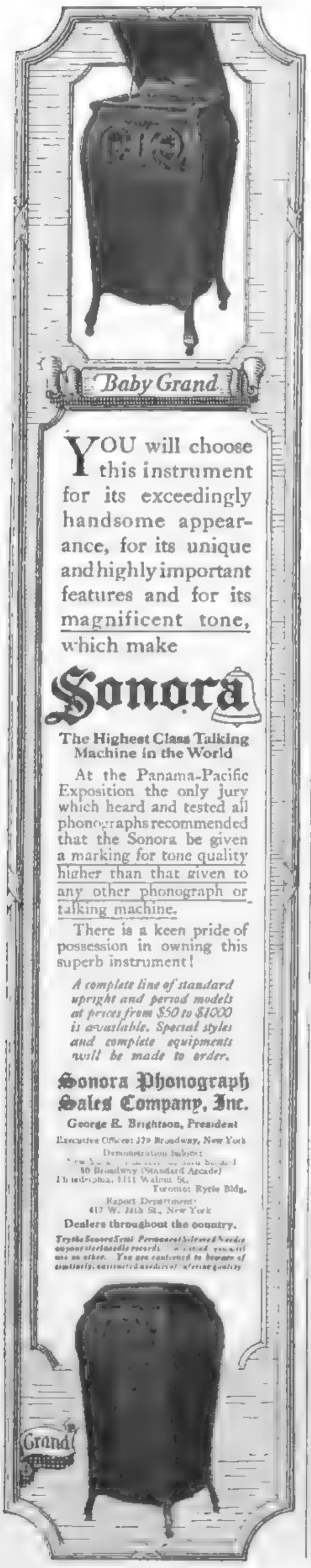
On August 29, 1917, Captain Marquis Giulio Laureati flew in an S. I. A. from Turin to Naples and return, a distance of 920 miles, establishing the longest nonstop flight in the world, and a month later he and his mechanic flew from Turin to London, crossing the Alps at an altitude of 12,000 feet and negotiating a distance of 656 miles at an average speed of 89 miles an hour. The speed, however, was not remarkable, for 100 miles an hour is the average speed for big machines, and 150 miles was made by scouting machines on the West Front during the war.

At Wright Field, near Dayton, Ohio, on September 18, 1918, Maj. R. W. Schroeder, of the United States Air Service, in an American-built aëroplane driven by an American-made Hispano-Suiza motor, climbed to a new world's altitude record of 28,900 feet, only 102 feet short of the highest peak of the Himalaya Mountains. On November 19, 1918, an aëroplane flew from Combles la Villa to Paris and return, a distance of eighty miles, carrying thirty-eight passengers. Two days before a Handley-Page, with a wing spread of 127 feet and a fuselage measuring sixty-five feet, propelled by four motors and piloted by an American, carried nine women and thirty-one men to a height of six thousand feet during an hour's cruise over London, England. A year ago another type of this same machine, but with only a one-hundred-foot wing spread and driven by only two 275-horse-power motors and carrying five men, flew across country from London to Constantinople, dropped bombs on the German cruiser Goeben anchored there, and then flew back to Saloniki, covering a total distance of more than two thousand miles and remaining in the air a total of thirty-one hours. The flight was via Paris, Lyons and Marseilles—in order to avoid the Alps—and from there to Pisa, Rome, Naples and then across 250 miles of mountainous country, often at a height of ten thousand feet.

The latest reports from Italy say that the huge triplane Caproni, with its 150-foot wing spread, driven by three 700-horse-power Fiat motors, developing a total of 2100 horse power, has carried seventy-eight people in trial flights at the factory!

A Model F-5 flying boat, with a wing spread of only 102 feet, driven by two Liberty motors, and lifting a fifty-foot boat, has carried 12,900 pounds over many

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hundreds of miles looking for German submarines, and another flying boat, with 123 feet of wing spread, carried fifteen officers and a pilot from Washington, District of Columbia, to Newport News, Virginia.

The infamous German bimotored pusher Gothas, measuring seventy-eight feet, driven by six-cylinder Mercedes 260-horse-power engines and carrying three men and five hundred pounds of explosives, flying by night from the aërodromes near Ghent, Belgium, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, have raided London more than a hundred times despite the opposition of fleets of British aeroplanes and seaplanes and thousands of antiaircraft guns.

For some time aerial mail has been carried from London to Paris in two and a half hours. Mail is also being carried by air route regularly between Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and between Rome and Turin. Mail was carried through the air from Chicago to New York in ten hours and five minutes; and before long, Second Assistant Postmaster-General Praeger says, the sky-line mail will be extended to the Pacific Coast, and in the spring fully fifty aëro mail routes will be in operation with machines built for the War Department.

How many aëroplanes that might be used for peace purposes were completed and in service of some kind at the end of the war is problematic. Judging by the Allied demand that Germany surrender seventeen hundred aëroplanes, the Allied military authorities surely estimated that Germany must have had far more than that number in active service on the West Front. Counting the training machines necessary to teach enough aviators to fly and the planes discarded as unsafe for battle flying, Germany must have had eight thousand or more heavier-than-air machines. The British surely had close to five thousand of all kinds on the different Fronts and a like number building, with possibly ten thousand used for training and other purposes. Perhaps the French and Italians combined did not have so many as the Germans because of the physical limitations on their manufacturing facilities. The Americans, we know, had nearly two thousand on the Front when the war ended. A thousand De Haviland 4's had been delivered up to October fourth, and more than six thousand training machines had also been constructed. We were just getting into a factory production of about 1200 a month when the war ended.

With the exception of the training machines and the two-seater fighters, like the De Haviland 4's, most of these American machines will hardly be used for anything except aëro mail service. The large Caproni and Handley-Page bombers may do some passenger carrying. Indeed, the peace planes, unlike the war planes, will be constructed with stability, safety, capacity carrying and comfort as the chief factors, as we shall see later.

A Huge Investment

Fortunately for the aëronautic industry approximately ten billion dollars has already been invested by European, American and Asiatic countries in aeronautics. Part of this has been expended in constructing aircraft factories, aëronautic engines, aëroplanes, dirigibles, hangars; in obtaining raw materials and landing fields; in training aviators and mechanics, and in making aëronautic machinery, equipment and accessories. Thousands of furniture and piano factories, boat-building shops and similar establishments have been manufacturing propellers, struts, ribs, pontoons, flying boats, and so on; and hundreds of automobile makers and engine manufacturers have given over their plants, or a goodly portion of them, to making motors, spars and tools.

Varnish, linen, cotton, castor oil, goggles, clothes and a hundred and one other things have also been used either in the direct manufacture of aircraft or in the equipment of the aviators or mechanics, so that there are to-day tens of thousands of skilled and unskilled artisans, aviators, mechanics, who are wondering if the aëronautic engine, with its remarkable development from sixteen horse power, which the Wright brothers used, to the seven hundred horse power of the Fiat, will be extensively used in commercial aëronautics and if the frail little Wright glider, which has grown into a machine weighing six tons, can be readily made a profitable means of aërial transportation.

They also ask what is going to be done with all this scientific knowledge, trained technic, all the enormous investments in fixed property and the tens of thousands of aircraft built or building. Are they going to be abandoned like a poison-gas factory, or are they going to solve the problem of rapid passenger and freight transportation? The best answer is to be found in what is already being done to make the aëroplane do man's bidding as easily and as readily as the steamboat, electric car, steam engine and automobile.

Even though the aëroplane does travel the shortest route in the shortest time between any two given points, before a sufficient number of passengers can be induced to travel via the aerial line to make it financially profitable to the transportation company the public must be assured that it is reasonably safe; that they can fly in comfort; and that the price is reasonable. So let us first see what has been done and what is being done to satisfy those three requisites.

The dangers of aëroplane flight have been grossly exaggerated by newspapers, which record only the unusual. Moreover, flying in the war zone was done under the most adverse and dangerous circumstances. Also the machines were built for maneuvering ability and speed, and not for stability and safety factors. Furthermore, all the scouts and most of the reconnaissance and battle planes were driven by only one motor so that if engine trouble developed they had to volplane to the ground at the mercy of the antiaircraft guns and the aërial fighters. Finally, they often had to land in shell-scarred terrain. Naturally the casualties were high. Indeed, the war in the air was meant to be as perilous and dangerous as it could be.

Causes of Accidents

Nevertheless, in spite of these hazards it is remarkable how many machines, even when shot down with some vital part out of commission, in many cases falling several thousand feet, have righted themselves before reaching the ground and have made a safe landing, due to the precision and accuracy of construction with regard to lateral and longitudinal balance. And all in all, judging from the wonderful records already made by aeroplanes, even the single-motored machine is very reliable.

With the bimotored plane, of course, casualties were not so high, for even if one motor was put out of commission the other could bring the aviators back to the aërodrome. Major Salomone, the Italian Ace, on February 20, 1916, flew a hundred miles back to his own lines with one of the motors on his Caproni shot out of commission!

On the aviation training fields, owing to the novices who were learning to fly, the natural recklessness of youth, and sometimes the faulty construction of planes—hastily built and often superficially inspected—the casualties were higher. Stunting too near the ground and in machines constructed primarily for straight flying so that the stresses should come from only one flying angle, enemy treachery, and the absolute necessity of discovering the best maneuvers and newest types of aëroplanes also augmented the honor roll. But stunting eliminated, with machines equipped with two or more reliable aëronautic motors built according to standardized specifications as to materials, methods, stability and the required number of safety factors, steered by tried and true pilots, flying between regular landing fields and aërodromes and directed in the dark and in foggy weather from the ground by radio telephones, such as Mr. John D. Ryan has described as being used by flight commanders to give instruction to the members of the flying squadron, the dangers of flying can be reduced to proportions commensurate with the desire of the public to get from place to place in the quickest and safest vehicle.

Of course the present high landing speed of an aëroplane is the cause of many accidents. Thirty-five miles an hour, except where the head resistance is great, is the slowest speed now made in landing a heavier-than-air machine. The invention of a device or the discovery of a means of reducing the speed to ten miles an hour when touching the ground, though still only in the realms of the probable, is by no means diametrically opposed to the inherent laws of the aëroplane. This accomplished, the danger of flying in an aëroplane will be reduced to infinitesimal proportions—at least to a degree no more precarious than riding in an automobile.

Already the War Department has ordered flyers to map the country. The Wilson Aërial Highway, from New York to Chicago and San Francisco, has been laid out. Aërial transportation companies will soon be formed to provide planes. Thousands of skilled pilots are looking for jobs; many chambers of commerce will build landing places near their towns and cities. Needless to say, aërial laws will be passed to prevent stunting with passengers and requiring machines to fly at the altitude necessary to glide to the nearest aërodrome in case a motor stalls. Already a dozen different aeronautical motors have been developed which will run twenty-four to one hundred hours without stopping. Recently the Caproni biplane at Mineola, Long Island, climbed to fourteen thousand feet with one of the three motors completely shut off all the way.

On August ninth the Italian poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio, flew from Venice to Vienna via the Alps with his motor wide open all the way. Indeed, thousands of equally sensational flights have been made, in all kinds of weather and under the most adverse circumstances of a great war. Of the hundred-odd air raids on London by the Gothas some were conducted in broad daylight, when the Germans had to fly through squadrons of British scouts and fighters, through or over three barrages in order to get to the metropolis; and yet seldom more than one or two Hun machines out of the thirty usually constituting the squadron were forced to land or were shot down. The same thing was true of the British Independent Air Force in the raids they made over the German cities, citadels, factories, ammunition dumps and other military objectives, though they often flew in fleets of fifty to a hundred.

Of the 350 machines constituting the American air raid on Wavrille in October, only one aëroplane failed to return, though twelve Hun machines were shot down. The German flying tank which shot down Major Lufbery, the most famous American Ace, was driven by five engines, which were protected, as well as the fuselage, with bullet-proof steel three-eighths of an inch thick. Major Lufbery emptied his machine gun against this aërial monster from close range and from many angles before his gas tank was pierced and his machine went down in flames. Therefore a bimotored machine flying under peace conditions should be able to make its aërodrome safely nearly every time.

Discomforts Overcome

There were three discomforts of air travel—the cold, the noise of the motor and the lack of room in moving about. Electrically heated clothes eliminate the cold; acousticons, which shut out the noise of the motor but which permit the passengers or aviators to converse together, have already been installed and are in universal use on aëroplanes. With the increase in the size of the aëroplanes and the number of motors, the nacelles and the inclosed roomy cabins can be constructed as they were on the famous Sykorsky aërobus, which was built in Russia before the war. This aëroplane carried twenty-one people to an altitude of seven thousand feet. On this trip they had ample room to move about and to observe the sky and the landscape. On Thanksgiving Day last a half dozen guests of an American aircraft factory had their turkey dinner served in a huge aëroplane above the clouds.

It is true that owing to the cost of the aëroplanes and the aëro motors, their upkeep and the number of skilled men required to fly and maintain them, all aërial travel is expensive. The two-seater training machines equipped with one motor cost five to seven thousand dollars, and the huge bimotored bombing machines averaged forty to sixty thousand dollars. This price was due to the necessity for hurried construction. For everything that went into the building of the aëro motor and the machine itself and also for the labor the very highest price had to be paid. Tools, machinery, factories, fields, hangars and a thousand other things had to be purchased, and a great body of skilled workmen had to be trained before aircraft could be turned out in quantity.

Now all this skill and billions of money have been invested in the industry so that

(Concluded on Page 49)

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I HAVE revolutionized the old methods of furnace heating by doing away with all heat-conducting pipes.

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"WITH A DRIFTWOOD FIRE ON THE MILL-POND BANK
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Jack Frost sends a fellow home with an appetite

Stinging blasts and driving snow—that's regular boy weather.

With a driftwood fire on the mill-pond bank to warm numbed fingers, and the ice swept clean for the hockey game, Saturday is a gala day.

Jack Frost paints plump cheeks red and *sends a fellow home with an appetite.* And Cook knows what a boy likes—whole wheat bread and butter, foaming sweet milk and a smoking hot dish of Brown Beauty Beans. Did ever supper taste so good!

* * *

Brown Beauty Beans are plump, tender and wholesome. They are laden with nutriment. Prepared first of all in a piquant sauce, they've a rich, savory flavor all their own. And so inexpensive—they keep larder bills low!

MARSHALL CANNING COMPANY
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Brown Beauty Beans

Tell the grocery man you want Brown Beauty Beans. He'll understand.

(Concluded from Page 46)

the plants in this country are ready to manufacture nearly two hundred a day. With this nucleus to start a peace-construction program the price of even the biggest machines must soon shrink to that of a high-priced automobile or private yacht. Plenty of sporting machines with a small wing spread and a two-cylinder motor that will sell for five hundred dollars are now being made; and since these machines can average twenty-two miles on a gallon of gasoline the expense of maintaining one of these will not be out of the means of hundreds of the young flyers who are now returning from flying on the West Front. Moreover, since there will be no maintenance of roads, rails, live wires, and so on, such as there is in the railroad and electric road industries, the cost of maintenance will be infinitely smaller, so that aërial travel may become cheaper than any other known to man.

Fundamentally the hydro-aëroplane is the same as the aëroplane except that pontoons instead of wheels are used to land upon. The cost of these airships over the land machines is noticeable only where boats are used instead of pontoons. Consequently their price above the aëroplane will depend on the size and the kind of furnishings used in the boat. Owing to the fact that no landing field has to be bought and maintained and that the flying boat can be landed on a river or a lake with comparative ease, and also the fact that altitude does not have to be maintained in order to glide to an aërodrome or a safe landing field, this type of aërial navigation bids fair to be fast, cheap and absolutely safe. Moreover, the size and passenger-carrying capacity of these flying boats will be limited only by the construction of wings strong enough to maintain them in the air, for the size of the hulls and the number of motors can be increased indefinitely.

Inexpensive Flyabouts

Perhaps the best indication of what we may expect of the aëroplane as a commercial carrier is embodied in the present plans of the manufacturers of aircraft. Using the past history of the heavier-than-air machines' performance and their own experience and the experience of tens of thousands of flyers under all imaginable circumstances and conditions as a basis, they are building various types of aircraft. More than a score of American and British firms have already built and are putting upon the market large numbers of sports models. These machines are single and double seaters after the type of the famous Baby Nieuports, Spads and British Sopwith Pups. They have a wing spread of anywhere from seventeen to thirty feet. The fuselage measures between ten and twenty feet. Some are equipped with one small motor generating from twenty horse power up to forty horse power. Most of these motors are upright, like the ones used on motorcycles. The whole machine will not weigh more than five hundred pounds and these models are able to fly at eighty to one hundred miles an hour and make an average of twenty miles or more on a gallon of gas. The price of these will depend on the demand, but most manufacturers believe they will sell for five hundred to a thousand dollars. These machines are so small that they can be landed on any road or field. Besides, the small amount of space they occupy will make it possible to house them inexpensively and they can be used for any kind of cross-country flying or sporting purposes.

The second type of the sports model has a wing spread of twenty-six to thirty-eight feet. These wings can be folded back so that the aëroplane can be housed in a hangar ten by thirty feet with ample room for the owner to work indoors on the machine. The fuselage is proportionately larger than that on the smaller machine. This aëroplane is equipped with a four-cylinder upright motor or an air-cooled rotary motor of the Gnome style with nine or eleven cylinders, generating up to ninety horse power. Some also have two small twenty-horse-power engines geared to the one propeller so they can be throttled down, or in case one stalls the other can take the flyers to their aërodrome without being forced to land. Some models have two motors on the smaller machines. These aircraft will sell for about the price of a medium-cost automobile.

The two-passenger models are similar in design to the army training machines. They have more powerful upright and V-type four or eight cylinder motors and generate two to three hundred horse power. The fuselage is built so that the pilot sits in front of or beside the passenger. The control is dual. The machines are mostly tractors, but in a few cases the nacelle is built in front of the plane like a bomber, and the propeller and engine are behind. These pusher types obviate all the blind angles and afford an excellent unobstructed range of vision. They are especially good for hunters, who desire no obstruction in gunning for birds. In case of a crash, however, there is the added danger of having the motor crush the passengers underneath.

The aëro-mail type is about the same as the two-passenger model in wing spread and fuselage, but the motor is a twelve-cylinder V-type and generates anywhere from two hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty horse power. Cost is not so much a consideration here as carrying capacity. Most of the two-seated fighting machines built for war purposes can be used by the Post Office Department for this purpose, and plans are now afoot to extend the service all over the United States.

The big bombing bus type is designed for carrying great numbers of people from one aërodrome to another. These machines are biplanes and triplanes with a wing spread of anywhere from forty-eight to 150 feet. They are driven by V-type, twelve-cylinder engines generating four hundred to seven hundred horse power. They have one or two fuselages in the center, but the nacelles are usually forward of the wings so that nothing obstructs the vision of the passengers. These machines will be sold to transportation companies, which will make a business of carrying people from aërodrome to aërodrome. They are so large and are equipped with so many motors that they are not intended to be landed anywhere except on properly prescribed flying fields.

All the above types of aircraft are so designed that pontoons or flying boats can be substituted for wheels and landing gear, and so that most aircraft manufacturers can make both. Of course in most cases the boats and the motors are made by different manufacturers. Several companies, however, construct aëroplanes complete with motors.

Naturally no manufacturing industry can exist without a potential market. Aircraft manufacturers are sure the majority of the twenty thousand flyers and hundred thousand aëro mechanics who have learned their trade in the great war will want to fly either machines of their own or of somebody else or of some trans-aërial company. The aeronautical engineers have, therefore, designed the sports type for the young fellows who wish to race in the air, travel from country town to country town, from lake to river or to commute from country to city. Since these machines fly faster than the fastest bird or the fleetest animal they will afford great sport for gunners. Indeed, the machines have already been used with such disastrous effects upon the bird that many hunters say it is not good sportsmanship to hunt from them. In that case, perhaps, the farmers will hire the daring young aviators to hunt down the crows and hawks with these dragons of the air.

The Sports Type

Be that as it may, this sports type will be a great convenience for a person who works in a city located on a large lake or on a river and who wishes to live far in the country. Indeed, he may live a hundred miles up or down that body of water and in less than an hour he can fly to or from his work. If it is cold he can put on his electrically heated clothing and keep as warm as in a limousine. If he has engine trouble he can land anywhere and fix his machine and then fly on. Since air resistance is much less than road resistance he can traverse the distance much cheaper than in an inexpensive automobile. If there is no body of water near his place of business he can land his cross-country flyer in the park or flying field just as easily as on the water. This same machine will lend itself to all kinds of pleasure flying, and no other sport gives so much exhilaration, scenic view and adventuresome excitement as the aëroplane; and the price will be within the means of many young men.

The two-passenger models will be sold to the persons of means who have flown or wish to fly and take up friends. After a few years the manufacturers expect there will be a considerable body of these enthusiasts. The greatest sale of these machines, however, will be to the government for the aëro-mail service. At first two machines will be necessary for every flyer in that service, and one in every aërodrome for every one in the air, so with fifty established routes we shall require several hundred machines. Moreover, the manufacturers expect that these machines fitted with either a fuselage or a boat will be employed very extensively by mining companies for carrying precious metals in South America and Alaska. At the present time llamas are used to carry copper down from the Andes. They are so slow and have to descend to the smelters by such devious routes that valuable time is lost in the transportation. By loading the ore into the hold of a flying boat, which can land on the lakes and ponds in case of engine trouble, the time will be so materially diminished as to reduce the cost of the metal very considerably. Besides, flying in a straight line as the bird flies, at a speed of not less than a hundred miles an hour, will expedite the work of the engineer and the surveyor over the jungles and unexplored and inaccessible portions of South America and Africa, as well as in other distant countries.

The conditions in Alaska are analogous, though the climate is different. Dogs and sleds are now used, and they, too, have to travel roundabout routes from mine to town. Of course an aëroplane fitted with skids or runners can be landed on snow or ice as easily as on land. It now takes two days to sled gold down from one mine in the Yukon to Nome which could be brought out in three hours by aëroplanes flying over the tops of the mountains.

Arctic Flight

Capt. Robert Bartlett is so convinced of the feasibility of flying in the Arctic regions that he plans to try to fly across the North Pole in an aëroplane.

Already on the plains of the West and Southwest this type of aëroplane has been found to be more serviceable than the horse in discovering the whereabouts of lost cattle or sheep, because of the range of vision it gives to the shepherd or cowboy and because of its speed and the short distance it covers in reaching its objective.

The big bombing bus type is being built primarily for companies or clubs intending to carry passengers from city to city or for cruises from the clubhouses. The New York Flying Yacht Club has been organized in New York City with a clubhouse and a landing place on the Harlem River.

Meantime the aircraft manufacturers are contemplating establishing a line of huge flying boats between New York and Boston, carrying fifty people each way. The distance of two hundred miles could be covered in two hours, or less than half the time taken by train. Only four machines will be used at the beginning, one leaving Boston early in the morning and the other early in the afternoon. Two will leave New York at the same time. Four more will be kept in reserve, and as the traffic increases more will be added. The total investment will not require a million dollars and the aëro mail between the two cities has already set the pace for this passenger line.

The manufacturers also expect that every life-saving station along the entire coast of the United States and its possessions will be equipped with at least one seaplane with which to carry out a life line to a ship wrecked on the beach or to rescue anyone in distress within a hundred miles of the station, because these flying boats can be launched in any kind of weather and can travel faster than anything that moves on the water.

The keenest aëronautic interest at the present time is centered in the aërial crossing of the Atlantic Ocean between America and Europe. Two possible routes are proposed for the flight. Both start from St. Johns, Newfoundland, but one stretches from there to Ireland and the other via the Azores to Portugal. The northern route is 1860 miles from land to land, and the other 1195 miles to the Flores, which is the nearest one of the Azores. From there to Ponta Delgada to Lisbon is 850 more. The southern route is preferable because the first leg is shortest from land to land. Also, less fog prevails in the south in all seasons of the year. Captain Laureati has already flown in a single-motored machine 920 miles without landing. Undoubtedly a flying boat equipped with four or more motors could carry enough gasoline to cover the 1200 miles without stopping. Indeed, only half the number of motors need be running at one time if necessary, and since the large bimotored machines make a hundred miles an hour the flight could be negotiated within the twelve hours of daylight in the summertime.

Just before the war broke out Mr. Glenn Curtiss, the inventor of the flying boat, was building for Mr. Rodman Wanamaker the seaplane America with which Captain Porte was to try to fly across the Atlantic. The beginnings of hostilities terminated the project. The America, however, did cross the Atlantic, but in the hold of another boat, and it performed very good service in British waters chasing Hun submarines.

During the four years that have elapsed since then the construction of aëronautic motors, aëroplanes, and the science of aviation have advanced at least a quarter of a century, so that if the proposition was feasible before the war it ought certainly to be very practicable to-day. As a matter of fact Maj. Gen. W. S. Branker, of the British Royal Air Forces; Glenn Curtiss; Mr. Caproni, the designer of the famous machine bearing his name; Mr. C. G. Grey, editor of The Aëroplane, London, England; Mr. Alan Hawley, president of the Aëro Club of America; Mr. Henry Woodhouse, the eminent authority on aeronautics; and a host of others have said that the flight across the Atlantic is quite possible. The Daily Mail prize of fifty thousand dollars is still beckoning to the adventurous spirit. Once the first flight is negotiated the aircraft manufacturers are convinced there will be a greater demand for flying seaplanes than for ocean liners, for they feel sure that most of the people going to and coming from Europe would prefer to travel in that way, and in less than half the time now taken by the fastest ocean greyhounds.

In conclusion, then, it may be safely laid down as an axiom that the conveyance which reduces man's time in traveling from one place on this globe to another will sooner or later be adopted by him. No matter what the discomforts or the dangers or the expense may be in the beginning, he will eventually find a way to change the inconvenience into the greatest luxuries, the expense will be reduced to within the means of all, and the dangers will be diminished to infinitesimal proportion. It was so in the beginning, it is so now, and it will be so till the end of recorded time. It was so with the recalcitrant camel, the ponderous elephant, the wild horse. It was thus that man transformed the floating log, which he propelled with his feet, into a floating palace, driven thousands of miles across the greatest of oceans. Likewise he metamorphosed the puny stationary steam engine into a demon that is more powerful than a thousand horses, and that rushes him across the broad spaces of the earth faster than the fleetest deer.

No East or West

Indeed, with the aëroplane man has already done what was considered for countless ages as the acme of the impossible—he has learned to fly, and in the short space of a decade and a half he has flown faster, farther, and he has performed more convolutions than the noblest birds of prey—yes, it may safely be said that he has made the once marvelous imaginary flight of the magic carpet of the Arabian Nights—when compared with the aërial exploits of the flyers in the great war—fade into the most diminutive insignificance and the tamest fiction.

Before long then we may reasonably expect that all the capitals of the world will be connected by air lines. Already regular landing places have been established from London via Paris, Rome and Constantinople to Bagdad and Cairo. Peking and Tokio will next be added. The flight from London to New York will also soon be an accomplished fact. Then all the capitals of Central and South America will be joined up. The distance from South America to Africa is about the same as that between America and Europe. By reducing the time of travel between all those places to hours the aeroplane will make mountains dwindle into ant hills, rivers to creeks, lakes to mudholes, and oceans and seas to ponds. The globe will be aërially circumnavigated. Tokio and Peking will be as accessible to New York as London now is, and vice versa. Then there will be no east or west and with the new aërial age will come a new internationalism founded on speedy intercommunication and good will toward all mankind.

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1 cup milk
Flour
½ cup Douglas Corn Starch
2 [illegible] baking powder
½ [illegible]
¼ [illegible]
1 [illegible]

And Douglas Oil [illegible] of sugar. Is [illegible] and [illegible] Combine [illegible] two [illegible] Sift [illegible] flour [illegible] cup Douglas [illegible] and remaining [illegible] together and add [illegible] with milk to [illegible] Add flour to make [illegible] Cut [illegible] in Douglas Oil [illegible] [illegible]

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MONSIEUR JACQUES BONHOMME

(Continued from Page 4)

like his ancestors before him, he says in effect to the *grand seigneurs* of all nations, including his own, who from time immemorial have waged war on his land: "You may burn down my houses, trample my grain, drive off my cattle, defile my wells, drink my wine, steal my gold, kill my sons but, *grâce à Dieu*, you can't carry off my land! I've got you there, and you can go to hell!" And so he buys land. It is very simple. Thus he puts one over on the eternal enemy!

Now this sort of thing has been going on for a very considerable spell. France is an old, a very old nation; that she has not been completely wiped out long before this is due to those same stout-hearted citizens I am talking about. For countless centuries she has been the cockpit of Europe. If nations were not actually fighting with her to gain possession of her rich fat lands they were trampling down these same fat lands in order to get across to fight with somebody else, so that the result—to the peasant at least—in both cases was the same. Or if France was not fighting for her life with her envious neighbors she was pulling off bloody revolutions within her own borders for such things as inalienable human rights and liberties.

Paying the Price

But for one cause or another they were at it all the time—and Jacques Bonhomme caught it both going and coming. In the end it was he who paid the price. He paid with the sons of his body who were killed at the wars; he paid with his cattle and his grain and his fruit and fowls and rabbits which the enemy gorged before his eyes; he paid with his wife's fine handwrought linen which the troopers, lying abed after guzzling down all the wines in his caves, roweled to tatters with their heavy spurs.

And when it was all over—all his patient, arduous, constructive labor of the years vanished before his eyes—the government clapped down on him a thundering tax to pay for the costs of the war!

It was about this time that Jacques began to acquire the reputation of being a dour, hard man. Sullen, taciturn, ugly-tempered—these were the epithets his betters began to apply to him. He was not, they averred, a light, bright, amiable or winning character. There was a dark note of strength, of lurking passion in him. He was too intelligent, self-respecting, stubborn to be a favorite with the upper classes. He had even been known to curse roundly when a *grand seigneur* galloped through his furrows of freshly planted good corn; and when the latter lashed out at him with his whip for insolence Jacques had even been known to drag down the heaven's anointed from his saddle and give him a sound mauling. These were in the grand old monarchical days of which the imperialistic poets sing.

But if there was bad blood—for thus was his independence termed—in the peasant it was admitted on all sides that at two things he had no peer: He could fight and he could work. And of both he got a bellyful. Artois, Flanders, Picardy, Champagne, the Argonne—these are the battle grounds of the present war; but also they are mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries—which are nothing but communiqués writ large. Château-Thierry, which the Americans took in July, was taken sundry centuries ago by the great Roman Proconsul himself. Argonne, the Chemin des Dames, those mighty natural barriers whose rocky heights and wooded steeps have in these last months received the effusion of America's best young blood, have been paid for again and again in the past by peasants' lives. Against that stern granite rampart neither Cæsar nor Napoleon nor Joffre dared lead his army in direct frontal assault; the Germans won it by treachery; and in October, 1918, the Americans in conjunction with the French, not by head-on frontal attack but by working round on each side, like a pair of pincers, finally pinched out that almost impregnable salient which has been drenched with blood since the days of the Roman Empire.

These are the Verduns of which we know nothing, for we are comparative amateurs at this man-chasing game. But the French peasant knows them all—those bloody ancient battlefields; and when he plows his sunny upland meadows his plowshare occasionally fetches up hard against a Roman spearhead or a moldy Teuton skull.

Against the Prussian horde alone he has already fought five times—in 1792, 1793, 1814, 1815 and 1870. This is the reason you cannot get the French peasant to break into the savage, hysterical invective against the brutality of the German method of waging war. How well he knows that method! It is a threadbare tale. Tell him of some fresh outrage and he will simply shrug his shoulders and mutter contemptuously: "*Sale type!*" [Rotten dirty type!] By which he means that such is the nature of the beast. For the same reason he calls them *cochons*—swine. And when he fights them it is with the methodical, prosaic coolness with which he kills off rats and cockchafers on his farm. He does not hate the Huns any more than he hates the rats—what's the use of getting excited over the inborn nature of beasts? but he is bound to exterminate them, because, like rats, they are a foul, swarming, destructive breed.

Jacques Bonhomme is nothing if not wise, moderate, sane; he hates useless slaughter and destruction of any kind—for one thing it wastes so much valuable time which one might profitably employ manuring the vines. But in this particular war he wants to make a thorough job of it, simply because he sees he is going to have so much business on hand after the war tidying things up that he simply can't be bothered with those *kolossal* swine from over the Rhine running amuck in his pleasant fields again. Beyond that, he doesn't care a single Hindenburg what happens to them—whether they have a monarchical or a republican or a democratic form of government, or whether, like the bad swine in the Bible, they all run headlong down the cliff and perish in the sea. All Jacques wants is for them to go home, stay home, and mind their own *cochon* business. But he knows they won't. They never have. They'll presently breed and swarm across his borders, because forsooth it's in their nature—they're a swarming *sale type*.

The French upper classes until recently have rather scorned the peasants, by whose patient industry and courage they lived. Various French historians have described them as hard, grasping, avaricious, ugly-tempered, obstinate, taciturn, suspicious of strangers. But they had to be all those things in order to survive! Hard because they saw nobody else cared whether they lived or died—if they lived it was their own lookout, and if they died it was the same; grasping and avaricious because, toil and build up as they might, some devil army came along—it mattered little whether friend or foe—and obliterated their patient labor, so that all they could count upon to save was money which could be hidden, and land which could not be dragged away. Ugly-tempered, taciturn—well, who would not be?

The Cattle of Picardy

It is related that in the fifteenth century there were so many wars and raids that the cattle of Picardy became so habituated to being hurried to certain secret spots, either in the forests or in underground caves, that they came to need no other guidance and no other signal that the enemy was upon them than the ringing of the tocsin! Upon hearing which every dumb beast would sedately march off to the accustomed hiding place! Two hundred years later, in the seventeenth century, when the court of Versailles was at the height of its brilliancy, La Bruyère, a writer of note, gave the following celebrated description of the peasants of his time. He says: "One sees about the land certain animals living on roots."

But those were the same "animals" which have saved France in every tight corner and crisis of her history and made her the garden spot of the world. Napoleon feared this hardy independence of his peasant soldiers, even while he marveled at their patient endurance and strength. "*Ils grognent, mais ils marchent!*" said he. [They growl, but they go—they get there!] And so he nicknamed them *les grognards*—the growlers. To-day we call the same men the *poilus*—the strong, the hairy ones. It is a love word, just as was Napoleon's phrase. Both terms hit squarely on the head the big outstanding characteristic of the French peasant—his strength, his sturdy independence.

From this brief backward glance over the road by which Jacques Bonhomme has traveled from the dawn of the Christian faith until now he has arrived at the heights of Verdun and the homage of the world we can see how all this toil, hardship, oppression, anxiety and pain have shaped and strengthened his soul in preparation for the present world struggle, now triumphantly won. Not for nothing have his ancestors seen their farms looted and pillaged and burned, and their sons and daughters slain or sold into slavery; not for nothing did they hide in caves and dig underground strongholds and tunnels; not for nothing were they "animals upon the land, living on roots"; not for nothing did they march through the snow all the way to Moscow and back with weary bleeding feet. "They growl, but they march!" Not for nothing, in the face of this four years' atrocious agony, so quietly, so sadly endured, have been all those previous privations. For out of them Jacques Bonhomme emerged, fully equipped for this great Marathon race of civilization, and a victor from the start.

And now that we have sketched these peasant makers of France in their proper background, some of their real qualities begin to shine forth and we see that they are not one hundred per cent heroes. They are something infinitely better! They are a strong people, and like all strong peoples they have the defects of their qualities. And it may be guessed that nebulous sentimentality, emotional gush, heroics, sweet dainty feelings done up in colored tissue paper and tied with baby-blue ribbon may not be mentioned as the distinguishing attributes of these men, who, discarding their faded blue blouses for horizon-blue tunics, have with their toil-knotted hands held up the pillars of France. They are not patrioteers. But they get down to the roots of things. They see things clear. They detest wordiness, hypocrisy, sham. They admit the truth to themselves, even when that truth is damaging, just as they admit bad weather or bad crops. They can't be bamboozled by politics but they can be sacrificed. They know they were sacrificed in 1917 in the Champagne disaster by a rotten political mess in Paris.

Come Hard; Go Hard

Jacques Bonhomme is a hard man to fool when it comes to affairs where he has to pay—and he knows who pays the costs of wars! But do not expect him to slop over emotionally, to strike high C, even on the subject of his most desperate wrongs. He won't. But when it comes to deeds, to striking the boche swift and striking him hard, then Jacques will make forced marches of three and four days; he will go without sleep; he will go without food; when the artillery horses fall down in their traces from sheer exhaustion he will haul the batteries himself; and when he goes into action this stern, dogged, taciturn man will be singing a most improper, profane little marching ditty which would shock the Y. M. C. A. He growls, but he's onto his job!

Now as one cannot have a height without a corresponding depth, nor love without hate, nor day without night, so Jacques Bonhomme has the weakness of his strength. His good qualities have already been intimated—intelligence, endurance, thrift, a passionate love of the soil. Some of the defects occur when some of the above qualities are developed in excess; as, for example, when he saves too hard he tends toward avarice; or when always unsparing of himself and his efforts he becomes unsparing of everyone else. But here again he is the product of the ages. Cruelty, bitter poverty, isolation have left their eroding mark on the granite of his nature.

As to his fondness for money it is easy to see how he came by that passion. It has a twofold origin. Money spelled land; and land was the only possession that could not be burned or looted or murdered or destroyed. That of itself is a sufficient reason for the peasant's love of gold. But there is another. To us, fortunate enough to have been born in America, with its free wide spaces, its limitless opportunities, with Nature spending and expanding herself richly on every side, where there is nothing to hinder a man of health, brains and initiative from climbing to the plateau of reasonable prosperity, where he may have automobiles, bathtubs, servants, and even be elected to Congress, it is impossible to conceive the external restrictions that have hedged in immemorially the peasant farmer of France. Who in America would toil uncomplainingly all day long from sunup to dark upon a farm for a franc and a half a day—a sum less than thirty cents? Yet that amount, before the war, was considered a reasonable rate for unskilled labor. Skilled farm labor received the dazzling sum of three francs—about fifty-five cents—a day. Fabulous wealth! And for such a prize the peasant gave every ounce of energy in his iron frame for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.

There is an old proverb concerning wealth which says "Come easy; go easy," of which the reverse is equally true. The French peasant's sous come hard beyond our power of realization. They are the slow, minted hours—not golden; that is too much to ask; but copper, dirty big round copper sous, worn smooth from handling, converted into money by toil and sweat and pain. They are the stored honey of his physical nature, exuded infinitesimally, drop by drop. Therefore when you touch a peasant's purse you become a foe. By a kind of instantaneous reversion you become metamorphosed—in his mind—into the eternal enemy—a Teuton, a Hun, a *grand seigneur*, a Roman legionary, a government tax agent, a member of that vast phantom host which through the harsh centuries has looted, burned, and separated Jacques Bonhomme from his rightful hard-earned own.

The Money-Burners

When the first contingent of the American Army arrived in France it was billeted in little Lorraine villages and hamlets, among horny-handed sons of toil whose steaming manure piles in their front yards advertised their thrift and their realism. And in those tiny tucked-away villages the lonely Americans could find nothing at all to do and were smitten by an infinite ennui. There was no way to spend their pay after it had been received. They changed it into French currency and notes—those thin, dirty, tattered little paper rags which crack and curl up at the edges. Now it is very annoying to be in a hix where you can buy nothing with your cash; and it is equally annoying to have this futile dirty tattered cash cluttering up your pocket like a mislaid rat's-nest. Under this double ennui some of the more reckless sports took to twisting the bills into lighters for their cigarettes. A bent, blue-bloused peasant in sabots, clacking along the narrow cobbled way, caught an American in this simple little sin. He stopped, paralyzed, his eyes bulging out of his head.

"*Nom de Dieu!*" he muttered, and repeated it. The soldier, delighted with the impression he had so easily created, fished out yet another bill and touched off the cigarettes of his comrades. Thereafter the employment of French currency for cigarette lighters became an established and highly popular form of amusement for ennuied young bloods of the military caste. "It pains these old guys worse than if you'd stick 'em with a bayonet!" they explained with glee.

Which was not altogether untrue. Such bizarre views on the value of five francs outraged Bonhomme's fine sense of economy. These American soldiers were, then, just like all other soldiers ever since the world began—just like the Roman legionaries, the Saxon vandals, the Hun hordes. The uniforms were different; the century was different; but the acts—the acts were eternally the same. They burned valuable things just for the incendiary joy of seeing them in flames. All soldiers were imbeciles and knaves. Now this joyous little habit of the Americans acted like a boomerang, for its logical result was that when Mister Soldier went a-marketing Jacques charged high prices for his wares. And his wife and his relatives, Mesdames Les Patronnes in all the little *crèmeries* and *charcuteries*, stood solidly with him and did the same thing. These Americans were millionaires; so they had always heard; and it must be true—for who but a fool of a millionaire would burn

(Continued on Page 55)

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VICTROLA RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano (*Kahl-vay*)

...Calvé, half French, half Spanish, is descended ... and cultured family. She was born in ... premature death of her father was ... the young girl knew that she must ... serious rôle than that of a society ... long before the dark-eyed beauty ... with Rosina Laborde, and afterward ... As a pupil the young girl en... ...rst to her teachers, and made rapid ... début was made at Nice, her first ... as at the *Théâtre de la Monnaie*, ... *Marguerite* in *Faust*. Then Paris ... the *Opéra Comique*, in *Chevalier* ... triumphs came in fair, where she ... When she reappeared in Paris as ... Parisians made her their idol ... 1892, and Americans first heard her at the Metropolitan Opera ... she made her début in 1894, and her fame spread rapidly. ...arkable gifts as an actress, her beauty and magnetic personality ... at once alluring and fascinating ...ely trained voice, always remarkable for its beautiful timbre ...at its best when her Victor records were made. This gives ...ly for the Victrola the list of records catalogued here

S (*Sung in French unless noted*)		No.	Size	
Like a Bird)	Bizet	88085	12	$5.00
Les trois fées des sistres) (The Sound	Bizet	86124	12	
...ger (Yonder Mountain) (with Dalmores)		89019	12	
...ette Santuzza's Air, "Well You Know,	Mascagni	88086	12	
... (He is Kind, He is Good)	Massenet	88130	12	
...an Ocean Chorus	Rouget de Lisle	88570	12	
... *In English*	Foster	88389	12	
... Berlioz' B...) *Flute obbligato*	David	88087	12	
... *Flute obbligato*	Gounod	88119	12	
... Chrétien Trois chansons pour les tout-; ... James b ... Au clair de la lune' ... poule The Hen' *Pianoforte acc.*)		88572	12	

...ior *Ahy mony' ng party*

...who has for many years ...ans Opéra Comique, was ... for a civil engineer, and ... but his love for music ...servatoire, where he was ...his class. He was soon ...n Comique where he ...re over by the Metro... ...way in America duplicating ...lement has made for ...d voice gracious style ...rfection

...ongs in French

...(*Pianoforte by La Forge*)				
...by La Forge)	Pessard	64223	10	$ .00
	Bernard	64226	6	.00
	Godard	64233	10	.00
...forte acc. by La Forge)	Massenet	74258	12	1.50

VICTROLA RED SEAL RE...

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (*Kah-roo'-soh*)

Caruso's success is the greatest ever attained by ... artist in this country. His American engagements ha... been a continuous ovation, the great audiences being he... spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and pow... of his voice. He is a native of Naples and was born ... 1873. When he was a mere boy he sang in the church ... of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the atte... tion of all who heard it.

Caruso was eighteen years old when he met a dist... gushed baritone, who, after hearing his voice, decided th... he would give the young singer substantial assistance. H... therefore took him to Maestro Vergine, who was captivat... by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to gi... him vocal instructions.

The singer made his début in 1894 in Naples, in a n... forgotten opera, L'amico Francesco, afterward singing ... Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and ... Milan, it was clear that here was one of the most promi... Italy. Caruso had made a success in various countr... America in 1903, but it was his performance of the ... November 23d of that year which convinced opera-g... had arrived.

The great artist has made records *exclusively* for ... present contract with the tenor does not expire until 19...

THE CARUSO RECORDS (*Sung in Italian unless o...*

Africana—O Paradiso (Oh, Paradise!)
Agnus Dei—(Lamb of God) *In Latin*
Aida Celeste Aida (Heavenly Aida)
Alba separa dalla luce l'ombra (Day Banishes the Night)
Amor Mio (My Love) (Vocal Waltz
Andrea Chenier—Come un bel dì di maggio
Andrea Chenier Un dì all' azzurro spazio
Because *In French*
Bohème Io non ho che una povera stanzetta
Bohème Racconto di Rodolfo Rodolph's Narrative)
Bohème—Testa adorata (Adored One!)
Canta pe' me (Neapolitan Song
Cantique de Noel (Holy Night) (Christmas Song) *In Fr...*
Carmen Air de la fleur Flower Song *In French*
Carmen Il fior che avevi a me (Flower Song)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Addio alla madre (Turiddu's Fare...
Cavalleria Rusticana—Brindisi (Drinking Song)
Cavalleria Rusticana—Siciliana (*Horn accompaniment*)
Chanson de Juin (Song of June) *In French*
Cid, Le O souverain, ô juge, ô père! *In French*
Cielo Turchino (Neapolitan Song)
Core ngrato (Neapolitan Song)
Danza Tarentella Napolitana
Don Pasquale Serenata—Com' è gentil (Soft Beams the ...
Don Sebastian In terra solo (On Earth Alone)
Dreams of Long Ago *In English*
Duca D'Alba Angelo casto e bel (Beauteous Angel)
Elisir d'amore Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)
Elisir d'amore Una furtiva lagrima (A Furtive Tear)
Eternamente For All Eternity)
Eugen Onegin—Air de Lenski (Faint Echo of My Youth

Faust Salut demeure (All Hail, Thou Dwelling!)
Favorita Spirto gentil (Spirit So Fair)
Fenesta che lucive The Shining Window) (Neapolitan
For You Alone *In English*
Forza del Destino—O tu che in seno agli angeli (Thou H...
Germania Non hunter gli occhi vaghi Those Dreamy E...
Germania Studenti, udite Students, hear!)

(Continued on next page)

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a Victrola. It is free at al...

Victor T...

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Victor

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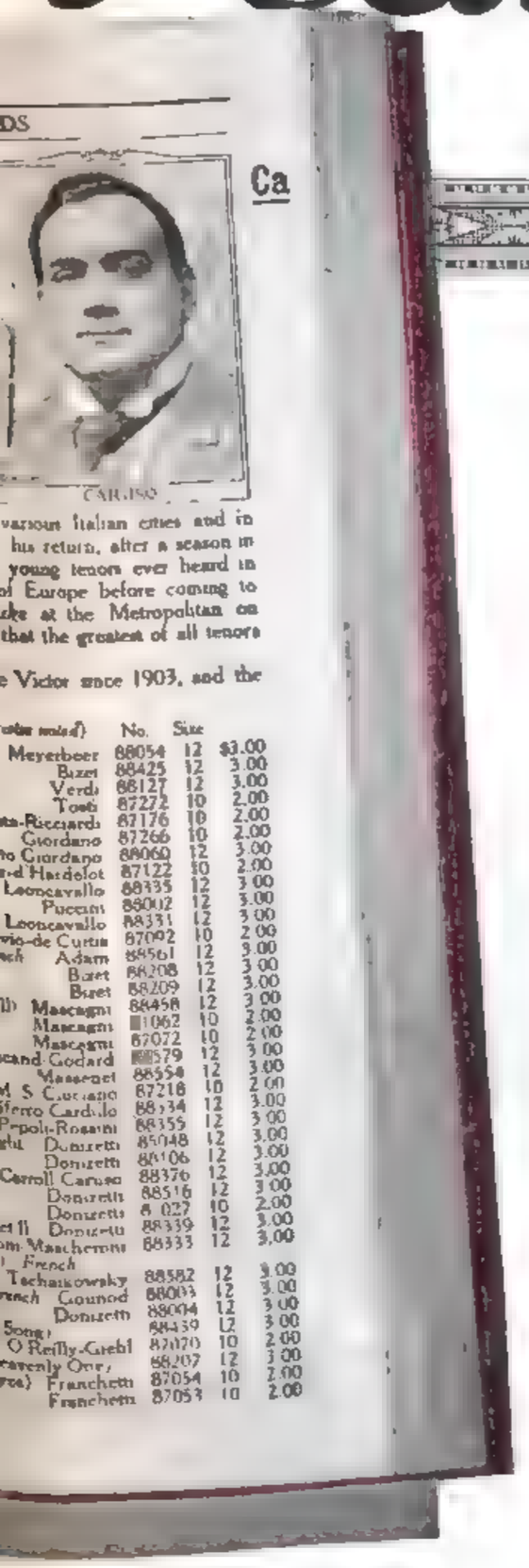
A book every music-lover will want



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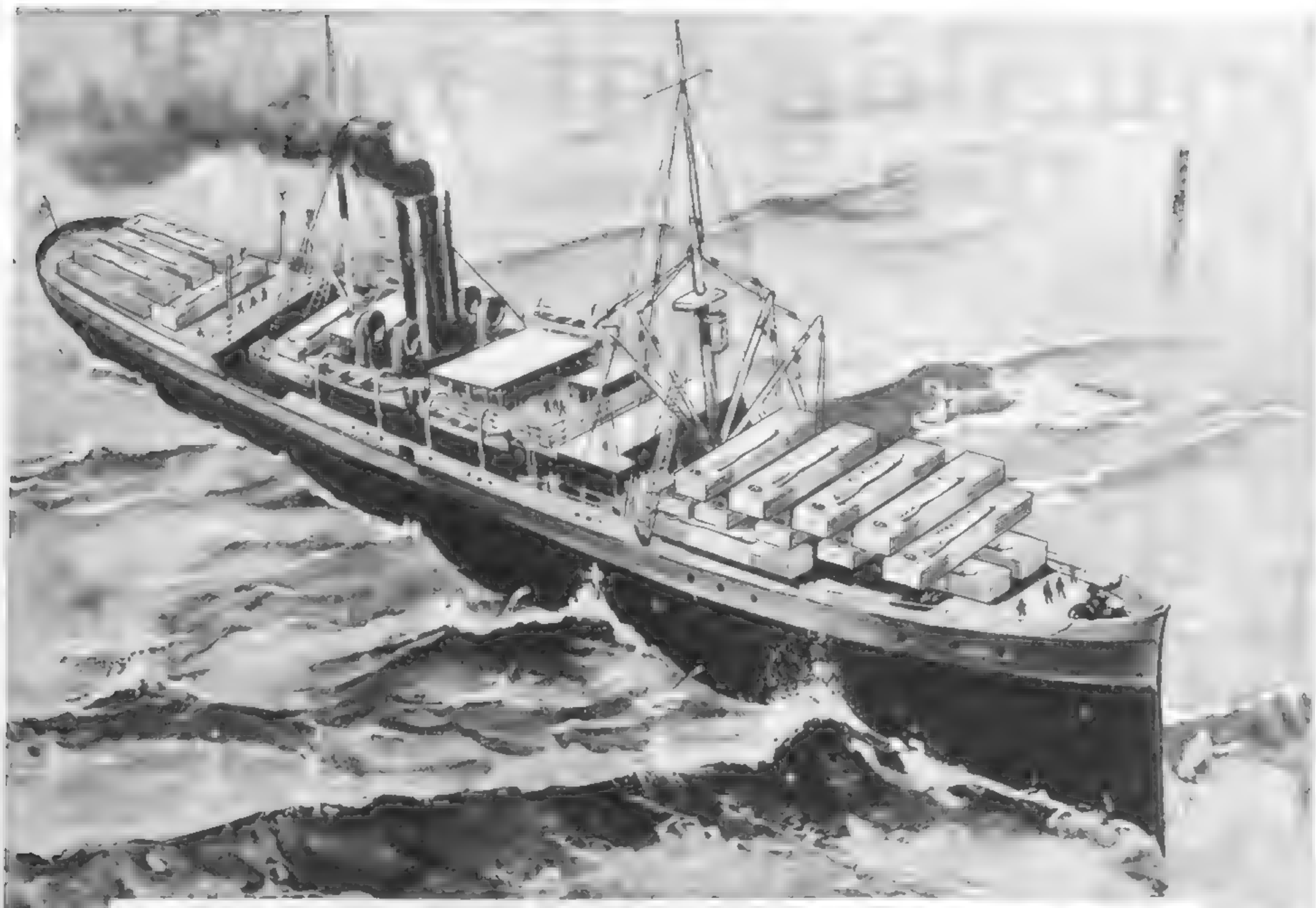

The Pro-phy-lac-tic to the Boys Has Gone

Even with the fighting stopped, our soldiers overseas needed Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brushes, our Government wanted them, and though this unsolicited order may mean that there will be a scarcity of Pro-phy-lac-tics in American stores until next summer, we are sending the brushes abroad.

Most of the brush factories of Northern France were badly damaged by the Germans. The British have no tooth brushes to spare, and our boys, whose strong, even, white teeth have excited the admiration of Europe, must have the best brushes we can give them.

In youth's and children's sizes the Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush will still be on sale, but practically every machine that makes a man's size brush is now making it for a soldier.

You may find it necessary to use the brush you now own a little longer than you had intended to. If you do, you may be surprised to find out how long a Pro-phy-lac-tic will last if carefully hung up after using and not lost or mislaid.

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, FLORENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

Canadian address: 425 Coristine Bldg., Montreal

Makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand Brush and the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush

(Continued from Page 51)

up good money? Therefore it was only the part of wisdom to transfer that good money as speedily as possible to quarters where it was appreciated. And this transfer they did their level best to achieve.

Upon a certain occasion a squad of doughboys bound for the Front stopped at a farmhouse to buy a dozen eggs. The eggs were duly forthcoming, but at prices which would have made the Klondike merchant pirates blush with envious shame. Nevertheless the Americans paid down the money without a single peep, then withdrew for a council of war. It was not the highway robbery which hurt them; it was that Madame Bonhomme should put over a thing like that and think she could get away with it. Such treatment might do for Huns; but they were allies, by gum, and a lady had ought to distinguish!

So they mapped out a plan of campaign, after which they returned to the farmhouse and demanded more eggs. They were going up to the Front, where the egg was an extinct bird, and if madame could procure them eight, nine, ten dozen fine eggs, such as she had sold them this morning, and at the same remarkably reasonable terms, they would remember her with extreme gratitude all the days of their lives. Did madame think she could round up that number of eggs at that extremely moderate rate? Madame thought perhaps she might.

Very well, then. They would come for them that evening. At seven. Would madame have them ready? Madame would have them ready. At seven sharp? Not an instant later! For their lieutenant was a hard and suspicious—oh, most suspicious—man, and if he so much as glimpsed a soldier lingering at a doorway in the dusk, talking with a charming woman like madame, he would straightway think—well, it was impossible to tell madame the unmentionable things the suspicious lieutenant would think or the crudely vulgar things he would say. And so would madame have the ten dozen eggs all ready precisely on the hour?

Madame laughed and promised to have them ready on the dot. They thanked her a thousand times. They departed. But one of them came running back. He was quite out of breath. They had completely forgotten something. Would madame be kind enough to boil the eggs? Otherwise they feared they might break on the road. And then they would lose their precious eggs.

Madame promised to boil the eggs. Would she boil them hard? Very, very hard? Say, three-quarters of an hour? Madame promised to boil them faithfully three-quarters of an hour. Farewell, then, until seven o'clock sharp!

And Madame Held the Bag

Once more they departed on their way, laughing and shouting and slapping each other on the back like lunatics. And those merry young scoundrels never returned! Madame was left, on the stroke of seven, with ten dozen hard—oh, very, very hard!—boiled eggs on her hands.

And the exquisite joke went all over the A. E. F. But he laughs best who laughs last, and I am sure of one thing—that sooner or later American troops passing by that road paid madame the weight in gold of those ten dozen hard-boiled eggs.

If waggish tricks like the above tended to make Jacques Bonhomme regard the American with a somewhat bilious eye it is hardly surprising. But occasionally the French peasant was pleasurably as well as painfully shocked by American military behavior. There is a story of the American general driving in his car past a farmhouse which the peasants still recount with pride and awe. That day by a simple act of justice the stock of the entire American nation went up in that remote little corner of France.

The episode was this: A lazy little pigeon strutting in the road was killed under the general's car. He alighted, and with the dead fowl in his hand expressed his regret to the peasant farmer and paid for the loss. The farmer was stupefied, and at first he refused the pay. Later, when the general insisted, he pocketed the coin. And like the tale of the eggs, it circulated far and wide. That was a man for you—and a general, mark you!—with a head on him and a fine sense of values. He realized that pigeons ate up good corn and that corn costs labor to grow! And it is safe to say that thereafter, so far as that particular peasant was concerned, the American soldiers in their trading with him received a square deal.

Another incident of like character happened behind Château-Thierry at the opening of the big drive. Division after division of French and American troops was being rushed into the sector. Roads were congested with heavy artillery; every village and hamlet was overflowing, with horizon-blue and khaki billeted everywhere. An American officer in charge of a regiment of heavy artillery was hunting shelter for his guns and men. Nothing could be found save an old disused mill loft over the river, which the peasant owner obstinately refused to let. He explained harshly that he had permitted some French infantry to billet there for a time, and it had taken him a month to clean up their filth. All soldiers could go to the devil for their billets so far as he was concerned.

Of course the American could have had that loft requisitioned, had he so desired, but he was Irish, and so he rubbed his private little blarney stone with such effect that at length the peasant reluctantly gave way. But he growled. The American officer bade his men leave everything in the exact order in which they found it—which they did. They remained three days. The morning after their departure Jacques Bonhomme came down to the mill, climbed to the loft, gazed incredulously about, poked his nose here and there, descended, and spoke to an American billeted near.

"So *les Américains* didn't use the loft after all?"

"Oh, yes, they used it."

"But they didn't sleep up there!"

"Oh, yes, they slept up there."

"But nothing, absolutely nothing, was touched. Everything was clean."

"That's right. They had orders."

Name of a thousand sacred pigs! Were all Americans polite and clean like that?

And the astounded old man hurried off to tell the authorities that the Americans could billet on his place whenever they liked. Those *braves gens* understood the value of property.

Not Her Day

There is another accusation out against Jacques Bonhomme. People say he is not clean. But cleanliness is largely a matter of opinion and religion. To the Britisher with his collapsible rubber bathtub the French peasant is unclean. But the Hindu, with his fastidious religious rites of laving, considers the Britisher a filthy being. It is all a matter of degree. And Jacques Bonhomme as a matter of fact is as clean as he needs to be. Moreover, he does not require a whole bathtub of liquid, or a river, to perform his ablutions, any more than he requires a seven-course dinner to satisfy his hunger. He is frugal even with water. With one basinful he will wash his blouse, and then he will wash his person; and after that he will step over to the cabbages and give them the benefit of the residue. He is moderate in all things, save only that of toil.

There is the story of a prosperous farmer's wife who was having made a new pair of stays. The corset maker, a woman of the city, came for the fitting, but madame was not prepared.

"For you see, my chemise is not clean," she explained.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll fit it over the one you have on."

"What! Fit a new corset over a soiled garment? Sainte Vierge! You must be mad!"

"But haven't you any clean ones?" demanded the astonished city dweller.

"But certainly!" exclaimed the indignant madame. "Look!" And she threw open a chest filled to the brim with clean linen garments smelling of lavender.

"Well, then, that's simple. Change."

"Change! To-day? You're crazy. This isn't my day to change. You'll just have to come again."

"And which is your day?"

"Sunday—if I am not too occupied. Come Sunday."

The corset maker returned on Sunday.

"Ah!" exclaimed madame pleasantly. "Here you are again—and I have been too busy to change. But look here. Come next Sunday. Then I shall make a point of it!"

Nobody but the peasant, the poilu, himself will ever know what he has suffered in this war. His are the deep, wide, sacred wounds of life which one hurries over. But the voice of a poilu is to be listened to with respect; and it is for this reason, as well as for the fact that it embodies an intelligence and a sincerity typically French, that I am including at this point the letter of a young poilu now at the Front. He is not yet twenty. He has been in the war, in active front-line service, for three years—the first year as an *engagé volontaire*. For the rest, his letter speaks for itself:

"24–10–18.

"*Dear Miss:* How are you? I should like to be with you to talk a little, but as my hole is not large enough for two persons and for other reasons I should prefer we would be talking close by your fireplace. That I should enjoy better than spending my time to look at many, many small frogs crawling about among the stones. These don't talk. I have called one Oatmeal. It has not stirred.

"I forgot to say you something. Dear Miss: We don't want anyway to go into Germany. The newspapers say: we have to go into Germany, all the allied newspapers say that, as it is thinked by the allied governments and nations too. But there is a few, very few people comparatively, that suffers—you know how, you saw that; these have no voice; if you ask for the soonest end of the war and help to get it, so you give them back to the life. They will have no more voice to thank you; because of ignorance they will not even greet you; but you will have made a great thing.

"Now pardon me if I add that: I don't speak so for being here myself. Part, because I am not here since four years; further, I hope to find the way to better things.

"I wait for you will explain me how the 'Cause of Right' requires that these poor tired men make a way to lead the others into Germany, but let me repeat it: The Frenchman who says 'We have to invade Germany,' does not know the sufferings of the first line; he does not care about it; let us distrust him. New fighting men, who do not know, as American soldiers, only would be right in speaking so.

"If you, sometimes, go along the French Front and meet me, call in a loud voice: Hello, boy! Shake-hand. We are before Grand-Pré, Armée Mangin.

"I beg you to believe me,

"Yours sincerely ——"

And now with some slight knowledge of Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme's salient characteristics we come to the second part of the program—the high cost of living. Well, it may as well be bluntly stated at the outset that the cost of living, the price of sheer existence, has always been high for Jacques. He has had to pay with his body for every war of France; he has had to pay with his children; he has had to pay with his possessions, down to the final sou. In this respect the present war does not differ from all of those of the past. It is just more of the same thing. And it has endured longer. But as in the past Jacques has philosophically made the best of a bad bargain, not wasting his breath to shout curses up toward the remote and unavailing stars but patiently starting to collect the fragments of his shattered existence, so now he is doing the same thing. He is making the best of the situation. And that situation, considering everything, is not so bad. It is, on the contrary, distinctly good. Never at any former period of their existence have the peasant farmers—what is left of them after the four years' holocaust!—been so prosperous as they are to-day.

The Garden Spot of Europe

The reasons are not far to seek. France is the garden spot of Europe. Save for the invaded districts in the north her farms are all intact. Brittany, Normandy, all the fertile regions in the center and south, still yield abundantly. Added to that, these hard-working lovers of the soil possess what the darkies term "de growin' hand." Things planted by their hands flourish. They have a deep gift for Nature. And never since the world began has there been such a demand for food—for all kinds of food, for milk and cheese and eggs and vegetables and grain and meats and wine. And these staples have brought extremely good prices.

Nor has the high cost of necessities, which has struck the city worker—rent and coal and warm garments and sustaining food—touched the peasant farmer. He lives on his own land and produces his own food. His wants are few. He has no fancy for spending. He is not a man of insatiate appetites or insensate ambitions. All his instincts are the other way. The result is he is garnering wealth, not by the slow laborious process of sou on sou, but by five, ten and twenty franc notes. For his savings in the olden days he did not usually need a bank. He seldom invested in securities. Stamped bits of government paper with future promises to pay he regarded with just suspicion. Governments toppled; banks closed their doors; financial bubbles burst—and poor Jacques was just so much out. So he kept his gold under his own eye and presently transformed it into land. But now, with the broader vision, the accelerated thought which the war has brought, Jacques Bonhomme is putting all his savings into government bonds. Incidentally they pay good interest, those bonds, 5.65 per cent. Jacques is no fool, and he knows that's a good return for his money.

Also, if being a patriot means to have a profound instinctive passion for one's native soil and to be determined to guard it at all price, then Jacques is a patriot of the first water. He is yielding up his dearest possessions—his sons, his property—that there shall be peace. He wants peace. He yearns for it with the deepest taproot of his soul; it is an ache that will not be satisfied. He wants at the very earliest possible moment to stop soldiering—which is not and never will be his primary trend—and begin once more to dig and plant and sow and build. For centuries he has been the buckler of civilization; he has fought other peoples and he has fought his own, for principles of freedom. But at heart he is not militant. At heart he yearns for construction and not destruction to prevail. And it is for this reason that it is the farmer class which is to-day the heaviest subscriber to the French Fourth Victory Loan.

Back to the Farms

Their present prosperity, however, is not a clean-cut affair. It has shades and modifications. In the first place a heavy proportion of fathers and sons are dead. Others are crippled, sick, prisoners in Germany or returned to their firesides as hopeless invalids. Few families have escaped unscathed. France has lost two and a half million men. The flower of the race has died on the battlefields. Three hundred and fifty thousand homes have been destroyed. To build them up again—buildings only, without their furnishings—6,000,000 days of work will be required, involving an outlay of 10,000,000,000 francs, together with building material. These strong hearts have not been broken—but the joy of their life is quenched. How shall money compensate them for all they have lost?

In August, 1914, sixty per cent of the workers of France were called to the colors. Since that date how many have yielded up their lives "to lead the way"! Some—a few—have hobbled back to resume their old tasks of building up the land. How deep and passionate is this instinct was seen during the recent months of victories, when the Allies reconquered territory captured by the Germans in the spring. At the time of dispossession the refugees were distributed by government employment bureaus in the center and south to work in the industries of war. Here they received high wages, anywhere from fifteen to forty francs a day. To a peasant, untold wealth! And yet, no sooner were their meager, ravaged farms cleared of the foe than the northbound trains were packed with blue-bloused peasants, stout, gnarled, weather-bitten gentry, turning their faces resolutely toward home, preferring ruins to wealth, toil to comparative ease, sacrifice to plenty. This is a solid refutation of the accusation that they love money for its own sake.

The question of procuring labor on the farms is very acute and is bound to remain so for some time. Male labor to some extent has been replaced by women. Boys under military age have been assigned to the land. Moroccan and Spanish labor has been imported, with varying degrees of unsuccess. Soldiers on leave—French, British and Colonials—have helped to sow and harvest the crops. And German prisoners have been set to work. But the problem as a whole remains in its essence unsolved. The brunt of the extra burden rests—where it has always rested through the centuries—on the strong, enduring shoulders of those accustomed to bearing loads, the peasant and the peasant's wife.

Next in importance to the vexatious problem of labor comes that of transportation. After Jacques Bonhomme with infinite pains has harvested his crops his troubles have

(Concluded on Page 59)

Up to the time this photograph was taken, the 30×6 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire, shown here, had never been removed from the rim, although it had run 13,650 miles on a 1-ton truck owned by the Clay Urie Auto Delivery Service, Toledo, Ohio.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

Getting There First

"WE have adopted Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires for our work because they supply the requisite speed and stamina, at the same time greatly reducing truck repairs. As a matter of fact, they make hard work easy."—Mr. Clay Urie, of Clay Urie Auto Delivery Service, Toledo, Ohio.

WITH characteristic newspaper enterprise, Mr. Clay Urie, who handles the deliveries for the Toledo News-Bee, uses 1-ton trucks equipped with Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires, to hurry each edition of this paper to newsdealers.

He began his initial trial of these tires on August 1, 1917, using them on a truck which was operated in direct comparison with a solid-tired unit.

Even a small margin of greater quickness in traffic and on the straightaway is important in newspaper delivery. Consequently the pneumatic-shod carrier demonstrated the distinct advantages of its tires for this work when it constantly scooped its sister truck.

Also, during the memorable drifting snows of last winter, which tied up solid tired trucks, this Goodyear-equipped hustler continued to distribute capacity loads *on schedule*.

The firm traction supplied by its tires has served effectively to counteract wet and icy pavements even in cases where this truck has been compelled to sprint over them.

After the experimental set of these tires had been in service but a short time, it was noted that the bills for mechanical repairs to this truck had taken a sudden and practically complete slump. This was simply because, although the truck often whirled fast across car tracks and rushed over rough stretches, the former solids were no longer transmitting the heavy jars to moving parts and other members.

At the time the photograph at the left was taken, all the tires on this truck had traveled 13,650 miles. Despite the fast starting and stopping, the driver's following of street car lines and other exactions of the service, their condition clearly indicates many more miles yet to be delivered by them.

Indeed, up to this point, the rear tires had never been removed from the rims, notwithstanding that they had averaged 30 miles daily, including Sundays, for more than 15 months.

This, in brief, is the story of how the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic-Cord-equipped truck of Toledo led its owner to effect vital improvements in the News-Bee's delivery system.

But it is by no means an unusual narrative when placed beside others in which the pioneering exploits of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires are recounted.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

More than eleven million bottles were sold last year

Good for Scuffed Shoes

You know what the youngsters do to shoes! A ball-game, a sand fight, even ordinary wear-and-tear scrape and scuff the toes of the shoes to a shabby greyness. New shoes look old in a day.

But the boys have their fun and what does it matter when the "new shoe" appearance can be brought back in a clean, easy way by

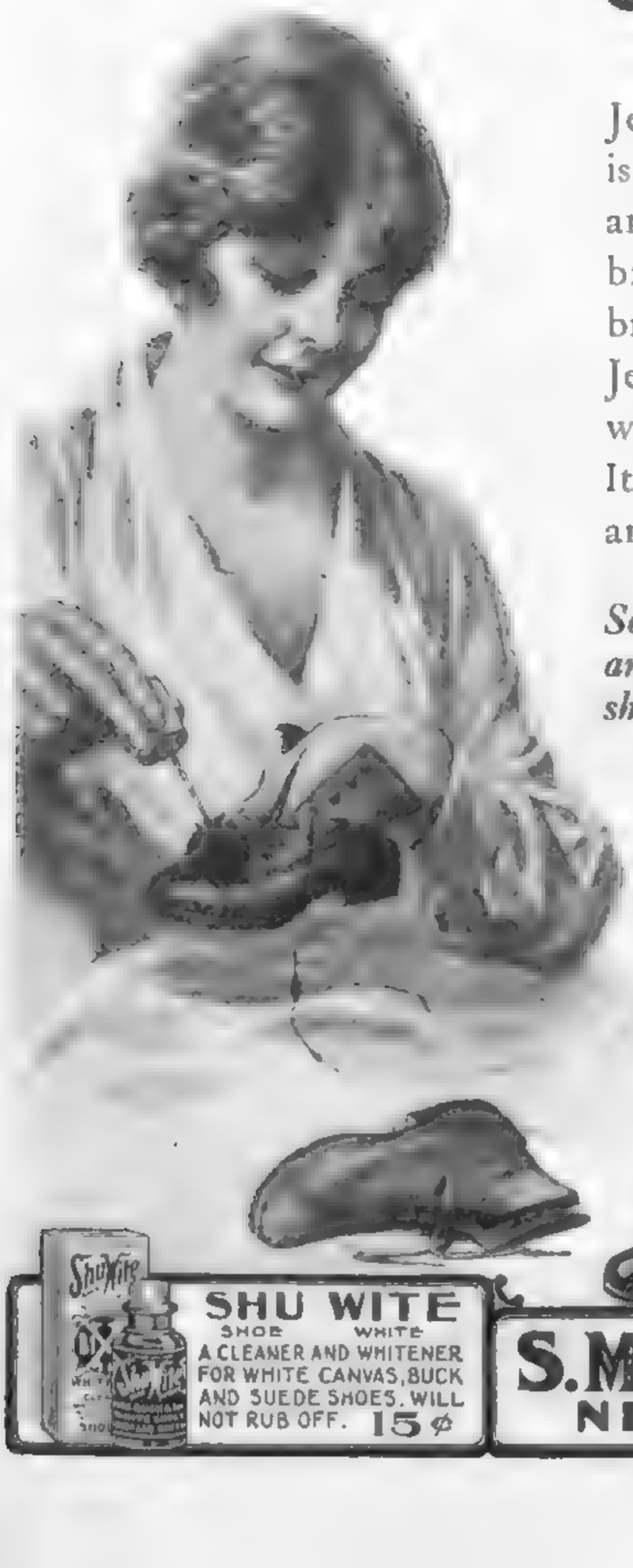
"BIXBY'S JET-OIL" SHOE POLISH

FOR ALL BLACK SHOES

Jet-Oil is a liquid polish. No paste is needed. You simply put it on and allow it to dry. If a more brilliant polish is desired, rub briskly with a brush or soft cloth. Jet-Oil shines and preserves and will not injure the finest leather. It is especially good for fine kid and kangaroo.

Sold by grocers, notion stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, repair shops and shoe stores.

15c



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SHU WITE
SHOE WHITE
A CLEANER AND WHITENER FOR WHITE CANVAS, BUCK AND SUEDE SHOES. WILL NOT RUB OFF. 15¢
S.M.Bixby & Co., Mfrs.
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
DOUBLE A BROWN
FOR DARK TAN SHOES AND PUTTEES. A LIQUID POLISH REQUIRING NO PASTE.
Military Kit 50¢
Extra Bottle 25¢

(Concluded from Page 55)

only just begun. If he is lucky enough to live in the path of the army his difficulties on this score are nil. He can sell his produce at top prices as fast as it comes along. But peasants remote from big centers—in far-away Brittany, Normandy or the south—are forced to depend largely on trains; and there have been no trains. They are all otherwise occupied, hauling men and guns. Thus much of the perishable produce, fruits and vegetables, rots upon the ground. And while Paris is charging a dollar for a green peach and half a dollar for a meager bunch of grapes or a dozen puckery strawberries Jacques must lose his labor for lack of transportation.

Nor can he put his goods up in tins because of a lack of metal; nor bottle them because of a lack of bottles; nor conserve them because of a lack of sugar. In peace days he might have packed them with a wealth of cool, protective leaves in a high two-wheeled cart and peddled them in the nearest town. But now he has lost his horses. They are in the artillery, requisitioned long ago. Every so often Jacques received a summons to fetch his equine wealth to the village square for military inspection. And now, after four years of such repeated summonses, if he still retains even one ancient, sway-backed, blear-eyed cripple he deems himself a lucky man. For the rest, either himself or his wife or his daughter or his dog will draw the load, and ask no odds.

But in spite of all these handicaps, which would break the spirit of a lesser man, Jacques Bonhomme is doing very well, thank you. He rises at three A. M. He eats a bowl of thick soup and a hunk of sour black bread, and betakes himself to the fields. At eight o'clock he pauses to eat a sandwich of salted pork and gulp down a draught of wine. Then on again until eleven o'clock. Then back once more to the house for the midday meal, where he remains until two o'clock. But do not believe that he sits down, reads the paper or naps. There are all the beasts to be tended and a thousand household tasks.

For his noonday dinner—his principal meal—he has pot-au-feu or a ragoût consisting of meat—rabbit or pork—stewed with vegetables. He finishes off with cheese and wine. Always wine. The fact is, Jacques Bonhomme is rather a pretty drinker. In some of the northern districts—notably Normandy—he easily can and does get outside of four liters of wine a day. He doesn't care greatly for meat. Vegetables, eggs, cheese and wine—these are his staples of diet, and on them he performs wonders and lives a hundred years and a day.

At two o'clock he takes to the fields again. At five another interlude and another crust, this time with wine and a thick white cheese, a kind of first cousin, bar sinister, to Camembert, but ripened to 1000 h. p. strength, and of so deadly and dynamic a reek that a bit of it set between the rails would make a rushing express train grow white as snow and reel upon the tracks. In truth, it's an indecent cheese, but it's Bonhomme's particular delight. As I remarked at the outset, this is a realist sketch!

At eight in the evening or thereabout—later, in summer—he seeks his home, beds down his beasts and sups. Soup, perhaps, as in the morning, or a boiled egg; and if there is any more of the phew-phew fromage about, like as not Jacques will cut himself a liberal wedge.

Then he will finish off with a nip of burning cognac or eau de vie that would take the head bodily off the shoulders of a delicate man. And after that, without any useless chin-chinning, Jacques calls it a day and is off to his bed.

From the above simple recital of the daily round it will be seen that Jacques Bonhomme is not an extravagant liver. What he does not spend he sells or saves. And as the prices of all the principal food staples have risen two hundred and fifty per cent since the beginning of the war, and are still mounting with no limit in sight, Jacques is raking off a neat little profit these days. But be sure he is not scattering his hard-got gains to the four winds of heaven; nor spending it in riotous living; nor buying diamonds or automobiles; nor giving himself the airs of a grand gentleman whose fingers have never touched the soil. Be sure on the contrary that with all the passion of his powerful, deep-seated nature, and with all the energy of his iron frame, he is laboring to rebuild his beloved land once more; to blot out destruction; to restore to every inch of the soil of France its beauty and its fecundity.

And as he is as irresistibly constructive by habit as is Nature herself, I think we may, with reasonable confidence, leave this sensible, moderate, hard-working man to carve out his future destiny—which is also the destiny of France—with the same strong, true, patient hand with which he has chiseled it in the past. This struggle, this Verdun, is finished. Already it is history, gliding softly down the dim, gloom-enveloped arcades of the past. Already, with his building instinct, Jacques Bonhomme is preparing for future Verduns. And if for the first time in his harsh history he has gained a bit of prosperity; if he is laying up money and investing it in Victory Bonds—at 5 65 per cent!—well, taking it all in all, in face of his past and present achievements, in face also of the mighty task of reconstruction that lies before him, I think he merits his modest good fortune. Don't you?

SECRETS OF VICTORY—By David Lawrence

ONE of the most important functions of our Military Intelligence Bureau was to make use of material captured from the enemy. America spent a good deal of time and energy sending information into Germany. The Germans have tainted the word "propaganda" with a sinister meaning. America engaged in no campaign of that sort. Our Government substituted truth for propaganda and devoted itself continuously to ways and means of getting that truth into Germany.

Both sides of course tried to deceive the other on the battlefield. The *ruse de guerre*, or tricks of the trade, are part of the strategy of every army. Volumes upon volumes of information were written by the Intelligence officers of the Allied armies telling of the plans and preparations of the enemy and his methods. They played their part in gaining military ascendancy for our armies.

But the Military Intelligence divisions in Washington were not so much occupied with the training of officers for Combat Intelligence work as in the actual acquisition of data enabling the United States and the Allied governments to take steps to break down German morale—that of the fighting forces and the people who sustained those fighting forces.

Germany was working at the same game, but somehow she started with a premise that was woven into everything German—the premise that might makes right. She assumed that enemy countries would react to her propaganda or terrorism exactly as Germans would. Our Intelligence system started with no preconceived ideas of how the German psychology should act, but endeavored to learn exactly what the Germans were doing or did do under certain sets of given circumstances. For instance, our Intelligence officers in Washington kept a chart of German morale. It wasn't scientific because it was not based upon all the data necessary for precision, but it served the purpose.

The line of German morale shot up and down like changes in the weather. It was traced after a painstaking study of information obtained from first-hand agents, from news dispatches from neutral countries, from statements of prisoners pieced together, and countless other channels. There was no guesswork about it; nor was the line to be charted speculatively. It wasn't what the German morale would necessarily be expected to develop after a military success. All the other factors operating at the same moment were taken into consideration.

Like a cork on the surface of the water bobbing up and down as the waves sweep it backward and forward, so did the line drawn by our Intelligence officers fluctuate as they endeavored to keep the military machine accurately advised of the true condition of German morale. The line showed a steady drop in the weeks preceding the German plea for an armistice. Our commanders at the Front didn't guess that German morale was low. They knew it—and acted accordingly.

Many factors contributed to that decline in morale—mostly of course the achievements on the Western Front. But it was possible for our Government to check up from time to time on the effectiveness of its own campaign of education carried on among the German people—a campaign only of truth. For instance, America began a systematic policy of disclosing every week the number of troops that had embarked for France. General March gave out the figures at weekly conferences with the newspaper correspondents, and the figures were wirelessed across. These items were printed in neutral countries and they trickled into Germany. We endeavored, indeed, to convince the German people that they were up against great odds and that they had better get rid of their Kaiser and quit. German propaganda was rank with lies. America never sent abroad a story that couldn't be verified. The German General Staff knew early that we were telling the truth—if they had any agents in America their reports must have corresponded exactly with the information given to the press. The Committee on Public Information through its foreign bureaus distributed President Wilson's speeches and similar documents showing America's true purposes in the war. These reached into Germany and helped to divert the socialists and liberals from support of the autocratic government. Pamphlets and leaflets were translated into German and were dropped by aviators or otherwise sent into Germany. The people were steadily given to understand that a nation had sent millions of troops across an ocean infested with submarines simply to fight for an ideal.

Hunger of course brought the climax. America's navy coöperated with the British fleet in keeping German ships off the seas, and our rationing system prevented the neutrals from having a surplus to sell to Germany. We could measure the effectiveness of the blockade in many unique ways, not the least interesting of which was a certain map—it might be called the rot map—which was made up from day to day by Military Intelligence officers in Washington and gave a graphic representation at a glance of all the places inside the Central Powers where riots, strikes, mutinies or revolts were occurring. It was a picture of anarchy. And as the days of the German army became numbered it was interesting to note the rapid increase of big black spots on that map. Disturbances seemed to be infectious. They would spring up in a certain town or city; and in a few days there would be another in the same neighborhood. One city's troubles would spread to another like an epidemic.

It was especially valuable for our Department of State to know the true conditions inside the Central Powers. The President and the Secretary of State were thus able to appraise the utterances of German and Austrian statesmen, who may have imagined that a rigid censorship kept the outside world always in total ignorance of their true strength.

To be sure, there was written in this connection a certain volume—it might well have been called the Book of Knowledge—which would have made the German General Staff gape with wonder had a copy ever got into its possession. It was a strategic estimate of the world, with particular attention to belligerents and neutrals. Each country was treated briefly and tersely. The estimate covered political, military and economic questions. But each page represented absolutely the latest information available. The book was kept up-to-date. Sheets were rewritten and pages substituted from time to time. But that Book of Knowledge was a ready-reference book which served to guide higher officials of the Government in their relations with any government or people in any part of the globe affected by the war. Many thousands of persons must have worked on the compilation of it. Not more than a dozen men have ever seen complete copies of it.

Not a small amount of information incidentally was obtained by our code experts, who worked untiringly on German messages picked out of the air. Some of these codes took many months to decipher, but once the key was discovered the information was of incalculable value. We have had some of the most remarkable code men in the war whose boast is that not a cipher was presented to them which they could not master in time. For this group of Intelligence officers the cables and wireless or telegraph held no secrets.

What shall become of this newly developed branch of the Government now that the war is ended? In the period preceding the signing of a peace treaty its activities are of course particularly valuable. All the information gathered by the Military Intelligence is at the disposal of our peace delegation—geographical, ethnological, political and historical. And changes in the situation, which of course cannot be adequately recorded by reliance on the fragmentary reports of newspapers or even consuls, must be noted by the Intelligence staffs.

The Department of State cannot do all of this work because its ambassadors, ministers and consuls cannot always get information first-hand. They are compelled to place their dependence on travelers or seemingly trustworthy friends. But they cannot be sure that they are not being misled. The agencies of the Government embraced in the Intelligence system in vogue during this war coöperate with other governments in the exchange of all sorts of data. It isn't the secrets of governmental councils that are necessarily sought, but accurate knowledge of what is happening in countries far and near. It is accuracy and reliability which are most important. And the feat of the Intelligence services of the United States Army and Navy was the ability to state promptly the actual source of all information—and in nine cases out of ten that source was a dependable person whose loyalty to our cause was unquestioned. The Department of Justice, charged with the enforcement of the law of the land, runs down spies and enemy agents and frequently gathers much important information, but its chief business is to handle separate cases and not necessarily to correlate those cases with other information in possession of the Government. Our Intelligence officers were always able to analyze enemy activity to the last detail and measure instantly its effectiveness. Our Government knew the enemy's strength and plans and the losses and casualties of our cobelligerents every week of the war. And because we knew, we could make war intelligently.

If such agencies were valuable in time of war, will they not be doubly useful in time of peace? What they have discovered already about trade and economic factors in other parts of the globe has helped the War Trade Board so much that if some institution like the latter is permanently maintained certainly an Intelligence arm is going to be indispensable to efficient management of trade and shipping questions.

Many of the functions of Military Intelligence, such as censorship and military surveillance of individuals and other domestic activities, have already disappeared or soon will. But the collection of positive information about other peoples and other countries ought not to be discontinued. It is information that anyone who would visit a foreign country could get by simple observation—much of it concerns accurate maps and published works. But our Government hasn't had much of this before and has often been obliged to formulate steps in foreign policy based upon the information of other countries which in many cases was unconsciously colored by the viewpoint of the persons who did the gathering.

People who argue that wars can be prevented, or at least their number reduced and their areas localized, place much reliance on open diplomacy—the principle that the peoples of the world should know all the time what all other peoples are thinking and doing. One of the fundamentals of such diplomacy is a disdain of rumor and unconfirmed reports and an insistence on the truth. Intelligence has furnished the secrets of victory; it can yield the secrets of a lasting peace.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lawrence

Do You Give Your Printer a Chance

YOU say to your printer, "Now, I want you to give me a first-class job on this." And he gives you a figure that includes the sort of care necessary to a first-class job.

You pay for the services of a "layout" man. He plans your catalog so that it will be typographically correct. You pay for the care a proofreader exercises in guarding against errors. You pay for the pressman's time in watching the printed sheets drop from the tapes. The pressman looks after the color, the register—he prevents spoiled sheets from creeping into catalogs and reaching your customers. You pay for dozens of expert services which are rendered but which you never see.

You pay for these services willingly, but do you sometimes stint on the very item which makes them of any value—the paper? All the care, all the attention, all the skill which you pay for may be wasted if the paper you prescribe is of uncertain quality. You can't print fine engravings, carefully arranged type, on cheap paper and expect to get a good job.

Warren's Standard Printing Papers, by a consistently unvarying standard of press performance, reward with better printing every effort of engraver, pressman and master printer.

The standardization of Warren's Papers gives them the quality of showing every effort the workmen put into their work. You pay for the work-

to Give You All That You Pay For?

men's efforts. Are you going to see what you pay for?

Before you definitely decide on your next catalog, send for the Warren Suggestion Book. Learn why printing is called an art. Study the striking effects you can obtain by selecting the proper engravings and paper. Notice how Warren's Cameo reveals the soft toning of a platinum print, how the screen loses itself in amazing ranges of color depths. See how Warren's Lustro defines each detail clearly. Warren's Olde Style carries you back to Colonial Days when dignity, conservatism and sincerity appealed through the skill of craftsmen. Warren's Silkote brings out all the latent printing qualities of fine half-tones, free from glare and harshness. Warren's Cumberland Coated, Warren's Printone, Warrentown and Library Text—each forms the basis for better printing, all are produced to furnish the medium on which both the advertiser and the printer can place complete reliance.

For any Book-paper printing job there is a Warren Standard more suitable than if made to order. To show how each of these fills a definite printing need, the Warren Suggestion Book has been prepared. It will be sent on request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"Constant Excellence of Product"

THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

receive from a certain kind of revenge. "Poor darling! You don't know how hard she's tried, Annette. People haven't understood her. All she's wanted was to be sure of herself—and now she is. She's really been in love with Stephen all these years, only she didn't know it. That is, she knew it; and yet —— But I'm sure you see it. You're one of the few who've never been unkind to her. She wanted me to tell you. She'll be so glad to have you know it, too, Major Melbury. Perhaps she told you on the boat. I think she said she did. I don't quite remember. There's been so much to say in the last few hours. There always is at such a time, don't you think? . . . No; they're not going to announce an engagement. It would only make more talk after all the talk there's been. One of these days they'll be married—without saying anything about it. And oh!—I know you'll be interested, Annette, though it may bore Major Melbury—Stephen has bought that very nice house—the Endsleigh Jarrotts lived in it for a little while—in Park Avenue, near Sixty-eixth Street. Ralph Coningsby is going to remodel it for them, and I'm sure it will be awfully attractive. That's where they'll live."

It was my opportunity. I could have shouted out there and then and made a scene.

Do you think me a coward for not doing it? Do you think me a fool?

All kinds of speeches were hot within me—and I kept them back. More correctly, I didn't keep them back; I simply couldn't utter them. I couldn't give pain to this sweet lady sipping her tea so contentedly; I couldn't give pain to Annette. Annette was enjoying the situation in which we found ourselves; the sweet lady had got compensation for months, for years, of wondering and unhappiness in those seemingly artless words "She's really been in love with Stephen all these years, only she didn't know it." I knew they were spoken for my benefit. Between the lines, between the syllables, they said "And if you think she was ever in love with you you're wrong." Whether the sweet lady believed her own statements or not made little difference. It would gratify her all her life to remember that she had had the chance of making them.

So I came away, following the line of least resistance, because I didn't see what else I could do. I didn't see what else I could do when Cantyre came into my bedroom late that night.

I knew he would be dining at the Barrys', and that he would come looking me up after his return. To avoid him I had the choice between staying out and going to bed. My physical condition kept me from staying out very late, and so I took the other alternative. It made no difference, however, since he waked Lovey by pounding on the door, and insisted on coming in.

Dropping into the armchair beside my bed, with no light but that which streamed in behind him from the sitting room, he took me on my weak side by beginning to talk about the war.

I have said that my mission had become unreal and fantastic, but that was only in relation to my personal fitness for the task. That the war was a holy war, to be fought to a holy end, remained the alpha and omega of my convictions. And to Cantyre war of any kind was plainly unholy war, productive of unholy reactions. What I felt as he talked may best be expressed by Lovey's words next morning when he betrayed the fact that he had been listening.

"Didn't it get yer goat, Slim, the way the doctor went on last night?"

It did get my goat, and I restrained myself only because I had been warned in London to be patient with Americans. "You must treat them as wise parents treat their sons," I had been told. "Help them to see for themselves—and when they do that you can trust them." So the best I could do was to help Cantyre to see for himself; and to make any headway in that I had to pretend to be tolerant.

"No one contends that war is the ideal method for settling human difficulties," I admitted; "but as long as human society stands on certain planks in its platform there'll be no other way."

"Then isn't this the time to take another way?"

"No; because you've got to change your bases of existence first. You can't change your effects without first changing your causes, any more than you can graft an apple on an oak."

"But even without removing the cause you can still sometimes nip the effect."

"Which is what in the present instance we tried to do, and didn't succeed in. All the trend of education during thirty years has been in the direction of eliminating war, while still keeping the principles that make for war as part of the foundation of our life. We created a system of international law; we set up a Hague Tribunal; many of us had come to the conclusion that no great war could ever again take place; but the law by which human beings prefer as yet to live outwitted us and brought war upon us whether we would or not. So long as you keep the causes you must have the effects."

"Then let us do away with the causes."

"Yes! Let us. Only to do that in time for the present situation we should have begun five hundred years ago. You can't put out the fire the ages have kindled as you'd blow out a candle. When you've spent centuries in preparing your mine, and fixed a time fuse to make it explode, you've nothing to do but to let it go off. This war wasn't made overnight. The world has been getting ready for it as long as there have been human beings to look askance at each other. Now we've got it—with all its horrors, but also with all its compensations."

"Compensations for the lives it has ruined?"

"In the lives it has saved—yes. You'll never get its meaning unless you see it as a great regenerative process."

"Do you mean to tell me that we can only be regenerated by fire and sword and rapine?"

"Not at all! We're regenerated by courage and honor and sacrifice and the sense that every man gets—every Tommy, every poilu, every bluejacket—that he personally is essential to man's big fight in his struggle upward. It's one of the queer things of the whole business that out of the greatest wrong human beings can inflict on each other—to go to war with them—there can come the highest benefits to every individual who gets himself ready to receive them. It makes one believe in an intelligence compelling the race toward good, however much we may be determined to go the other way."

He tuned his voice to a new key.

"Oh, I've never doubted that; and now, old chap, now I—I see it."

I knew what was coming. It was the great subject that could eclipse even that of the war. I had just force to pull the bedclothes up about my mouth and mutter a suffocated "How?"

"What I hinted this morning. It's all—it's all come right. I used to think it never would, sometimes. And then—don't laugh, old boy, but then I'd say to myself that God would never have made me feel as I did unless he meant something to come of it. Religion keeps telling you to trust; and I did trust—on and off."

Again I had an opportunity; but again such words as rose in me choked themselves back in my throat. I could have told him that she was ready to come to me if I lifted a finger. I knew I should have to tell him sometime, and it occurred to me that it might as well be now. It was the words that failed me, not the intention; or if it was the intention it was the intention in any degree that made it compulsory.

I don't think he noticed that I said nothing, for he went falteringly on:

"It's a wonderful thing to be happy, Frank. I've never been happy before in my life. I'm a pusillanimous sort of bloke, and there's the truth. I wasn't happy at home, or at school, or at college, or in any of the hospitals where I worked; and I never made any friends. You must know I've been queer when I say that women have always looked at me as if I was outside of their range. They've never made up to me in the way they do to most fellows with a bit of money and not deformed. Regina—there! I've said her name—she was the very first who ever took the trouble to be more than just decently civil."

I managed to stammer the words "What did she do?"

"Oh, nothing very much—not at first. She seemed to think—she used to say it—that I was different from most men. That's what she appeared to be on the lookout for. All the other chaps she knew were so much alike, and I —— Well, that's how it began. She wanted the unusual—and I turned up. After a while she thought I wasn't unusual enough—said it in so many words —— But you know that story. I've told you too many times already."

"And now?"

"She thinks she'll marry me."

He brought out the statement in a voice all awe and amazement.

"She only thinks?"

"Oh, she will. She wouldn't say anything about it if she didn't mean ——"

"And—and you're going to—to let her?"

"Let her? Why, man, you might as well ask me if I'd let God forgive my sins if he said he'd do it."

"God could forgive your sins and not be any the worse off himself."

He sprang forward in his chair, grabbing at the bedclothes.

"Frank, I swear to you it will be the same with her. She'll never be sorry. I'll never let her. She'll be like God to me. I'll make my whole life worship and service."

"If that's what she wants."

"It's what every woman wants, so they say. They just ask to be loved; and when you love them enough ——" He uttered a little shrill laugh, in which there was a touch of the hysterical that was always somewhere about him. "God, Frank, it's wonderful! Even you who knew her can't imagine what it means to a lonely bloke like me."

I pumped myself up to a great effort.

"Suppose"—I had to moisten my lips before going on—"suppose she was to play you the same trick she played you before?"

"She wouldn't."

In spite of his evident conviction I pressed the question.

"But if she did?"

He threw off in a tone that seemed careless: "In that case there'd be just one thing for me to do. I'd leave her everything I possess—I'm doing that as it is, and—well, you can guess the rest. I—I couldn't go through all that again. The first time—well, I just pulled it off; but the second ——"

It was the old story. They all seemed to have the second time on the brain. I, too, was getting it on the brain. It was like a trip hammer pounding in my head.

I forced myself, however, to make some foolish, semijovial speech in which there was no congratulation, begging him, then, for the love of heaven to clear out, as I wanted to go to sleep.

XXV

NO RECORD of the next few weeks exists for me. I suppose I must have done things—little things. I must have gone in and out and eaten my meals, and fulfilled Lovey's orders—for lacking volition of my own I was entirely at his command. But the recollection of it all has passed from me. I remember reading in someone's reminiscences of prison life that the weeks of solitary confinement went by; but the released prisoner could not say how. Nothing remained with him apparently but a big, black blur; and of these first weeks in New York it was all that stayed with me.

I know that Christmas came and went, and that I spent the festival at Atlantic City. I did this in a wild hope, which I knew was idiotic when I formed it. I told Lovey what I was about to do; I knew he, in the course of his valeting, which he still kept up, would tell Cantyre; I guessed that Cantyre would tell Regina; and I hoped—it never really amounted to hoping, I only dreamed—that Regina might find the moment a favorable one for slipping away and joining me. Then we should actually do the thing so impossible to plan.

But, of course, nothing came of it; and I returned to New York more unsatisfied than I had gone away. The sense of being unsatisfied sent me at last to Sterling Barry's door.

You will observe that I had not talked with Regina since our last night on board ship. On the morning of landing her quick movements, as compared to my slow, lumbering ones, enabled her to elude me. Since our landing my will had been positively paralyzed. Those words of hers, "Oh, Frank, I hope you won't make me!" were always in my memory; but the very sense that I could use the power held me back from doing it. I meant to use it; but as each minute came round when I might have taken a step toward that end I seemed to fall backward, like the men who went out with swords and staves to take the Christ.

But two days after my return from Atlantic City I came to the conclusion that I could wait no longer. I could go and call on her at least. For the family it would mean no more than that I had come to offer my congratulations. For her—but I could tell that only by being face to face with her.

The old manservant recognized me on coming to the door. He was sorry that Miss Barry had gone to tea with Miss Van Elstine, and was sure his mistress would be sorry too. Moreover, they had all heard of my prowess in battle, and were proud of me.

So I drove round in my taxi to Annette's.

The maid would have ushered me straight up to the library, but I preferred to send in my card. As I was being conducted upstairs a minute later I had the privilege of hearing a few words which I am sure Annette intended for my ear:

"Well, I don't mind this once, Regina; but I can't have it going on. . . . Yes, I know it's an accident; but it's an accident that mustn't continue to happen. The very fact that he's my cousin obliges me to be the more careful. It wouldn't be fair to your father and mother if I were to let you come here ——"

"But, Annette, this once is all I'm asking for."

"And all I mean to grant."

I could tell by Annette's voice that she was retreating to another room, so that by the time I entered Regina stood there alone. Before I knew what I was doing I held both her hands in mine and was kissing them.

It is an odd fact that on raising my eyes I saw her features for the first time since that summer afternoon at Rosyth. On board ship she had always worn the yashmak; and on the dock she had been too far away to allow of my seeing more than that she was there.

The face I saw now was not like Annette's, untouched by the passage of time and suffering and world agony. You might have said that in its shadows and lines and intensities the whole history of the epoch was expressed. It was one of those twentieth-century faces—they are women's faces as a rule—on which the heroic in our time has stamped itself in lineaments which neither paint nor marble could reproduce. It flashed on me that the transmigrated soul had traveled farther than I had suspected.

I don't know what we said to each other at first. They were no more than broken things, not to be set down by the pen. When I came to the consciousness of my actual words I was saying: "I'm going to make you, Regina; I'm going to make you."

She responded like a child who recognizes power, but has no questionings as to right and wrong.

"Are you, Frank? How?"

"In any way that suggests itself." I added helplessly: "I don't know how."

"I'll do whatever you tell me," she said, simply and submissively.

"Then will you just walk away with me some afternoon—and be married—without saying anything to anyone?"

"If you say so."

"When shall we do it?"

"Whenever you like."

"Next week?"

"If that suits you."

"Would it suit you?"

She bent her head and was silent. I repeated the question with more insistence.

"Would it suit you, Regina?"

"There's no question of suiting me. I've got myself where I can't be"—she smiled, a twitching, nervous smile—"where I can't be suited."

"Do you mean that you'd come with me—when you wouldn't want to?"

"Something like that."

"Why should you?"

"I've told you that. I've—I've let you see it—in what I've been doing for the past two years."

"So that I'm absolutely master?"

"That's it."

I turned away from her, walking to the other end of the long room. When I came

(Continued on Page 65)

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Kreolite Wood Block Floors are ideal for installation in both old and new factory buildings.

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back she was standing as I had left her, humbly, with eyes downcast, like a slave-girl put up for sale.

I paused in front of her.

"Do you know that your abandonment of will puts us both in an extraordinary position?"

"Yes." She went on presently: "But I know, too, that where you're concerned my will power has left me."

"But that isn't like you."

She shook her head.

"No; it isn't. Generally my will is rather strong. But in this case —— You see—I'd—I'd waited so long—and I'd never believed that you—that you cared anything—and now that I know you do—well, it's simply made me helpless. I've—I've no will at all."

"So that I must have enough for two?"

"I suppose so."

"And if I—if I carry you off—and make everyone unhappy—and put you in a position where you'd be—where you'd be done for—that's what Annette calls it—the responsibility would be all mine?"

"I should never reproach you."

"In words."

"Nor in thought—if I could help it."

"But you mightn't be able to help it."

To this there was no reply. I took another turn to the end of the room. My freedom of action was terrifying. Since I could do with her what I liked I was afraid to do anything. I came back and said so.

The old Regina woke as she murmured: "If you're afraid to do anything—do nothing."

"And what would you do?"

"I should let things take their course."

"Let things take their course—and marry him?"

"If things took their course that way."

"Do you mean that they mightn't take their course that way?"

"I'm not married to him yet. There are—there are difficulties."

I caught her by the arm.

"Of what kind?"

"Of opinion chiefly—but of very vital opinion."

"Do you mean about the war?"

She said with a force like that of a suppressed cry:

"He wants me not to have anything more to do with it! And I—I can't stop—not while it's going on. I—I must be doing something. It's one of the reasons why I could marry him—that he's a doctor—and I could take him over there—where they need him so much."

"And he won't go?"

"He doesn't say that exactly; but he doesn't want to. He thinks it's all wrong—that when it comes to brutality one side is as bad as the other."

"Oh, he'll get over that—if you insist; and then you'll marry him."

"Perhaps so—if I haven't already married you."

"What makes you think you may have married me?"

"You said you'd make me."

And in the end, when Annette came back, we left it at that, with everything up in the air.

XXVI

MORE weeks followed, of which my record is chiefly in the drama of public events.

Vast as these were at the time they seem even vaster in the retrospect. As my memory goes back to them they are like prodigious portents in the sky, awful to look at and still more awful to think about. A time will come when we shall find it amazing merely to have lived through such happenings.

Before the invaders the Rumanian towns were going down like houses built of blocks. In her attitude to Rumania Russia was a mystery—a husband who sees his wife fighting for her life and doing hardly anything to help her. The rumors, true or false, that reached us might have been torn from some stupendous, improbable romance—a feeble czar, a beautiful and traitorous czarina, a corrupt nobility, an army betrayed, a people seething in dreams and furies and ignorance. Washington, having gone so far as to ask the Allied nations their peace conditions, had received them—restitution, reparation and future security. Then late in that month of January, 1917, there came to people like me an unexpected shock. Before the Senate President Wilson delivered the speech of which the tag that ran electrically round the world was peace without victory.

I mention these things because they are the only waymarks of a time during which my private life seemed to be drearily and hopelessly at a standstill. The deadlock of the nations reacted on myself. Mentally I was at grips with destiny, but nothing made any progress.

I was exactly where I had started, as regards Regina, as regards Cantyre, as regards Annette, as regards the Father and Mother Barry. Outwardly I was on friendly terms with them all, and on no more than friendly terms with anyone.

The Barrys invited me to dinner, and I went. Cantyre made up a theater party—he was fond of this form of recreation—and I went to that. Annette asked me to a Sunday lunch at which Cantyre and Regina were guests. The force of organized life held us together as a cohesive group; the operation of conventional good manners kept us to courtesies. That anyone was happy I do not believe; but life threw its mask even on unhappiness.

I got in, of course, an occasional word with Regina, which, nevertheless, didn't help me. As far as I could observe she lived and moved in a kind of hypnotic state, from which nothing I knew how to say could wake her. She was always waiting for me to give the word, and I was afraid to give it. If there was hypnotism it affected us both, since I was as deeply in the trance as she.

Now and then, however, she came out of it with some brief remark which gave me a lead, and perhaps made me hope. One such occasion was at the theater. Cantyre had not put me next to her, but there was an entr'acte when I found his place empty and slipped into it.

"And how are events taking their course?" I asked with a semblance of speaking cheerily.

"I'm waiting to see."

"Still?"

"Still."

"And how long is that to go on?"

"Till events have shaped their course in a way that will tell me what to do."

"How shall you know that?"

"How does the twig know when the current takes it from the spot where it has been caught and carries it downstream?"

"Oh, but you've got intelligence."

"Any intelligence I've got implores me to keep on waiting."

"So that you're not going to be married right away?"

"I shall not be married till I see it's the obvious thing to do."

"Not even to me?"

"That's different. I've already told you ——"

"That if I give the word —— But, don't you see I can't give it?"

"Exactly. You're waiting for the sign as much as I am."

"What sign?"

"We shall recognize it when the time comes."

"Where will it come from?"

"Right up out of life; I don't know where nor how."

"Who'll give it to us?"

She had only time, as Cantyre returned to his seat, to send me a long, slantwise look with the underscored words "You know!"

Another time was in the regrouping of guests after Annette's luncheon. Finding myself beside her at a window I asked the plain question: "Are you engaged to Cantyre?"

"I'm just where I was when I told you about it on board ship. He hasn't asked me to be more definite."

"Is he just where he was?"

"I think he is, in that—in that he expects me to marry him."

"And you leave him under that impression?"

"I don't know what else to do—till I get the sign."

"You're still looking for that?"

"Yes; aren't you?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Oh, but you are, whether you're aware of it or not."

"And suppose he urges you before the sign comes?"

"I shall still wait."

"And suppose I urged you?"

"I'd take that as the sign."

And after the guests went I stayed behind and told the whole story to Annette. So long as there were no clandestine meetings under her roof she was as detached and sympathetic and noncommittal as a chorus in a Greek play.

"Why don't you give her the sign, if it's not a rude question?" she asked, while a marvelous succession of ripples circled over her duskiness.

"Because I'm afraid to. Think what it would mean to Cantyre, who's been so white with me all these years."

"As well as to everyone concerned, including herself and you. I'm glad you've enough common sense to feel that. See here, Frank," she went on kindly, "you've got to pull yourself out of this state of mind. It's doing you no good. When you ought to be at work for your country, which needs you desperately, you're sulking over a love affair. Buck up! Be a sport! Be a man! There are lots of nice girls in New York. I'll find you someone."

But at that I ran away.

XXVII

WITHIN a few days I saw the correctness of Annette's summing up. A medieval legend tells of an angel being sent to Satan with the message that God meant to take from the devil all the temptations with which he had seduced mankind. To this Satan resigned himself because he couldn't help it, begging of the angel that he should be left with just one—and that the least important. "Which?" asked the angel. "Depression," said Satan. The angel considered the request, found that depression cut but slight figure as a sin, and went back to heaven leaving it behind him. "Good!" laughed Satan as the celestial vision faded out. "In this one gift I've secured the whole bag of tricks."

And that is what I was to find.

I was depressed on leaving Europe. I grew more depressed because of the experience on board ship. In New York I was still more depressed. There was a month in which all things worked together for evil; and then I came to the place at which Satan had desired to have me.

I have not said that during all this time I made no attempt to look up my old friends at the Down and Out or, beyond an occasional argument with Cantyre, to fulfill the mission with which I had been intrusted. Ralph Coningsby had come and offered me work, and I had refused it. Even the march of public events, with the introduction of lawless submarine warfare and the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States, hadn't roused me. I marked the slow rise of the impulse toward war in the breasts of the American people, as passionless and as irresistible as an incoming tide, but it seemed to have nothing to do with me. I was out of it, flung aside by a fate that had made sport of me.

I was so far from the current of whatever could be called life that I grew apathetic. Though I hadn't seen Regina for weeks I sat down under the impalpable obstacles between us, making no effort to overcome them. I ate and drank and slept and brooded on the futility of living, and let the doing so fill my time. Lovey was worried, and dogged me round till there were minutes when I could have sprung on him and choked him.

Then came the afternoon when I decided that Satan must have his way.

There is a hotel in New York of which I had many recollections because I had frequented its barroom in the days before I went altogether down. It is a somewhat expensive-looking barroom, with heavy mahogany, gilded cornices and frescoes of hunting scenes on the wall. Hanging over the bar at any time during the day or night can be seen all the types that are commonly known as sporting, from the dashing to the cheap.

They might have been the same as on that day when I turned my back upon the place five years previously. They hung in the same attitudes; they called for the same drinks; they used the same profanities, though with some novelty in the slang. With my limp, my black patch and my general haggardness I felt like a ghost returning among them.

Timidly I approached a bar man at leisure and asked for a cocktail of a brand for which I used to have a liking. I carried it off to a table placed inconspicuously behind the door leading to and from the hotel. Putting it on the table I stared at its amber reflections.

I had come back to the same old place at last. It was curious; but there I was. All my struggling, all my wandering, all my uphill work, all my days and nights in the trenches, all my suffering, all my love everything had combined together to land me just here, where, so to speak, I had begun. It was the old story of dragging up the cliff, only to fall over the precipice. It seemed to be my fate. There was no escaping it.

I might not take more than that one drink during that afternoon; but I knew it would be a beginning. I should come back again; and I should come back again after that. Another type of man would do nothing of the kind; but I was my own type.

Very deliberately I said good-by to the world I had known for the past three years and more. I said good-by to work, to ambition, to salvation, to country, to love. Back, far back in my mind I was saying the same deliberate good-by to God. I shouldn't rest now till everything was gone.

The glass was still untasted on the table. I was taking my time. The farewells on which I was engaged couldn't be hurried. The fate in store for me would wait.

Then the door behind which I sat began to open. It opened slowly, timidly, stealthily, as if the person entering was afraid to come in. The action stirred the curiosity, and I watched.

Before I saw a face I saw a hand. Rather, I saw four fingers from the knuckles to the nails, as if someone was steadying himself by the sheer force of holding on. They were old, thin, twisted fingers, and I knew at a glance I had seen them before.

The door continued to open, stealthily, timidly, slowly; and then, looking like a spirit rather than a man—a neat, respectable spirit wearing a silver star in his buttonhole, with trembling hands and a woeful quiver to the corner of his lower lip—Lovey stood in the barroom.

He stood as if he had never been in any such place before. He was like a visitant from some other sphere—dazed, diaphanous, unearthly.

He didn't look at the table behind the door. His gaze was far off. I could see it scanning the backs of the hangers across the bar. Then it went over the tables one by one, traveling nearer and nearer.

Just before the dim eyes reached me I said: "Hello, Lovey! Come and sit down. What'll you have to drink?"

There seemed to be an interval between hearing my voice and actually seeing me—an interval during which a frosty, unnatural color, as if snow were suddenly to take fire, flared in his waxlike cheek. But he came to the table and dropped into a round-backed chair.

"Oh, Slim!"

Leaning on the table he covered his face with his hand.

I tried putting up a bluff.

"What's the matter, Lovey? Haven't got a headache, have you?"

He raised those pitiful, dead blue eyes.

"No, but I've got a 'eartache, Slim—a 'eartache I won't never get over."

"Why, why ——" I began to rally him.

"It's just what I was afeared of—for days and days I've been afeared of it. Been a-watchin' of you, I 'ave."

Here was another transmigrated soul that had traveled farther than I knew. It was in pure curiosity as to the changes wrought in him that I said: "I should think you would have been glad, Lovey. When I was here before you used to want to have us both go back."

The extinct eyes were raised on me.

"These times ain't them times. Everything's different. I 'aven't stayed where I was in them days, not any more nor you. Oh, to think, to think!"

"To think what?"

"That you should 'ave come back to this—and me believin' the war 'ad done ye good—lifted you up like. Not but what you was the best man ever lived before the war ——"

"Oh, no, Lovey. No one knows better than yourself what I was."

"You was good even then, sonny—even in them awful old days. Goodness ain't just in doin' certain things; it's in being certain things. I don't 'ardly know what it is; but I can tell it when I see it. And I seen it in you, Slim—right from the first. Me and God A'mighty seen it together. That's why he pulled you up out o' what you was—and made you rich—and dressed you in swell clo'es and sent you to the war—and made you a 'ero and stuck you all over with medals and brought you 'ome again to me And if you'd only waited ——"

"Well, if I'd only waited—what?"

"You'd 'a' got somethink better still. You'd 'a' got it pretty soon."

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S. E. P. 1-11

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"What should I have got?"

"I ain't a-goin' to tell ye. If you'd come 'ome with me you'd see." Before I could follow up this dark hint he continued: "God A'mighty don't play no tricks on his children. Look at me! All he's give me. Kep' me well while you was away—and 'elped me to knock off the booze when it was mortal 'ard to do it—and pervided me with a good 'ome, thanks to you, Slim!—and work—and wages—and a very nice man to work for, all except being a bit stuck on 'isself—and let me off washin' windows, which was never a trade for an eddicated man like me—and brought you back to me, which was the best thing of all—and just because I waited."

"What do you mean by waiting?"

"I mean waitin' for 'im. That's somethink I've found out since you went away, sonny. It's a tip as Beady Lamont give me. You've got to wait patientlike for 'im; and if you do 'e'll come to you."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course you don't. That's why I'm a-tellin' of you. It was like this: When you went away it was somethink fierce for me—nothink but that empty flat—and everythin' speakin' to me o' you like—yer clo'es and yer boots and yer books and yer pipes, and the chairs you used to sit on, and the bed you used to sleep in—and everythink like that—till I thought I was goin' crazy. Many's the time I wanted to come and do just what you're a-doin' of now—but I'd think o' the promise I give you before ye went—and I'd 'ang on a bit more. And then God A'mighty hisself come and spoke to me, just as he did to Beady Lamont that time he told us about when we was in the blue stars."

"And what did God Almighty say?"

"He come in the middle o' the night, and woke me up out of a sound sleep ——"

"How did you know it was he?"

"Oh, I knowed. Ye couldn't 'elp knowin'."

"Did you hear his voice?"

"Ye didn't 'ave to 'ear. It just went all over ye like. I sits up in bed, and everything was dark and light at the same time, and something awful comfortin' like sweepin' through and through me. Ye couldn't 'ardly say it was 'earin' or seein' or feelin' or nothink. It was just understandin' like—but you knowed it was there."

"But you haven't told me what he said."

"That's what I'm a-comin' to. He says 'Lovey,' says he, 'you've put up a good fight, and now ye're over the worst of it. But I'm with ye all the time,' says he; 'only I can't give ye everything to oncet. All ye can take is what ye've made yerself fit to receive,' says he; 'because there was a good many years in yer life when ye wasn't fit to receive nothink. But just you wait, and you'll see 'ow good I'll be to you by degrees,' says he. 'You go on fightin' in your way, just as that young fella, Slim, is fightin' in his way; and I'll do you both good, and bring you back to each other,' says he. And, oh, sonny, he's kep' his word—all but right up till now, when you've been goin' about that sad like—and not wantin' to be 'ome. And now this!"

"But that's not God, Lovey; that's me."

"I don't see much difference. The most ways I gets a 'old o' God, as you might say, is through the nice things people does for me—and the nice people theirselves—especially men—I don't 'old with women—and more particular you, Slim—you that was more to me than my own children ever was—than my own life—yes, sonny, than my own life. I ain't a-goin' to live very long now ——"

"What makes you think so?"

"I 'appen to know," he replied briefly. "There's ways you can tell."

"What ways?"

"Smellin', for one thing. Ye can smell death, just as easy as ye can smell flowers, or the fryin' o' fish, or any other smell; and it's a sign ye'll never be mistook in." His ascetic profile was thrown up, with a long sniff through his delicate, quivering nostrils. "I can smell it now—just like the smell o' liquor." The profile came down, and he went on eagerly: "But what I'm tellin' you is that if I could die to save you from what ye're beginnin' to do this day, Slim, I'd do it cheerful. I knowed you was bent on it before ye knowed it yerself. I've been a-watchin' on ye, and follerin' you about when ye didn't see me."

"How did you know?"

"I can't tell ye 'ow—not no more than I could tell you I knowed it was God. It don't matter 'ow you know things as long as you know them, does it?"

"Perhaps not."

"I've just been a-livin' in yer skin ever since ye come 'ome, sonny. It was as if all yer thoughts passed through my mind, and all yer feelin's through my 'eart. I ain't much of a 'and at love—that kind of female love, I mean—not now, I ain't; but I know that when ye're young it kind o' ketches you ——"

"Stop, Lovey," I said warningly.

"All right, Slim, I'll stop. I don't need to go on. All I want to say is that you don't know—you couldn't know—the fancy I've took to you—and I used to think that you kind o' 'ad a fancy for me, like."

"So I have."

The mild eyes searched me. There was a violent trembling of the lower lip.

"Do you mean that, Slim?" Before I could answer he added proudly: "I don't need to 'ave no one sayin' they've got a fancy for me when they 'aven't."

"Oh, but it's true."

Two shivering hands were stretched out toward me in dramatic appeal.

"Oh, then, leave that there drink alone, and come 'ome along o' me." His eye fell on the glass. "'Ow many o' them things 'ave ye 'ad?"

"None yet; this is the first; and I haven't tasted it."

He straightened himself up, speaking with what I can only call a kind of exaltation.

"Then God A'mighty has sent me to you in time. It's 'im—and except 'im 'tain't no one nor nothink. Slim, if you puts yer lips to that glass now ye'll be sinnin' in his face just as much as if it was 'im and not me as was a-pleadin' with ye."

"It isn't a sin to take a cocktail."

"Not for everyone, I don't suppose. It wouldn't be for the doctor; and it wouldn't be for Mr. Coningsby; but 'tis for me, and 'tis for you. There's take-it-and-leave-it people in the world, and there's take-it-and-be-damned; and you and me belongs to the last. Oh, Slim, don't be mad wi' me! Ain't ye a silver-star man in the Down and Out? Ain't I yer next friend—yer real next friend, that is—a great deal more than that young Pyn, with 'is impotent tongue, what stood up with you? Come 'ome along o' me, and I'll show you somethin' good."

It was the dark hint again.

"What are you driving at, Lovey? What is there at home?"

His reply might have been paraphrased from a writing he had never heard of:

"There's things ahead of you, Slim, different from what you're expectin' of. Wait."

I confess to being startled. You must see me as in an overwrought condition, reacting from the tremendous strain, first of fighting, then of blindness, and thirdly of emotional stress. I do not pretend that more than any other man who comes back from the jaws of the infernal brazier in Flanders I was my normal self. I was easily up and easily down, easily excited and easily impressed. The mere cast of Lovey's two brief sentences impressed me.

"What things?" I asked, with that mixture of credulity and rejection with which one puts questions to a trance medium.

"I'll not tell ye; I'll show ye; only ye must come 'ome." As if an illustration of his words, he added: "Ye must begin to wait right now."

"But why wait?"

"Because God A'mighty can't give us everything to oncet. Didn't I say he told me that hisself? We ain't fit to receive more'n a little at a time, just like babies. That's another tip as Beady give me. And Mr. Christian, he p'inted out to me oncet that wait is one of the frequentest words in the Bible. See here! Beady writ this for me." Fumbling in an inside pocket he drew forth a carefully folded bit of paper, saying as he did so: "It was one of the times when I was awful low in my mind because you was away. I don't 'old with them low fellas at the Down and Out—not as a reg'lar thing, I don't—but now and then when I just couldn't seem to get along without you I'd go down to one of the meetin's. Then oncet Beady sits beside me and begins a-kiddin' o' me, callin' me old son, and everything like that. But by 'n' by he sees I wasn't in no such humor, and we starts in to talk serious, like. And, then—well, I don't 'ardly know 'ow I come to let it out—but Beady 'e sees just 'ow it was with me, and 'e bucks me up and writes me this. 'E ain't as bad as you'd think 'e'd be, that Beady. It's good words out of the Bible, and there's a reg'lar tip in 'em."

The shaky hands unfolded the bit of foolscap on which was scrawled in a laborious script:

"Wait on the Lord: . . . wait, I say, on the Lord."

Beneath this counsel from one psalm were the verses from another:

"I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings."

I suppose you will call my impulse by some modern psychological name, and for aught I know you may be right. But the words were not without their effect on me. They came to me with the mystery of a message emanating from the days before Time, and from spheres which have no need of the sun to rise or of the moon to give brightness or of the light of any candle. That it was carried to me by this tottering old man whom I had known in such different conditions only added to the awe

I struggled to feet that were as shaky as Lovey's hands, paid for my drink, which I had left untouched, and flinging an "All right, Lovey; I'm your man!" to him hobbled out into the lobby of the hotel.

My immediate sensation was that which you have known when the black cloud of troubles that enveloped you on waking has been instantly dispelled on your getting out of bed. The troubles may still be there; but you know your competence to live and work and deal with them.

What I felt chiefly, I think, was that the old temptation would never master me again. I had been face to face with it, and hadn't submitted to its spell. Something had been healed in me; something had been outgrown. A simple old man with no eloquence but that of his affection had led me as others might be led by a child.

With this sense of release came a sense of energy. I was given back to my mission; my mission was given back to me. That which for lack of a more humble term I can only call the spirit of consecration took hold of me again and made me its own. The aims for which the war was being fought were my aims; I had no others. When these objectives were won my life, it seemed to me, would be over. It would melt away in that victory as dawn into sunrise. It would not be lost; it would only be absorbed—a spark in the blaze of noonday.

And as for love—well, after all there was the moratorium of love. My lot in this respect—if it was to be my lot—would be no harder than that of millions of other men the wide world over. Love was no longer the first of a man's considerations, not any more than the earning of a living could be the first. It might be a higher thing for her—a higher thing for me—to give it up.

Turning these things over in my mind and wondering vaguely what might be awaiting me at the apartment I said nothing to Lovey as we trundled homeward in a taxicab; nor did Lovey say anything to me.

It was only when we got out of the lift and he had turned the key in our own door that he said with sudden energy: "Slim, I'll be yer servant right down to the very ground."

"Oh, no, you won't be, Lovey," I returned deprecatingly. "We're fellas together. We're buddies. We'll be buddies as long as we live."

He slapped his leg with a cackle that was, as nearly as his old lungs could make it, a heartfelt, mirthful laugh.

"There! Didn't I tell you? That's what I've been a-waitin' for; and the Lord has give it to me at last. He can't do much more for me now—not till he takes me 'ome like." He raised his sharp profile and sniffed. "I smell it, Slim—a kind o' stuffy smell it is now—but I ain't mistook in it. And now, Slim," he went on triumphantly as he threw the door open and entered before me to turn on the lights, "and now, Slim, what you're a-waitin' for is—is waitin' 'ere for you."

I knew it couldn't be Regina that Lovey was caging in these overheated rooms, since she wouldn't be sitting in the dark.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Why you have been asked to conserve in ordering Carnation Milk

FEEDING our army and navy, and helping to feed the war-stricken countries of Europe has been one of the greatest tasks of our government. When your boy or your neighbor's boy comes home you will find that, whether in camp here or abroad, he was supplied with evaporated milk.

A very large proportion of the output of Carnation Milk has been used to meet these governmental needs.

Your grocer has been just as anxious to meet your wishes as we have been. So, if it has been necessary for you to conserve in ordering your household supply of Carnation Milk you have the pleasant knowledge that in so doing you were helping to feed the boys who so magnificently defended American institutions and ideals.

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If you are not acquainted with Carnation Milk please write us for our booklet, "The Story of Carnation Milk," including over 100 choice and tested recipes. Address Carnation Milk Products Co., 132 Consumers Bldg., Chicago

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STERILIZED EVAPORATED MILK

TOP NOTCH RUBBER FOOTWEAR

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Money Saving Rubbers

ORDINARY rubbers for boys and girls soon crack or wear through at the heel and toe. They keep pocketbooks lean.

Top Notch children's rubbers save money. They are specially constructed to stand the hardest usage. Their toes are doubly reinforced. They have patented Clincher Cushion heels that are wonders for service—"heels that last as long as the soles." Every vital point of wear is protected by extra strips of tough, durable gum.

"VULCAN" AND "AJAX"

With Fine Red Rubber Soles

These two Top Notch rubbers for little men and women are regular ironclads for wear. They are the most durable and, at the same time, the best looking, best fitting children's rubbers you can buy. The "Vulcan" is the storm rubber, high in front. The "Ajax" is the low cut style.

Top Notch Rubber Footwear is made for all members of the family. It includes light, graceful, stylish rubbers which fit snugly over the very latest fashionable shoes and make the feet look small. It also includes styles to fit all shapes of shoes. These rubbers possess great durability, like the children's rubbers, and have the famous patented "heels that last as long as the soles."

VULCAN

In almost every city and town there is a Top Notch dealer. He sells better rubbers than you can get elsewhere. Write today for the name of the dealer in your town.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.

DEPARTMENT C, BEACON FALLS, CONN.

New York Boston San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City Chicago

THE BLACK GOLCONDA

(Continued from Page 16)

hardly keep track of new fortunes. A prominent banker in North Texas, who was chairman of the Liberty Loan committee for a large area, related his experiences with the card-catalogue method, by which each citizen was practically assessed a certain amount for each loan, and all the bother was got over with in about three days. Those who objected to the assessment came before the committee and gave their reasons. One farmer who was assessed $10,000 for the Fourth Loan declared it was too much. It appeared that he had taken none in the First, Second or Third Loan. When he appeared the chairman did not remember ever having seen or heard of the man.

"It is too much," said the farmer. "My income is only $40,000 a year."

"You are lucky to get off so easy," ruled the chairman, and the assessment stood.

After all, the most fascinating thing about this newly acquired wealth is not so much its amount or even the suddenness with which it comes as the uses to which it is put, or the "outlet," as the oilmen say. It must be admitted that many of the farmers are unable to comprehend their good fortune. They not only do not know what to do with the money, but what is really a far more interesting human study is their inability to grasp its meaning, possibilities and power. The professional oilmen are scornful of the "agricultural instinct," as they call it.

"They don't know what to do with their money," said one clean-cut, handsome soldier of fortune, an ex-athlete of national standing.

It was this same oilman who told me of the farmer who sold his interest for half a million and then asked his wife what she wanted.

"Well, Miranda, I got half a million now and I want to do something for you."

Miranda thought a long time and finally replied: "I wonder if we could get a new ax. You know the ol' one has a nick in it."

The Irony of Sudden Wealth

In one of the new Texas fields an old farmer was one of the first to discover oil. Though most of the residents were as displeased with his behavior as any outsiders could be, there is no need of indicating the locality. After this man had grown rich he was persuaded to put part of his money in a new building much needed in the town. Though along in years he was so tempted by the big wages paid by the contractor that he took a job as a hodcarrier on his own building. His death a few months later, according to first-hand information, came from straining himself on the job; though it is said that worry contributed to his demise.

At any rate the old man clung tight to his money as long as he lived to "enjoy" it. When not actually working for the contractor on his own building he went round all day picking up nails, following the carpenters as they worked. One of the leading men among the newer residents of the town, a person of high standing and position in the community, told me that when he moved there three months before his wife had feared she could find no one to do the family wash. But she was promptly called upon by the wife of the oil discoverer, who offered to do the wash because that was the only way in which she could obtain spending money. It is said that when the first $100,000 was deposited in the local bank the old man took his wife there to prove it to her, she having naturally been somewhat skeptical. They parted after leaving the bank and when they next met, at home, the wife proudly showed the old man a bottle of olives.

"What are those?" he demanded.

"They are olives. All the best hotels have 'em. I thought now we could afford olives."

"No, we can't!" he shouted. "That's extravagance, and we won't begin now. You take 'em right back to the store."

So, except for the brief interval when he could not resist the wages paid by the contractor on his own building, the old man continued during the remainder of his life to hang about the street corners, as disreputably dressed as ever, collecting at one time a quarter from a man who had owed it to him. His case is extreme and exceptional, but not so much so as might be supposed. Most of the older and middle-aged men change their habits but little, buy few if any new clothes for themselves, and continue to worry if the oilmen trample down a little wheat or cotton.

One of the farmers near Ranger, a moderately young man at that, whose oil wells are producing millions of dollars for him, was found by a neighbor one day in apparent trouble. The friend supposed of course that something had gone wrong in the drilling, but discovered that the owner was much disturbed because he could not get anyone to pick his cotton. But the neighbor later told me that the reason for this particular labor shortage lay in the fact that the new oil millionaire would not pay the prevailing rate of wages, insisting upon getting help at the scale that had prevailed a year or two before.

"Time and again in riding through the oil country," one operator told me, "I have seen mamma doing the wash and papa wringing out the clothes, though I knew they were worth hundreds of thousands, potentially at any rate. I can take you to dozens of these bunk houses out in the country where these people still live. At least papa and mamma still live there. They are not wise yet; they haven't tumbled to what money will buy, even if the children have."

It is said of the much-talked-of beneficiary of the Goose Creek oil field that he promptly lost the note for $250,000 which was given him for a small part of his property, causing the banks of Eastern Texas no end of temporary trouble. But most of the farmers are wise enough when it comes to the money side. An old muddy-booted farmer walked out of a local bank as we went in.

"Do you see that old chap?" said the cashier. "He was in here to see me about his income tax. A few months ago he hadn't enough to pay his grocery bill. He couldn't raise anything on his sand farm. Now he has more than $100,000 cash in the bank, and has been in here kicking like blazes at the Government because they want him to pay an income tax of $16,000."

The thrifty instinct of the farmers is a constant source of wonder to the oilmen with their free and careless ways. An old German who had leased his property to a local syndicate, which had drilled and was selling the oil to one of the Standard companies, discovered one day that a few barrels had overflowed from a tank.

"I won't stand for it!" he shouted.

"The joke of it was," said the oilman, "that we had a seven-eighths interest to his one-eighth, and, more than that, the Magnolia Petroleum Corporation, which was buying the oil, had already gauged it so that the loss was theirs, and neither his nor ours."

A Generous Debtor

But I do not think it is wise to make too much fun of the "agricultural instinct." Oil would be pretty useless to mankind if somebody did not continue to grow food. Even a banker in an oil town, himself in oil and fairly on edge with it, said that he tried to keep that fact before his customers' minds.

"I tell them," he said, "that in a hundred years the combination of a hog, a steer and a bushel of corn will beat all the oil in the world."

One splendid thing about the oil boom in the Southwest is the way in which it has lifted the debt off that country. To the credit of every farmer who strikes oil it must be said that his first move is to pay off his debts. The three-year drought put many farmers in debt who would normally be free from its leaden weight. An old carpenter in one of the Texas cities became ill and decided to go on a farm near Ranger. But the land would yield nothing and he sank into a worse condition than before. His forty acres were not worth more than ten dollars apiece, and he probably could not have sold them at that before he struck oil. One day soon after that glad event he met a banker in the city to whom he owed $400 personally. Out came his wad and he handed $500 in crisp new bills over to the banker.

"I figure the interest at twenty per cent," said the old man; "and if there is anything over you can buy War Savings Stamps with it. I'll give you a tip too. The second and third wells on my property are about to come in, and there is some adjoining property to be had."

In the phraseology of the professionals the temper screw—a screw link by which drilling operations are measured—has paid off more mortgages than any other factor in the Western country.

It has lifted the blanket off Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

After paying off their debts the next thing the farmers do with their big money is to buy new clothes for their wives and children, but rarely any for themselves. I went to see the original home of one of the farmers who discovered oil in a big way and who was as notorious for his stinginess as his wells are for their productiveness. The house was nothing but a shack, but the wife, daughter-in-law and grandchild, who were walking about, had on startlingly new clothes, pink silk kimonos being rather noticeable in the garb of the elders, though the child wore a really pretty frock.

A Garage at a Bargain

Next in order come automobiles. Indeed it may almost be said that the farmers go from the bank, where they sign the leases, to the garage and order a certain make of six-cylinder automobile. This particular car seems more popular than any other in the oil fields. Many of the farmers do not learn to drive their cars, but are driven about in their cowhide boots and overalls by professional chauffeurs. An automobile man in Fort Worth decided to visit Ranger and get into the oil game. He rode out in his car, but came back in the train because he was able not only to sell his car but five others in a few hours' time without solicitation or effort. He got his own price and decided that if he could only get enough cars to sell there was more in it than in the oil business.

Every available automobile in Wichita Falls, except one very old wreck and two wheelbarrows, have been bought by the newly rich in Burkburnett, according to the local pleasantry. One result of the popularity of automobiles is a rapidly increasing sentiment in favor of good roads among the farmers, and the local advocates of good roads are planning an extensive system of new highways as soon as the war restrictions are off. I should like to suggest to automobile manufacturers that as long as the oil boom in North and West Texas lasts they will find a ready market there, not only because of the new-made money but also because the cars are driven with a recklessness that must do a salesman's heart good.

The thrift of the older farmers does not seem to be universally shared by their sons or by the younger generation generally. One farmer had a son in the early twenties who ran a garage in the near-by village before oil came. When the flood broke the boy left the garage in care of a manager and departed for a county seat or other relatively large place to spend and have a good time. But the boom so increased the business of the garage that the manager grew frantic and telegraphed the boy to come back. Reluctantly the young blood returned to his ancestral home and promptly went to the bank, where he paid off a loan that he had made to keep the garage alive before his family grew rich. Then he went to the garage to count the stock. There were several thousand dollars on hand, in addition to which the books showed good bills receivable of $5000. All the morning the youth went round with his manager looking over the stock. Then he grew tired.

"Here," he said to the employee, "I'll give you $2000 if you'll take the whole blooming thing off my hands. It's a heap of bother."

I expressed my astonishment and a certain amount of incredulity to a prominent local business man who related the incident.

"It's true, all right," replied the business man gloomily. "The worst of it is that I didn't know about it until afterward. If I had only known what young —— intended to do I'd have jumped in ahead of the manager and bought the garage. It's the behavior of some of these young fools that gives a few of us our opportunity."

"Where is this noble and ambitious youth now?" I asked.

"He is asleep at this moment [it was about noon] in the hotel; and he won't have a red cent two years from now."

Another young man in the early twenties happened to be the fortunate owner of more than a thousand acres. Recently he went into a store to make a purchase. The manager introduced himself, saying he had heard of the young man but had never before met him.

"Yes," was the haughty reply. "Everybody knows me."

On another occasion he went to a store to see a fur that his wife had ordered. He tried to wrap up the package, but rather fumbled it.

"I'm better at writing checks," he said.

Of course the young men do not stay in the old shacks. They immediately buy new houses, and fine ones at that, if they can be had. In Fort Worth, Wichita Falls and Ranger several thousand additional dwellings all the way from the humbler cottages to the most elaborate mansions would have been under way when I was there if the building restrictions had been off. As it was, great numbers were being built. Older business men are much amused at the prices, often double the real values, which the young oil beneficiaries pay, but at that I think the young men are getting more fun out of their money than their fathers.

A city visitor was watching two farmers, father and son, loading hay. They had ten producing wells on the property, and about ten tons of hay.

The city visitor asked how much the hay would bring, and when told about fifteen dollars a ton remarked: "That will help you through the winter."

"Yes, it will," replied the old man seriously, but the boy rather sniffed and turned his face away.

"I think that boy had some idea of what ten producing wells would mean to his future," commented the business man as he related the incident; "and I could not help thinking as I looked at the two of them sweating in the sun: What a difference there will be between father and son five years from now."

Fond of Pictures

It is not intended to convey the impression that all the farmers of mature years in the new oil fields are stingy or lacking in public spirit. One cattle breeder near Ranger, M. H. Hagaman, was farsighted enough in the early days of the great drought to build a big dam, and his water supply was available when Ranger suddenly grew from a village to a city. Though he had been one of the more prosperous men in the neighborhood the drought hit him hard like everyone else, and he was obliged to dispose of some of his cattle. But oil has come his way to an unusual extent, for he kept more of his land than most of the farmers and cattle raisers and has no doubt benefited as much as any single individual in the whole Ranger territory.

Then there is Uncle Tom Duncan, big-hearted and religious, and there are other farmers and merchants, a group big enough to back up needed improvements and reforms. It is dangerous to generalize, and though many of the older farmers clutch their money hard and the sons blow it in, yet others, both old and young, in increasing numbers as the newness wears off, spend their money on desirable farm improvements, going in for blooded stock, modern barns, and the like.

Of course there is the absurd side of the enrichment that comes with an oil boom, the over-rating of diamonds and the mere squandering of money. It is of a stock promoter in Burkburnett that they tell a story which might be true even if it isn't. He rented a house furnished and was watching the owner move out. Naturally the owner removed the family's crayon portraits.

"I thought I was to get this house furnished," said the promoter, pointing to the crude enlargements.

"But you don't want these, do you?" was the owner's surprised response.

"Yes, I want everything, and I'll give you $2000 extra to leave them there."

In spite of all the solid and legitimate wealth of oil there is something about it that leads to extravagance, exaggeration

(Continued on Page 73)

Buy Cooper's-Bennington Spring Needle Underwear. It has that all-over elasticity which comes from spring needle knitting and gives perfect-fitting comfort. Be sure that the word "Bennington" is on the garment label.

COOPER'S BENNINGTON

Spring Needle Underwear

For the sake of added elasticity—the stretch that springs back—all good underwear has spring needle cuffs and ankles. But Cooper's-Bennington is spring needle knit throughout. Dealers have your size in many weights, styles and prices.

Makers also of Black Cat Reinforced Hosiery for men, women and children

BLACK CAT TEXTILES COMPANY

HOME OFFICE: KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Factories at Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wis., Harvard, Ill., and Bennington, Vt.

(Continued from Page 71)

and an uncertainty of knowledge that strike the uninitiated as amazing. Though it seems pretty well established that geologists are a great help in finding oil, I heard a group of successful operators gravely assert only a short time ago that several of the biggest companies had given up wholly the use of geologists. As I had no intention of writing on the technical phases of the subject I did not attempt to confirm their statement, but vast numbers of wells are still drilled by eye, ear, nose and even by mouth, because oil operators taste as well as smell the soil. I doubt indeed if the majority of oil prospectors would care to have their industry known as a science. They really prefer to have it considered a gamble. No wonder the big companies let these adventurers do most of the wildcatting, and buy protection acreage only after the wildcatters have made their tests.

One of the best informed and most intelligent individual oil adventurers I met said that he had located the first well in a new field by the following simple and highly scientific expedient: He found a young man who was reputed to be such a lucky gambler that he had been disbarred from all the gaming clubs, and put him blindfolded on a horse, sitting backward. Then the horse was turned loose, and when he stopped the young man was helped off, told to whirl round three times on his heels like a ballet dancer, and then throw a stone over his shoulder. Where the stone fell was drilled the first well.

It is no wonder that all the farmers are sure they have oil on their land and back up their beliefs by all manner of superficial if not superstitious evidences. Farmers are almost always certain that oil will be found where there are outcroppings of any kind, and especially they believe in little knolls which attract the lightning, though these are poor places to drill, because if the workmen learn of the lightning's proclivity they will naturally refuse to stay.

The Best is Not Too Good

This much is certain: The first effect upon a stranger who strays into an oil-boom town is to feel his world crashing down about his ears. Men talk of millions so complacently and as a matter of course that the world seems topsy-turvy. In one of these places I seemed suddenly to go into a trance. I rubbed my eyes and forehead, wondering if such things could be true.

"It's all a dream!" I said to myself. "It's an upside-down world, or perhaps I am so tired I have lost some of my faculties. No, that is not it. These men know I am from the East and they are stringing me. It's all a lie."

Then I heard the pleasant little man beside me in the automobile, very like the bankers I had known back East, and saw him pointing to one fine residence after another, all as new as could be. This one was occupied by the man who was driving the car; this one by the oil operator who had taken us to Burkburnett that morning; this one on the right by the fine young cotton merchant who had turned oil operator and had made a million, more or less; and this one by the department-store proprietor, who likewise had deserted textiles for oil. Then I knew it was all true, and I was neither being strung nor was I in a trance.

There is a solid side to the spending of oil fortunes which has a strong appeal just now to many towns and small cities in North and West Texas. It is the tendency of oil "magnates" to build skyscrapers, hotels, boulevards, and the like, in the places of their choice. I refer not so much perhaps to the enriched farmers as to the professional oil operators who make a pile. They want the "best" for themselves and their families, and that includes not only food, raiment and housing, but clubs, parks, hospitals, office buildings, hotels, libraries and good roads.

As an example of what oil alone will do to a town, the city of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is most often cited. A traveler alighted from a sleeper at Tulsa about four o'clock in the morning of a January day in 1905. The station platform was so short that he stepped plump into a mudhole. After groping about in the darkness he finally found a forlorn cab, which drove him through the shabby little village of hardly two thousand people to a four-story hotel in the middle of the prairie. But the traveler was unable to land, so to speak, at the hotel, for the cab stuck in another mudhole, and the horse in his struggles broke the whiffletree. Finally after much shouting a plank was shoved out and the traveler walked ashore.

That hotel, by the way, had more to do with the growth of Tulsa than anything else; at least such was the statement made by one of the city's most loyal and prominent citizens. The fact that a reasonably comfortable little hotel stood there on the prairie led the oilmen to Tulsa rather than to another place, which I shall not name, not so far away and which originally was just as well fitted to be an oil capital as Tulsa. The owner of the hotel of course prospered as was his due. He built a much larger structure in a few years, sold it out, and then bought one of the largest hotels in a much greater city farther east.

Two years from that January morning Tulsa had forty miles of paved streets, and when I rode through the city a few weeks ago, less than fourteen years after the traveler of 1905 had stopped there, I could not see a single outward difference from any large clean modern city, except possibly a lack of shrubbery in the yards of the oil kings.

Most of the growth has taken place not so much since 1905 as it has since the war. As soon as an operator makes more than a couple of millions he puts up a skyscraper office building. They were going up in Tulsa a few weeks ago, despite the wartime building restriction then in force, literally like mushrooms. To one who thinks of the West as a place of wide spaces the concentration of skyscrapers in the prairie seems strange enough at first sight, but there has been a demand for office accommodation in the oil centers in the last few years, as well as a demand for residences, far beyond the possibility of supply.

Next to skyscrapers the oil kings most enjoy banks. Less than ten years ago a firm which had just made their first big killing in oil bought a bank with a few hundred thousand of assets and now they have a powerful institution with nearly $20,000,000 deposits.

Also, it must be admitted, the danger of an oil capital going dead is always feared. To build skyscrapers, fine residences and banks ties the interests of the oil kings to the places where they have chosen to live. And they build with a free hand all right. It is said that only two of the numerous skyscrapers in Tulsa have any mortgages upon them. Each one stands for an individual fortune in oil, and it is proudly stated that "of the forty-four members of the finance committee of the Chamber of Commerce every one is a millionaire, their fortunes ranging from one to fifteen millions." I venture the guess that it would take a long, hard search to find a fortune among these forty-four which does not owe its origin to oil.

Tax Troubles

One curious feature of the oil boom in Oklahoma and Kansas in the last few years, and in Texas at present, is the coincidence of hundreds of new millionaires with the largest income tax in the history of the country. The oil industry has protested against the application of the man-eating rates on high incomes to prospectors, to those who sink fortunes year after year in unsuccessful wells and then happen, just in wartime when tax rates are abnormally high, to make several hundred thousand dollars, only to have the major part of it taken by the Government. I met a country bank president in Texas who was already more than comfortably well-to-do before oil was discovered just east of a thousand-acre tract that he owned. Besides his interest in the bank this old gentleman had several hundred thousand dollars loaned out on gilt-edged first mortgages and vendor's lien notes.

Nor did he seem to need more money. He struck me as a cold, unruffled, unemotional old codger, as shrewd as they make 'em, and without the slightest tendency toward extravagance or dissipation of wealth. Which is putting it mildly, for he has no children and lives in the utmost simplicity. When I met him he bore a large bunch of blue-print maps under his arm, the one supreme and unmistakable sign of an oil field.

Now this old gentleman, known as Uncle, had been leasing his land, and in a few weeks' time had taken, in cash bonuses alone, a sum that was running up toward half a million dollars. This did not include his one-eighth interest in the amount of oil that might be taken out, and of course he still owns the land. Now everyone knows that the collector of internal revenue will fall on that half million of cash like a ton of brick. Uncle has less chance of having that half million considered anything but income by the Government than the proverbial snowball in Hades. Nor does any professional oilman feel other than glee. They feel that a landowner suddenly enriched in this way without doing a stroke of work to deserve it should be taxed to the hilt.

Nor do I think the inhabitants in that part of Texas have any deep regrets, not because, so far as I could discover, of any dislike for the old gentleman, but the poetic injustice of an elderly bank president and rich money lender, without children and living on next to nothing, suddenly taking in half a million dollars through sheer luck, does not altogether appeal even to his neighbors. Indeed they chuckle gleefully when they think how it is going to hurt Uncle to pay an income tax running into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"I hear the Government is going to take some of your income," I remarked to him as pleasantly as I could, considering the disagreeable nature of the subject.

The Poverty of the Rich

"They're getting nearly all of it," he replied placidly enough. "I'm not taking cash bonuses any more, but am insisting upon larger royalties."

From another source I learned that Uncle had already bought $100,000 tax-paying Treasury certificates against the evil day.

It is common report throughout the entire Southwest that a gigantic loan had to be made to the Chapmans and McFarlins last year just after they sold out to the Magnolia Petroleum for $35,000,000. The reverberations of that loan still reach the highest and mightiest of financial circles from Kansas City westward and southward.

For the oilman, no matter how wise and shrewd, cannot resist the fascination of the game. In a sense he is almost always a plunger, always dead-game to the core, and he insists upon investing a large part of his big killings in new leases. Thus the huge income taxes came upon many oilmen who did not have the means to pay.

If it had been only the big taxes the average successful oilman might have provided for them. But these same people also were expected to invest heavily in Liberty Bonds. A large group of the newly rich were caught in a tight fix in the Eldorado field of Kansas last year. There were so many of them in the same boat that the banks couldn't handle the situation for a time. Many a loyal and potentially wealthy man borrowed money at ten per cent to buy Liberty Bonds. However, there is very little complaint among these people, because they all expect their leases to put them in the clear, and they are quickly learning to provide for future similar contingencies.

Of course much of the wealth in oil is of a prospective or potential variety as regards the capital itself. Because a man has a vast income from oil it does not follow that he has the capital to match the income. It is not a funded proposition. I was shown the home in Tulsa of an independent oilman who is said to have the largest income in Oklahoma, estimated by a competent authority at two to five millions. "Remember, of course," said my informant, "that that does not mean a capital of twenty or thirty millions." The owner of the big income shall be nameless, for though he is well known to everyone in Tulsa he differs from some other oil magnates not a million miles away in his dislike of the spotlight. This man avoids publicity and lives in a modest but pleasant country home. I respect and admire his attitude too much to drag him forth.

I have referred several times in these articles to the professional oilmen as "soldiers of fortune." They are more than that. They are big-fisted, big-hearted, generous pioneers. They are essentially democratic, and big money often fails to change their ways.

I do not mean of course that every oilman is long on "culture." Sometimes their only motto is: "Give me the best there is and plenty of wine." In the early days of Tulsa a reckless person who was at least temporarily flush would ride down the main street at about sixty miles an hour, stop at the police station long enough to hand the captain a hundred-dollar bill to pay his fine, go out of town by a back street and then come careering down Main Street again, repeating the performance periodically until an aroused citizenship put a stop to it. The early gambling and drinking proclivities of some of the present kings of oil will not bear looking into; nor in some cases will their present matrimonial adventures.

Every pioneer occupation has its raw side, but there is the generous, constructive one as well. When an extensive new system of streets was planned for Tulsa one of the newly made oil kings asked how much it would cost. The engineers timidly mentioned what seemed to them a large figure.

"Go ahead," said the oilman carelessly; "we'll take the bonds."

The oil bunch go like sheep from place to place wherever there is a big excitement. Each one always seems surprised and yet delighted to see the others strike town.

"Why, hello, Tom," I heard one oilman say to another in the lobby of the hotel at Fort Worth. "What are you doing here? I thought you were in the tailoring business."

"I'm an oilman now," replied the newcomer with dignity as he drew himself up to his full height, which wasn't much. "I have some leases out here. I haven't been in the tailoring business for a year."

Of course those who make big fortunes and form big independent oil companies do not follow the migrations and stampedes quite so openly as their less fortunate brethren; or if they do they are preceded by scouts and accompanied by secretaries. The old operators who have consistently lost stick if they can, and of course new faces constantly appear. But in a sense an old-time oilman, the kind whose word is as good as his bond, is never really broke for long. The word gets round that Bill is broke. Then a friend comes and discreetly sits down beside the hard-up one.

"Say, how are you fixed?" whispers the friend.

"Broke," is the gloomy reply.

"Well, I got a rig I'll lend you, and So-and-So will lend you some casing."

Nerve and Luck

Then the down-and-out takes heart. He borrows right and left from his friends until he has enough to borrow also from the bank, and once more he bucks the game. And if he succeeds he follows his bets right up. In Western card-playing style he cannot quit in good form when things go his way. He may salt away something in buildings and real estate and Liberty Bonds, but with a goodly share of his winnings he is expected—and indeed is only too anxious as a rule—to take another hundred-to-one shot—to play with the aces wild.

"It takes brains and nerve to be an oilman when you haven't any money," said one likable chap whom I met first in Fort Worth. "It's easy enough when you're rich. But," he added more reminiscently, "they sure do stand together. I once wired a fellow for five hundred dollars, and I swear the ink was hardly dry on the telegram before it came."

Only four days later I met the same wildcatter in a hotel many hundred miles east and north of Fort Worth. He took out a map and showed it to me.

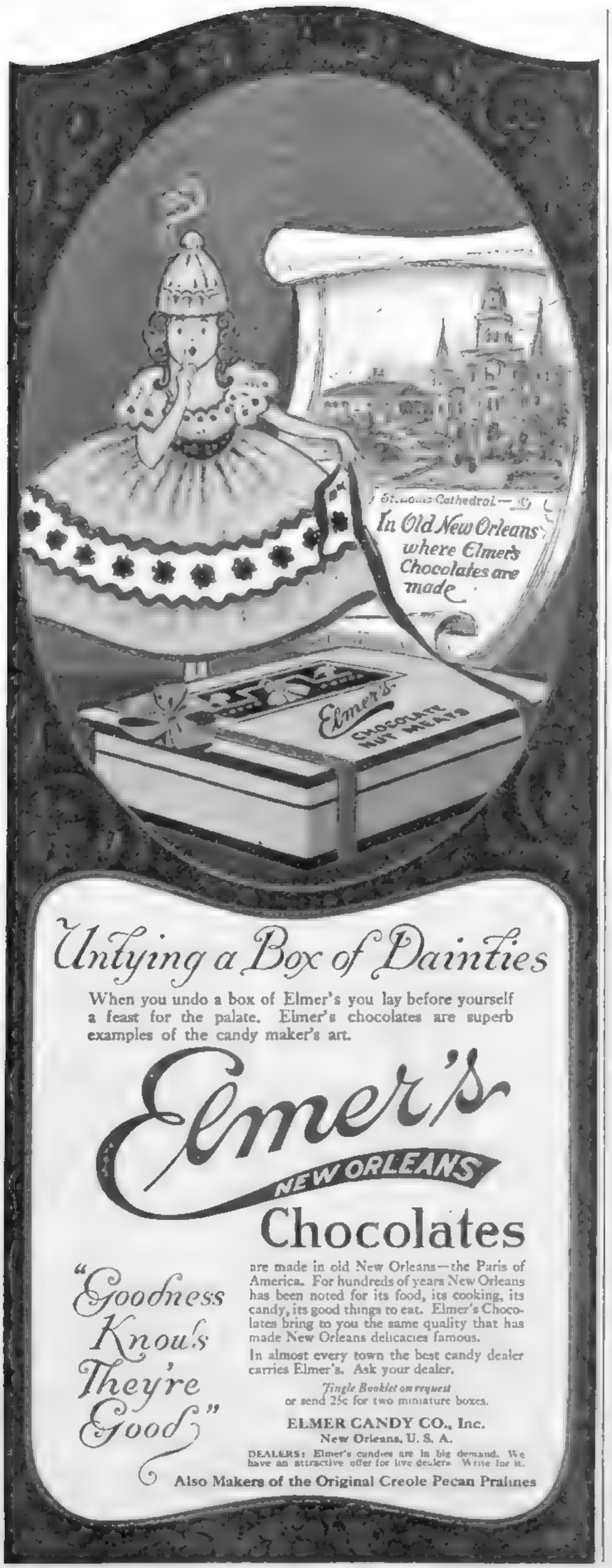
"When I met you down there in Texas," he explained, "I was dead broke. But isn't this a fine layout?" as he pointed to the map. "I'm fixed all right now."

"So you've been in the oil fields?" I ignorantly commented.

"Oil fields, nothing," he said. "I met a friend in the hotel in Fort Worth who had a lot of acreage adjoining that of a big company, all undeveloped. I was lucky. I didn't have to go out into the field. I just told my friend he'd have to give me some of his acreage, because, as I said to him, they are fighting a war for democracy on the other side of the ocean and when that war is won the whole world will go fifty-fifty—no more of this monopoly stuff. What right did my friend have to that acreage any more than I, just because he had got there first? At least that is what I said to him. 'You've got to let me in,' I said.

"'I like your way of doing business, and I'll let you in.' That was his answer; and I couldn't keep from saying: 'I always was good on the talk.' 'Well, I like your frankness anyway,' was all he had to say to that.

"Then with this acreage I came back here, where I have a lot of friends, as quickly



Untying a Box of Dainties

When you undo a box of Elmer's you lay before yourself a feast for the palate. Elmer's chocolates are superb examples of the candy maker's art.

Elmer's
NEW ORLEANS
Chocolates

are made in old New Orleans—the Paris of America. For hundreds of years New Orleans has been noted for its food, its cooking, its candy, its good things to eat. Elmer's Chocolates bring to you the same quality that has made New Orleans delicacies famous.

In almost every town the best candy dealer carries Elmer's. Ask your dealer.

"Goodness Knows They're Good"

Jingle Booklet on request
or send 25c for two miniature boxes.

ELMER CANDY CO., Inc.
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DEALERS: Elmer's candies are in big demand. We have an attractive offer for live dealers. Write for it.

Also Makers of the Original Creole Pecan Pralines

as I could and sold them all an interest in it at a good price. Then I went to the big oil company whose land we adjoin and after considerable argument persuaded them to lend me some machinery to drill a well. They will lose nothing except a little wear and tear on the machinery, and will have their territory tested out for them without the expense of drilling.

"I can't lose either way. I come out even if the hole proves dry, and if I get oil I'll make it big. Say, do you know, all it takes is a little nerve?

"And if I make it this time they'll never get me again. I'm going back East with a couple of nice farms and about $100,000, but"—and this was the most delightful and admirable piece of inconsistency I ever encountered—"I'd rather play oil than any other game. I'd rather be broke in the oil business than living on a $10,000-a-year salary in anything else."

No wonder it is fascinating. I sat at dinner one night with an old and successful oilman. At the next table sat a quiet, well-dressed man of about forty, with his wife. This operator I knew to be a member of the National Petroleum Board.

"You see him," said the veteran. "He was working under the beam—as a driller—a few years ago. Now he is worth a couple of million. I started my career with forty-five dollars in cash and a plated watch. I gave the watch to another chap to go and swipe some glycerin, which was devilishly hard to get in those early days."

I asked one successful operator what in his mind was the distinctive feature of the game, and he replied that it was the gambling instinct of the American people.

"When my uncle in Louisiana heard that I had made a big killing he telegraphed me at once to come back there, buy a farm with blooded cattle, settle down and get into a legitimate game. Say, but that word 'legitimate' surely did amuse me. If my uncle thinks I could make a living on a farm he has another think."

The Professional's Story

One of the most experienced professionals in Burkburnett made this statement to me: "The sand looked, smelled and tasted like oil sand; still I was afraid to play. Even after the well was flowing oil we old-timers in the business found fault with the color, and the fact that it was cold, so decided the well was flowing from salt-water pressure. However, the little fellows began to buy town lots. A place that I knew about personally, because one of my friends had lived there, furnishes an example. It consisted of three lots. The first buyer leased the whole block of twelve lots for $12,000; the next day he sold for $30,000; and in a few hours the buyer had sold for $50,000. The new owner with a $50,000 investment cut the block into four equal parts and organized four $50,000 stock companies, with the stock divided about as follows: For lease on land [three lots] $15,000; for experience and legal services $2500; for promotion fees $7500 [15 per cent being the limit under the law]; leaving $10,000 to be paid in commissions to stock salesmen and $15,000 to be spent in drilling a well—a capitalization of $200,000 on one city block, or a cost to the investing public of $200,000, for something that they would have got better results from by spending only $15,000 in the drilling of one well to each block.

"Meantime the original lot owners over town were getting busy on the outside, leasing and selling to and from each other, and in most instances putting all their money back into stock and leases. By this time the town was literally full of a wild and ignorant—so far as the oil business was concerned—gang of speculators. At this stage of the game the Government sent some representatives down to talk conservation.

"We had an overflow mass meeting at the Baptist Church, and when the district representative of the Federal Fuel Administrator of Texas attempted to explain why it was that the government agents present asked the coöperation of all oil producers in the conservation of derrick and tankage lumber, fuel oil and labor, and further cited the fact that they were contemplating the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars on each block when the spending of only a nominal sum would accomplish the same result, he became about as popular as a red rag in a Mexican bull pen, and was thankful that Wichita County had been voted dry several months earlier. A committee of nine of the oil operators and lot owners was formed, which first recommended the pooling of all interests in each block and the drilling of only one well on each block within the town site and each two and a half acres in the outlying blocks; which suggestion was enthusiastically rejected. Omitting the details of a long story we finally succeeded in limiting the drilling to two wells on each block and one to each two and a half acres.

"The voluntary agreement entered into has worked to the best interest of all, and as no ruling was made by the Government the administration of the agreement was left entirely to the local oil operators, and I must say that the spirit of fair play that has prevailed has been really surprising and most gratifying, there being only two or three exceptions in a game that has been entered into by thousands of new players with millions invested. Many suffered financial losses to pool leases and royalties.

"When you consider that a number of these investors traded Liberty Bonds, sold teams, mortgaged homes, and even pledged unearned salaries to place their money in what we with experience considered a cinch to lose, you will get some idea of the current of feeling that has prevailed in Burkburnett. What has surprised us old-timers at the game is the fact that each lot in the town is going to produce a whale of a lot of oil, and from present indications every company with anything like a reasonable capitalization will make its stockholders a nice profit, all of which is causing me to eat raw a whole heap of my advice and predictions. However, I am more than pleased to have the opportunity to do the eating.

"As to the class of people who invest and make money, I have only this to say: They all played—preachers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, real-estate dealers, business men and women, clerks, workmen and women; and almost without exception all of those who invested early have made worlds of money. I could fill several pages with names of individuals who have invested only a few hundreds or thousands and have taken profits that run into hundreds of thousands and yet hold splendid leases and producing wells.

"I have seen joint-stock associations formed on one town-lot, and within fifteen minutes the subscription list would be on the fender of an auto, and within the hour all the stock sold and paid for, and very probably not ten per cent of the investors would know where the lot was situated or whether the lease was valid or the party who took their money responsible."

Too Swift for Babes

"However, I do not wish to leave the impression with you that there will be no losses, as very probably many investments in outside wells, acreage out of bounds and inflated stock will prove unprofitable. Nothing like this Burkburnett affair has ever happened before in my experience, and as the shorn lambs are going to luck out this time the public should be cautioned against playing for a repeater."

He added that the development was costing the stockholders, nearly all small investors, something like $7,500,000 for drilling alone, and that promotion fees would bring it up to $10,000,000. As the outside estimate of the oil to be produced is $30,000,000, which estimate is based on prevailing high prices, it is clear that not every investor is going to make the fabulous profits, the thousand-to-one shots, that are the prizes of the oil industry, especially as a few producers in any field usually get the jump on the others and so draw out a disproportionate amount of oil.

I went into a tailor shop in a town near Burkburnett about seven o'clock in the morning to get a garment mended. As the proprietor made the necessary patch I asked him if he had his feet wet in oil. He replied that of course he had, and assured me that he had some fine properties.

"Did Mister So-and-So make anything?" I asked, naming a wealthy resident of the place whom I had previously heard of.

"No," said the tailor in a perfectly matter-of-fact way; "he didn't make anything because he was away on a vacation for a few weeks when the boom came."

Now that is a game, I maintain, altogether too swift for babes and innocents. It is suitable only for those who kiss their money good-by when they invest it.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Atwood on the oil boom in the Southwest. The third will appear in an early number.

Our New House That Would Not Heat How I Solved the Problem

by Charles W. Hoyt

This story of my experience is not a piece of fiction. It is a real experience with the steam heating of a new home. A new home is lots of fun. It is a great satisfaction to stand about on the outside and look at it and to realize that it is all your own, especially if it is the first home you have ever owned.

If it is a new house you are sure to have trouble. We had ours in our new house at Garden City.

We moved in the day after Labor Day. Everything was fine that first day, except for some delays in securing the furniture early enough so that we could spend the night there.

That first night we didn't have any electricity, because somebody had forgotten to deliver to the electric light company the inspector's certificate. The third night it rained. We found that we had a leak, and the ceilings in two bedrooms were ruined.

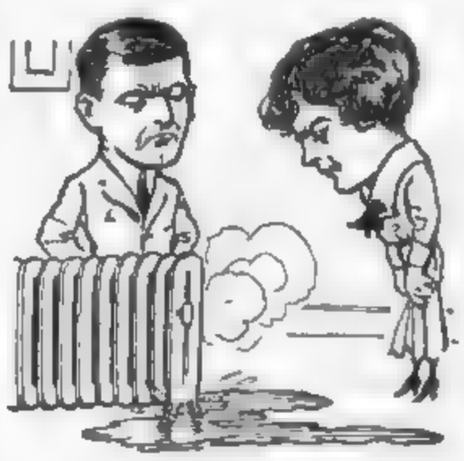
But these were only minor details. Altogether, during the month of September with its glorious weather, everything went well.

The middle of October, we started our heating plant. The contractor had run the steam-heating plant while drying the plaster. He had tested it, he told us, and knew that every room could be heated to a temperature of 70 degrees in zero weather.

Now the question of steam heat has always been a delicate topic between my wife and me. We have never agreed as to who or what was to blame when the heat did not come. But in our new house we expected great results. The contractor told us that we had a wonderful system. It did look rather good down in the cellar. The pipes were covered with asbestos, painted a nice white and bound with brass bands.

The contractor explained that we should have to release air from the radiators from time to time. "But all you have to do," said he, "is to take this little cap off and loosen this screw with a knife or screw-driver." He told us that sometimes the radiators become air-locked.

Finally colder weather came on and the troubles started We forced the heater, because we could not secure heat in some of the rooms. As we forced the fire, the water left the boiler and passed up into the radiators. Then we thought of the contractor's directions and went around opening the valves. When we opened these valves a bucket of water came out over our new hardwood floors. The more we forced the fire, the more trouble we had, because the water went up into the radiators. As a result the radiators were noisy



I called in the heating contractor. He looked it all over, and introduced some alterations. I don't know much about these things; but he talked about a vacuum being created, or something about back-pressure setting up, etc. He installed some extra return pipes, and said this would correct the difficulty.

The weather grew colder, and the steam-heating results worse. It was a sore subject between my wife and me. Whenever I returned home at night she looked volumes, wore a sweater, and shivered if she thought I was noticing her.

In the meantime, among the neighbors that I had met was a man by the name of Mr. H. Hall Marshall. I learned afterward that he was a heating engineer and considered one of the best in New York. I talked to him about my troubles one day while on the train going to New York. He offered to look the heating system over the next Sunday. He did so, and spent about an hour studying the arrangement of the pipes, etc. He forced the fire strong to see what happened, examined the different radiators and made some suggestions. He expressed his opinion of the fellow who had designed and laid out the system and made me feel that I had something which was not worth a great deal.

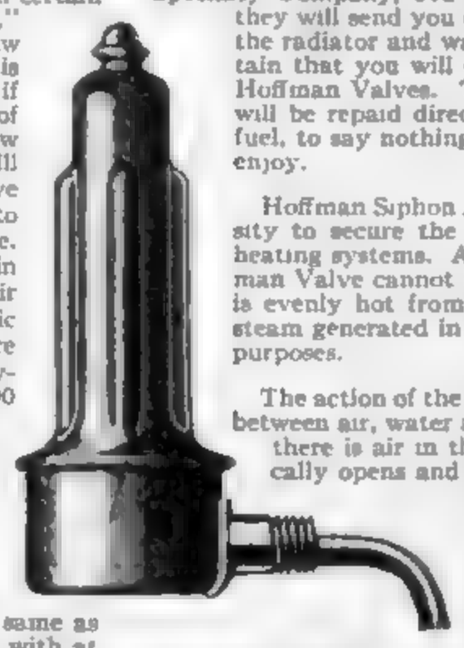
Finally he said to me, "I'll tell you about one little thing which, I believe, will do more to make this system work properly than anything else. Do you know," said he, "what a Hoffman Valve is?" I told him that I never had heard of it. Then he explained to me that the Hoffman Valve was an automatic, mechanical device for letting the air out of a radiator and keeping the steam and water in. Said he, "I'll present you with one. I have one at my house which you can put on one radiator and see how it works. The valves which you now have on your radiators probably cost 25c each; compared with the Hoffman Valves they are not worth 5 cents."

So I took the valve which Mr. Marshall gave me and installed it on one radiator. It did exactly what he said it would do. That radiator worked to a charm. The air did escape and the water did not come out, and that radiator was hot from one end to the other.

I notified the heating contractor that I wanted the valves changed. He remonstrated, and insisted that the valves which were already installed were worth $1 each and that the Hoffman Valve would cost him three or four dollars each. He said this, I believe, because he didn't know the actual facts. I told him what the Hoffman Valves would cost and said that if he was willing to credit me the amount which he said his valves cost, I would put on the Hoffman Valves myself. When I explained this to him, he agreed to make the change without charge. So he put the Hoffman Valves on every radiator. Immediately our troubles ceased.

This happened about four years ago. I had never met anybody connected with the manufacturing of the Hoffman Valve until a few weeks ago, when a gentleman called at my office and introduced himself as Mr. George D. Hoffman. He informed me that he was the designer and patentee of all the Hoffman Venting Valves. I told him about my experience and asked him to tell me why the use of the Hoffman Valve had transformed my heating system from a failure to a success.

Mr. Hoffman told me that his valve was the only "perfect" air valve because its operation was based on certain fixed laws of physics. "Nothing ever just happens," said he; "there is always a fundamental, basic law that governs a certain fixed operation. Now it is easily understood that no radiator can be heated if the steam entering comes in contact with a bank of air—the air holds the steam back and no matter how much you force the fire in the cellar, that radiator will not heat up. Consequently I had to design a valve that would automatically allow the air in a radiator to escape without the slightest steam or water leakage. The Hoffman Air Valve is peculiar in its operation in that it positively distinguishes between steam, air and water—furthermore, it is absolutely automatic and absolutely non-adjustable. These claims are backed by a guarantee of five years' satisfactory service or money back, and although upward of 1,000,000 of them have been sold, practically none have been returned for any cause. The Hoffman Air Valve has been scientifically tested and all these tests have proved that the Hoffman under all possible radiator conditions will always work perfectly. Each individual valve is tested and adjusted at the factory and thereafter it is non-adjustable; it is certain; it is fool proof. The trouble that you experienced with your heating system is the same as thousands of people are unnecessarily putting up with at this very moment. Mr. Hoyt, I want you to advise me how, by means of advertising, I can explain to the people of this country what an important bearing the Hoffman Valve has on their comfort, happiness and coal pile."



I told Mr. Hoffman that before my organization would advise him on the investment of money in a national advertising campaign, we must investigate his product and satisfy ourselves that he had, in the Hoffman Air Valve, all he claimed it to be, namely,—a "perfect" air valve.

We sent our investigators throughout the country interviewing engineers, steamfitters, architects and owners of buildings and homes. One large supply house in New York City told us about being called in by the owner of a big apartment house to look over his building, because he was having so much trouble with heating. They found that the contractor had installed inefficient air valves which had let the water out. It had cost the owner of the building a number of thousands of dollars for repairing ceilings which had been wet through because of water leaking in the different apartments. They found that a number of radiators were dead because the valves didn't let the air out. This concern installed Hoffman Valves in the entire building, and the difficulty with dead and leaking radiators was stopped.

Furthermore, we were shown that the expense for fuel in this particular apartment house was curtailed by about 20 per cent.

We met another gentleman, and he was a man of experience and standing in the plumbing supply business, who told us about his own experience in a small house he had rented. He said that he had rented this house two winters before and that the tenant who lived in it previously had burned ten tons of coal in a short, mild winter season. When he took the house he installed the Hoffman Valve throughout and also a Thermostat. He told us that he had heated this house through a long cold winter with five tons of coal. He used twelve valves, the retail price of which is but $22.00 and helped cut his fuel bill in half.

Everybody we interviewed who knew of the Hoffman Air Valve was an enthusiastic booster for it. We found that the largest plumbing supply houses in the United States carry the Hoffman Valve in stock and recommend it. No one had anything but the highest praise for it. The great majority told us that it is the only "perfect" air valve.

It may be that you have heating troubles in your own home. Or you may be the owner of an apartment house or hotel in which the heating is not as satisfactory as it should be. If so, there is one simple, inexpensive way by which you can prove to your own satisfaction that the Hoffman Valve will solve your difficulty, just as it did mine. You can go to any plumber and tell him that you want a Hoffman Valve. Most likely you will want the Hoffman Valve No. 1, which will cost you $1.90. Your plumber will install it for you if you wish, and make a reasonable charge for his time. Or he will be glad to show you how you can, in two minutes' time, put it on yourself.

If it isn't convenient to secure one of these valves from your plumber, send a check for $1.90 to the Hoffman Specialty Company, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York, and they will send you one. Put the Hoffman Valve on the radiator and watch its performance. I feel certain that you will equip all of your radiators with Hoffman Valves. The expense will be small. You will be repaid directly by an appreciable saving in fuel, to say nothing of the greater comfort you will enjoy.

Hoffman Siphon Air Valves are an absolute necessity to secure the greatest efficiency from steam-heating systems. A radiator equipped with a Hoffman Valve cannot become air-locked: the radiator is evenly hot from one end to the other. All the steam generated in the boiler is utilized for heating purposes.

The action of the Hoffman Valve in distinguishing between air, water and steam is almost mystical. If there is air in the radiator, the valve automatically opens and permits the air to escape. But if steam should attempt to follow the air, the valve closes instantaneously and confines the steam so that it performs its function of heating. Not a drop of water can pass through the valve. Spoiled floors in a room and ruined ceilings in the room below are an impossibility when radiators are equipped with Hoffman Valves.

Our booklet, "More Heat for Less Coal," will gladly be sent on request, to home owners, apartment and hotel owners and managers, architects and heating engineers.

Hoffman Specialty Company, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York

Hoffman Specialty Co.,
512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

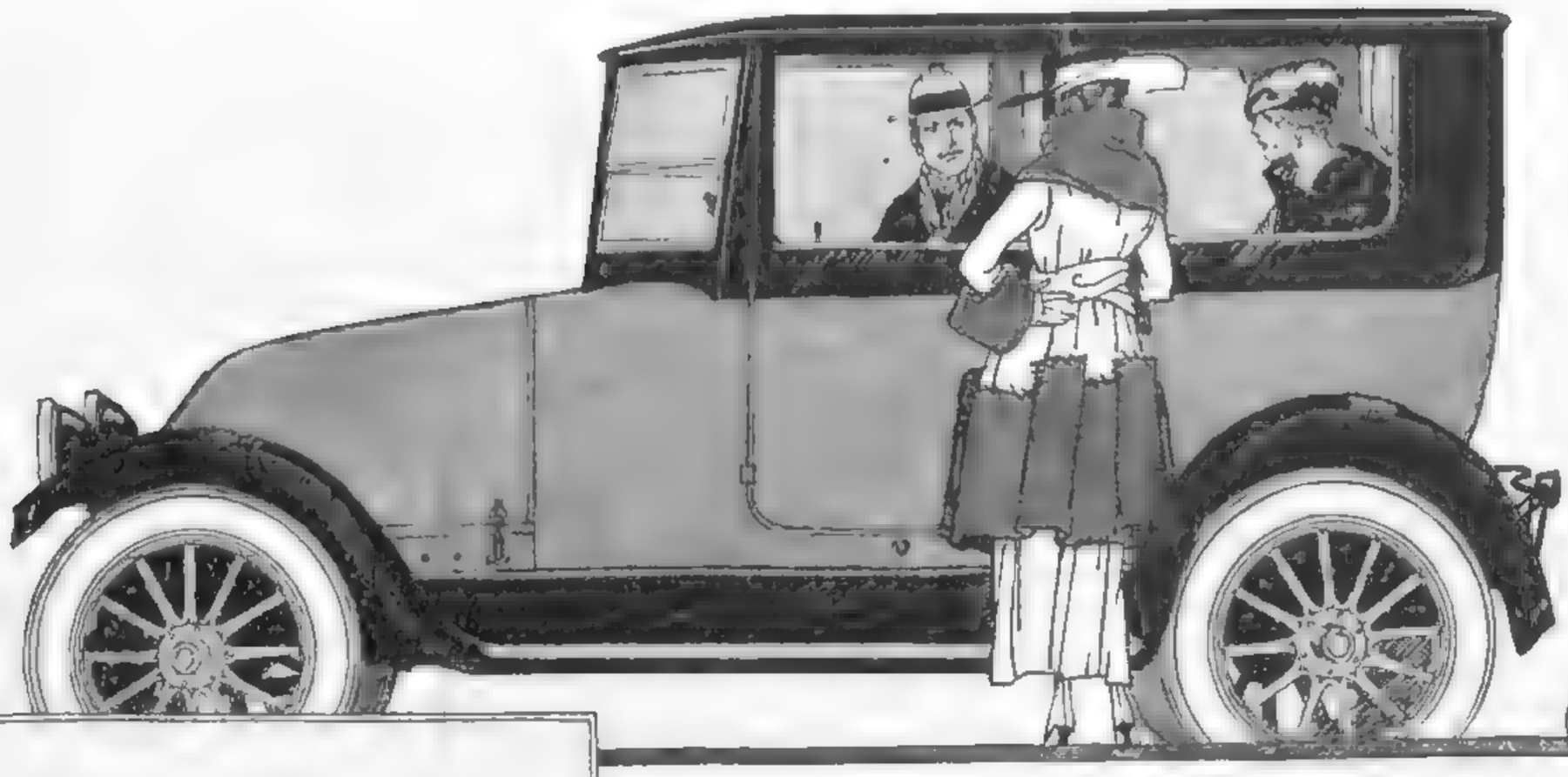
Please send me, without charge or obligation, your booklet on "More Heat for Less Coal."

(If you desire to order a valve, indicate by a check-mark.) ☐

I enclose $1.90, for which send me one Hoffman Siphon Air Valve, No. 1, all charges prepaid.

Name _____

Address _____



Franklin Light Weight and Air Cooling add to Franklin fineness a day-by-day delivery to the owners of—

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline —instead of 10

10,000 miles to the set of tires —instead of 5,000

50% slower depreciation than any other fine car.

There Are Hard Days Ahead For the Wasteful Motor Car

TODAY when you are considering a motor car, you have something more definite in mind than a year ago, because your standard is bound to be different than it was then. You are buying a car to ride in—*as much as you require*—but you are naturally more exacting as to costs, comfort, and staying qualities of the car.

Everybody recognizes the fact that the performance of motor cars in general is unchanged. And the live question now is which car will give you a *full measure* of usefulness—and still stick to the new standard of *keeping down waste.*

Cars that insisted upon bulky, wasteful, rigid weight before the war now find themselves out of line with the trend of public thought and unable to change for months to come on account of the material situation. And with the people frowning upon waste, there will be hard days ahead for the wasteful motor car.

It's all summed up in the old question of unnecessary motor car weight and rigid construction. Unnecessary weight means unnecessary expense to move it—more fuel; and, combined with rigidity, it gives tires no chance to wear out—they are pounded out long before they should be.

The Franklin Car, on the other hand, anticipated these requirements sixteen years ago. It has always been built on the principle of utility, cutting out all excessive weight at the outset, and relying on flexibility instead of rigidity, and now, without change, it meets your need and desire for a car to use—a car to ride in with the utmost safety, comfort and reliability at the least expense.

The fineness of the product is best indicated by the facts of Franklin performance in the hands of owners under all conditions.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Get the habit of doing things right Franklin CAR *This will mean greater production; less waste; increased earnings. Work for good times all the time.—W. B. Wilson, U. S. Secretary of Labor*

SUN-RIPE

(Continued from Page 14)

drank right there. The barn cat, which she had promptly named Charlie Chaplin, regardless of the fact that the animal was a matron with a numerous progeny, fawned about her feet, and sometimes she would spill a little pool of the warm milk on the stone step of the barn for Charlie and her kittens to lap up, watching them with a tender curiosity.

"City cats are so mean," she told Wilbur. "Now Charlie's a real pal, isn't she? Purrs every time I pat her."

She teased Wilbur constantly for scraps of country lore, and would recount them with gusto when they all sat on the porch of an evening.

"Wait till I get home," she said, "and spring it on some of the crowd that you always gotta plant your potatoes in the dark of the moon! They'll just about drop dead with excitement. And some of this poetry Wil here gets off—isn't it a scream, though?

Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way,
But evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head.

I'm going to slip that to the man that calls the trains in Pennsylvania Station—just as a friendly tip. He'll be so glad to hear it. Say some more, can't you, Wil? Don't you know anything about the stars?"

To her intense astonishment she learned that the stars had names as well as the flowers. At first she wouldn't believe it. She made Wilbur come out on the grass and point out such constellations as he knew. The Great and Little Dippers, hung in their majestic orbits about the North Star, excited her feverishly.

"I just can't believe it," she kept saying. "Tell me another one."

"Well, there's Orion," said Wilbur, pointing where flaming Betelgeuze and white Rigel marked the warrior.

"O'Ryan!" she exclaimed. "Now I know you're kidding again. That's just plain Irish. You'll be telling me some of them are named Murphy and O'Toole next. Oh, I'm little Wisenheimer to you, Mr. Smarty."

And it was a week or more before she would ask him any more questions about the stars.

All the small fruits had come and gone, and the motor truck was carrying baskets of early apples—Red Astrachan, alluringly gaudy but plentifully sour; Yellow Transparent, silver gold; Fourth of July, red streaked like the flag, round and juicy—when Lou made her daily visit to the packing shed. She did part of the work regularly now, and could place the apples more quickly and more symmetrically than Wilbur. To-day she was not so talkative as usual, and when the truck was loaded she stopped him.

"Say, Wil," she said, "I wanta ask a favor off you. You know, in the city, I had a gentleman friend, Hal Thompson—one o' the head soda fountain clerks in one of the biggest Fifth Avnoo places. Could I ask him out here for his vacation? He only gets a week, and he'd pay board. I wouldn't bother you, only there isn't anywhere else fer him to stay—the Waldorf not being located just across the road here—and so ——"

"Sure!" assented Wilbur heartily. "Ask him to come—but don't let him think he's going to pay any board. I wouldn't take any money off any friend of yours, Lou."

"You're the best old scout," beamed Lou. "You're just swell to me, Wil. And say, before you go—would you weigh me? I don't know how to work those big old scales."

She ran ahead of him and jumped on the platform. Wilbur adjusted weights and bent to read the figures. "A hundred and—and—eight," he announced at last.

"Oh, glory, I've gained ten pounds!" burst out Lou ecstatically. "And I hardly cough a bit any more. Look at me, Wil—just look at me!"

He looked, and saw what he had been too blind to see before—a softening roundness over her little bones, a subtle thickening of her tiny wrists, and the triangle of her face changed—almost into a slender oval. She clapped her hands and danced round him.

"It's the sunlight!" she cried. "It's the sunlight! I can just feel it making blood in me when I go out in it. It makes me stronger every minute. It warms me—away in. And I'm getting nice and brown, like you. Oh, won't old Hal throw a fit when he sees me? Why, when I left him in New York we was both dead sure that we was saying good-by forever."

"Go slow," cautioned Wilbur, but beaming on her. "You could get a whole lot fatter and not hurt none yet, you know."

"Oh, you old stick in the mud!" she taunted him. "You old mossback! You great big old simp, you! Go on away and leave me gloat! Always picking on me, that's what you are. I've a great mind to chuck one of those hard old Red Astrachans at you. Go on off to town and I'll run in and tell Min—she's got a feeling heart, even if you're a stone. My, my, how a nice girl like she is ever came to take up with such an old hardshell as you ——" She dodged away, laughing, as he pretended to threaten her; and he got on the truck and drove off, laughing.

It seemed to Wilbur Gaines as he drove along that he had never laughed so much in his life as he had this summer. And Min and Mother Hallowby had laughed too. And now this young city fellow was coming, and probably he'd be just as full of fun as Lou. Well, they would have a time! He could see that. And he was thankful and happier than he had been in a long, long time to know that she was getting well.

"She's no sick kitten now," he chuckled to himself as he recalled her taunts and the way she had danced about him. And he whistled all the way to town, quite out of key and incorrectly, a song that Lou was constantly singing, a perfectly ridiculous song that he and Min were always pretending they couldn't stand to hear another time, but which they were always listening for. "Any little girl that's a nice little girl is the right little girl for me," ran the silly words of the thing. It was a good tune to whistle, with a jigging jumpiness about it that chimed exactly with the way Lou's emphatic little heels had sounded running on the barn floor just now to the scales.

Hal Thompson proved to be a slender young man in a pink shirt and checked suit, pinched in at the waist, with hair combed straight back and sleek, and a face that revealed nothing but regularity of feature. His soul was wholly urban, and though he was unmistakably glad to see Lou again he could not conceal his derision of her surroundings. He rubbed his fingers on the oilcloth table cover and looked up quizzically. Wilbur Gaines did not see the act, but the three women did; and whereas Mrs. Hallowby and Min were struck cold with his disapproval Lou was made hot with anger by it. Min wished she had insisted on putting on a real tablecloth, and knew in her heart that the brilliant and metropolitan Mr. Thompson was thinking them all just plain country jays. She wished, too, that she had urged Wil to put on a shirt with a stiff collar and a necktie. She had never ventured to make such suggestions to him, but now she felt she would gladly have dared so much. And when Mr. Thompson's eyes wandered about the room and he raised his brows ever so little at the almanacs she felt a dull despair that he didn't know of her golden oak and green wall paper plans for after marriage. All this made her very attentive to him—a proceeding which he took as his right.

He could see how much he had impressed her, and their evening conversation was mostly a monologue by Mr. Thompson, directed to Minnie, about the brilliancy and glory of a career in the largest of Fifth Avnoo candy shops. He had frequently served members of the Astor and Vanderbilt families, it appeared, and many other members of the smart set. He described them minutely, their dresses and their jewels. Pearls as big as the end of your thumb were nothing to these ladies, and their fingers were stiff to the knuckles with diamond rings. Minnie listened in a trance of delight. She was displeased when Lou broke in abruptly as Hal stopped to draw breath.

"You're some little hot-air artist, Hal," said Lou. "Say, what d'you think—all the stars has got names."

"Sure they have," assented the witty Mr. Thompson. "If they didn't they couldn't put 'em up in lights over the theater doors on dear old Broadway!"—a reply which puzzled everyone hearing him except Lou.

"Same old funny boy," she said. "How's the Willow Club getting along?"

This was sufficient to turn Mr. Thompson into a flood of reminiscence about the swell dances lately given by the Willow Club, for which he had been floor manager. There was a great deal of "I sez" and "He sez" and "I just give him one look" and "That settled him" in Mr. Thompson's narrative, and frequent applauding laughs at his own cleverness. From this fascinating topic he switched himself easily to the newest films and was increasingly entertaining. All this time he was smoking cigarettes, which he took out of a dashing silver case, and Minnie was sure that she saw him look with compassionate scorn at his host's pipe.

"I think he's just grand!" she told Lou in bedtime confidence. "He's a perfect gentleman. My, his manners make me feel fluttery, they're so elegant. I wisht Wil would polish up a little—wearing that old shirt and smoking that old pipe and nothing to say for himself except the price of fruit!"

"Hal's all right," assented Lou, but not with any great enthusiasm. "Somehow I didn't seem to remember he was so gabby. I guess that was for your benefit, dearie. But Wil's all right too."

"Oh, Wil's all right," said Minnie, "but he's so plain in his ways."

But to this Lou did not reply. She seemed to have lost her desire to chatter at the same time that Hal's volubility had begun.

The next morning she appeared as usual at the packing shed. Wilbur looked at her in genuine surprise.

"I didn't suppose you'd be down to-day," he said. "Don't you want to stay up at the house and talk to him—show him around the place, maybe?"

Lou picked up a specked apple and flung it far out into the orchard. "He wouldn't stir off the porch," she said. "Thinks it's too hot. What d'you know about that! So I thought he might as well sit there and yarn away to Min about the bright lights—she likes it. Say, are we going to ship some of the peaches to-day?"

That betraying "we" slipped by unnoticed.

"Yes," said Wilbur; "there'll be a few baskets; the real crop won't be on till week after next. But—I don't feel right about you being out here. He'll—he'll think it's queer."

"Let him think—he's not likely to strain his dome any," said Lou acridly, and packed away in silence for a long time.

Once she looked up with the cryptic saying, "People can be real different from what you think, can't they? But it's not their fault, maybe. What d'you think?"

"What you say?" asked Wilbur, who had been intent on thoughts of his own.

"Oh, nothing," she answered, and did not repeat.

Presently she spoke again:

"What I can't get through my poor old bean is how folks can say they don't like to be out in the sun—and mean it. I love the sun—I love it like it was something big and friendly and wise to everything and yet kind. It's warmin' all the bad feelings out of me, Wil. It's warmin' flesh on my bones. And I sleep and eat—gee, how I do punish the eats! And I feel so good I could grab a box of apples and jazz it all over the place."

"I like the sun, too," said Wilbur slowly and simply. He found no difficulty in saying things to Lou which Min could not have dragged from him. "It says somewhere, in one of the old almanacs, that there was a lot of people lived once who made a kind of religion out of it—sun-worshipers, they called 'em. I always thought it was a sensible sort of notion."

"Oh, boy—I should say—some stunt!" she said enthusiastically. "I never was a joiner, but I'd go along with that crowd any day. I'd be right up in the front pew with bells on. But that wouldn't do for Min—no, nor for Hal, neither. They'd rather get their sunburn under the midnight electrics."

But she tried to do her duty of hospitality to Hal, only she found it hard. He did not want to spoil his natty tan shoes by walking through the orchards, and he looked at the stables and Jinny with an indifferent eye. When Charlie Chaplin rubbed about his trouser legs he pushed

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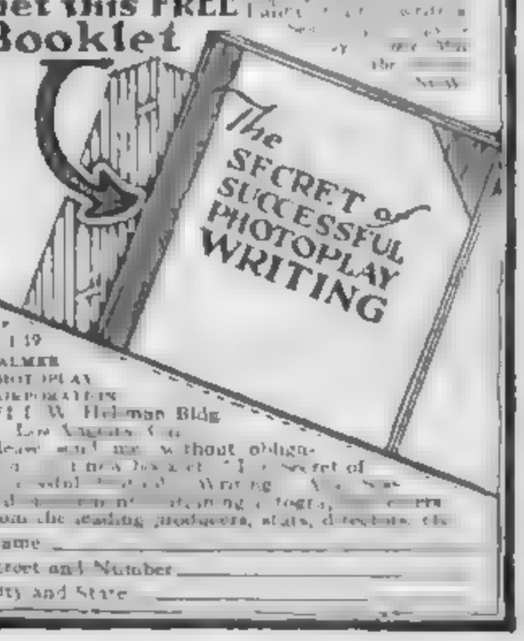

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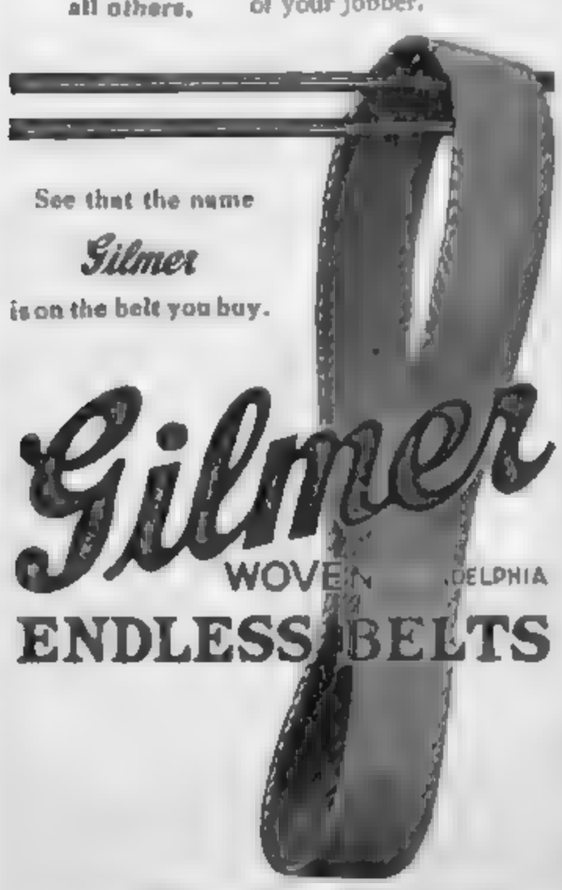

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her away with his stick, and thereby precipitated a scene.

"I don't know what's got into you, Hal Thompson!" flashed Lou, seizing the too affectionate Charlie and fondling her. "Striking a poor dumb animal with that silly little cane of yours. You don't need to feel so superior about anything round here. Wil Gaines could buy and sell you a hundred times and not feel it; and the way you act to him!"

"I haven't done a thing," protested Hal, who was at heart an amiable youth. "Just because I don't want a dirty cat rubbing up on me you fly out like you were crazy. I didn't hit 'er. And as for Mr. Gaines—well, if you can't see that he's a great big hayseed boob with about as much class to him as an ox—good night! He treats me all right enough, and I treat him all right enough. I hope I'm a gen'leman in any surroundings. But I can't feel toward him as an equal, Lou. Why, he don't know anything! He don't know anything about baseball or the ponies or the theaters or the fillums, or Diamond Jim Brady, or anything. Maybe he has got money—I'm not saying he hasn't—but money's not everything. A fella's got to have a little class and know a little something and get round some to be anybody these days and times. Why, he wouldn't reco'nize Mary Pickford if she came round the corner this minute, I'll bet a million."

"He knows a lot," defended Lou passionately. "He knows all about crops and horses and how to run a car, and—and about bees putting the—the—pollen"—she brought out the unfamiliar word carefully—"into fruit-tree blossoms so's they'll bear; and he knows all the different names of apples and peaches ——"

"Well, the name of one peach is enough for me," said Mr. Thompson, gracefully extricating himself from this dispute; "and you look some little peach, girlie, I must say. The way you've picked up is a wonder. Don't let's have any words about our farmer friend. He's all wool and a yard wide if you say so. I can't help feeling sorry for Miss Minnie, though—there's a girl who would have a lot of class if she was dressed right, and she's got a lot of life and go to her; and here she is stuck with this poor hick for life. It's tough, that's what it is."

Lou twitched her shoulders in hopeless exasperation and let the subject drop. What was the use of talking to one who couldn't see the least of the wonder and beauty of this new world of hers; who did not want dear furry Charlie Chaplin to rub his ankles; and who would not walk under fruiting peach trees because he got his shoes dusty, and Spanish needles and beggar lice stuck to his trousers; who was not thrilled by the thought that the stars had names, and who discounted the value of three hundred and some acres of paying orchard and farm land; who could not divine that Wil Gaines was as much of a man as he—if not more—because Wil Gaines wore a flannel shirt and he a much-tucked silk one; who actually pitied Min for being engaged to Wil. Oh, the enormities of ignorance!

More in sorrow than in anger she encouraged Hal to talk of the movies, the doings of the Willow Club and the ways of the *beau monde* that seeks sundaes and Melbas and cooling Lillian Russells in the biggest candy shop on Fifth Avnoo. And any time she wanted to run away and pack peaches beside Wil, Min was perfectly willing to take her place and listen to the Odyssey of the Great City, by its ardent chronicler, who did not know, and never had known, and never would know, more than some twenty blocks of it.

And it was Minnie who lamented aloud his going when his week was gone and he had packed his smart bag and mounted the motor truck with its hood set stationward. Lou said curiously little. She was absorbed in realizing what had before been to her nothing but an academic truth—supposing she had ever known of it at all—namely: "All that glisters is not gold."

The recognition of this hitherto ignored fact made her more quiet, less liable to prolonged bursts of chatter; and the incessant singing of her favorite song was stilled. Even Wilbur noticed that something was amiss. He spoke to Min.

"She's not worse, is she?" he asked anxiously. "She feels just as well as she did? We haven't any of us done anything to make her mad, have we?"

"No, I don't think so," said Min. "I s'pose seeing her fella, and him so stylish and all, made her kinda homesick fer the city. I don't see how she's ever stuck it out here as long's she has. Of course, the way she goes round without a sunbonnet and nothin' on her hands—she might get a little tetch of sun—but I don't think so. How she can! I keep telling her she'll be as black as a crow, but it don't make a mite of difference. I don't think Mr. Thompson quite liked it, myself. He kept tellin' her to look at me and see how I'd kept fair."

She smiled self-consciously and looked with approval at her plump snow-white hands with their square palms and heavy fingers. Her smile made Wilbur strangely angry.

"If I'd heard that little toy dude cast one slur on her I'd have broken him in two pieces and thrown 'em over the barn," he said angrily. "I sh'd think he'd have had more sense, even if he didn't have any more manners than to say things like that."

Contrary to her custom Minnie betrayed vexation with him. "Mr. Thompson's a perfect gentleman," she said, "and he never said a word out of the way. They didn't spat; I just told you I thought she was homesick fer him, didn't I?"

And she ended this colloquy, which had taken place out near the corncrib, by walking rapidly toward the house. Her tone and her manner gave Wil an unpleasant sense of having roused hitherto unfelt forces. He strode off in the other direction and worked like two men for the rest of the day.

But as the days of summer ripened and swelled into golden all-embracing warmth, and the blue heat haze danced in the noonday distances, and the shade of the trees became ever darker and more grateful to man and beast alike, something of Lou's merriness came back to her. She followed Wilbur more constantly than before, though at times he scolded her and declared it was too sultry for her to be out and made her go indoors. But when his back was turned she would slip out and come with him again.

"I can't stay in the house," she told him. "Min sits there, so cool and white, sewing and hemstitching—but I don't want ever to take a needle in my hand again. If you think this is hot you ought to be in one o' the lofts sewing on an August day. The machines z-z-z and z-z-z and the sweat runs down till you can't see for it, and there are smells—old fish left from lunches, and the dye in the goods, and the girls, packed in as close as they can get 'em, and they're not all clean, I can tell you! And then all of a sudden one of em' throws up her head and screams—just like that; an' then she begins to laugh an' cry or maybe just falls over an' the forelady runs to her and they throw water on her and—that just starts it. Pretty soon half the girls is dropped down, and then the boss comes in and raises hell because they've fallen on the waists and getting the lace and stuff all mussed up. And if it's piecework—well, there ain't so much money in our envelopes that week. And if it's time work we all get docked, just on principle. One day—one day I run a needle through my finger—right through; and they had to pull it back, thread and all, bloody—oh, I don't want to think about it!"

She had presented the picture in vivid pantomime and suggested more than she had said. And then her face changed suddenly and she had looked up from the basket of big blue plums misted in purplish bloom that she was placing evenly in a basket.

"I just ought to go on the stage!" she declared. "Every move a picture, and every word just like Sarah Bernhardt, and then some! Well, old stick-in-the-mud, wouldn't you rather be here with these great big old plums that smell like jam and spice and cologne all at once? Say, Wil, that's the one thing that gets me about the country—the smells! Now that sweet grass we smelled when I came out here; and all those flowers you got in the garden; and the house inside, kinda lavenderish and rosy; and then the fruit — the fruit! Oh, I'll bet the angels use the kind of sachet powder you could make outa these great big old plums and peaches, all full of sunshine and richness."

"There's something in the Bible about things smelling good," said Wilbur slowly. But she screamed at him.

"I thought I'd got you broke of kidding me about things, Wil Gaines," she said. "The Bible's religious—all about heaven and Job and old Smarty Solomon—and all those other old guys. There aren't any toilet-goods ads in the Bible, take it from me."

"It's in the Song of Solomon, where it is," persisted Wilbur. "It says: 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.'"

She regarded him with round eyes of astonishment. "Well, that's swell sounding," she admitted in an awed voice. "Honest to goodness, you do know the greatest lot of nice things! I wouldn't 've missed coming here this summer for a million round simoleons, honest to goodness. I wisht I didn't ever have to go home."

"Well, you don't have to, do you?" asked Wil, surprised.

She did not answer, and he turned to look at her and found her flooded with a cruel telltale blush. She would not look at him, but after a moment of the awkward silence she set down the basket of plums and said "I forgot something," and almost ran to the house.

He watched her going and shook his head in bewilderment. Here was something he could not fathom. "Women," he said to himself, "are queer!"

For two days she did not come to the orchard, but on the third day he complained at the noon hour that several of his pickers had failed him and that he must take a hand himself. When he went out she followed him.

"Let me try picking," she begged. "I can get 'em off the low branches anyway. I'll help."

And presently they were walking side by side down a green tunneled orchard row, the golden-red globes of peaches ready for picking bending down the branches toward them welcomingly. They worked awhile in silence, filling their baskets, and then at one specially laden tree they worked together. It was wonderfully still—just the little friendly "tkt" with which a big peach leaves the parent limb, ravished by a hand careful not to bruise or mar, and the light rustle of the bitter-sweet peach leaves about them.

Presently Lou found an undersized fruit, not worth shipping.

She reached her hand toward it. "I'm going to eat this little one," she said.

But it was caught from her closing fingers. "How often have I told you," he scolded, "never to eat any fruit unless it's sun-ripe—just ready to melt in your mouth. That peach'd be about right to ship if it was big enough, but when you want to eat ——"

He stopped, his hand over hers. The touch of her warm soft flesh, the look in her eyes—they drove the words from his lips and left him breathless. He caught her to him blindly, and knew the ecstasy of her lithe body against his; he held her from him and saw the ruddy color burnt in her hair, the rioting blood behind the brown of her cheeks, her scarlet wishful lips. And then he released her; not wholly—he could not do that while this midsummer madness was on him—but enough so that he could half speak, half groan: "Lou—I forgot—about Minnie."

It was confession. It was conviction. He had no right, and yet he had dared because he must. That was what she had waited for, and now it was she who clung, she who would not let him go, she who, halfway between tears and laughter, gibed at him.

"Old stick-in-the-mud!" she said. "Darling old stick-in-the-mud! Old blind as a bat! Old stupid! I thought you'd never see—I thought you didn't care! Oh, don't let me go! It's all right about Min—she and Hal would fix it up between 'em any minute if they thought it was clear for 'em.

"What d'you think he's been sending her all those postals with the Woolworth Building and the Brooklyn Bridge and Rector's on 'em for? Why, they're just crazy about each other! And that leaves you, Wil, for me—if you want me, old stick-in-the-mud!"

And once more, dizzy with happiness, he groped to fancy to express himself. The beauty of her, the glory of her giving, the courage that had forced her steps from death to life and brought her, bloomed to strength and loveliness—to him. He knew his own at last. But he had only words with a rustic flavor to tell it.

"Sun-ripe for me," he said against her lips.

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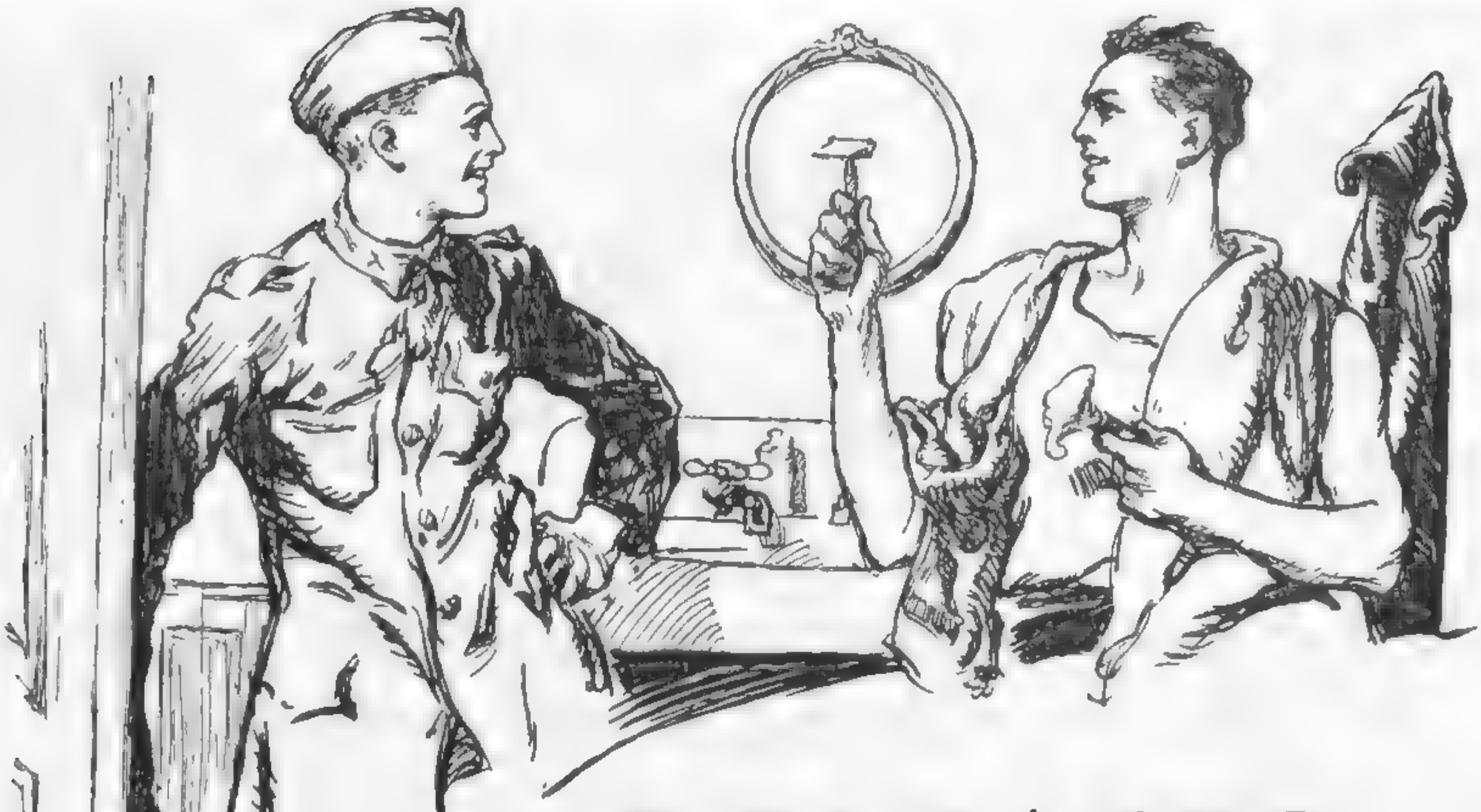

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MOTHS IN THE ARC LIGHT

(Continued from Page 7)

wild, the jagged clouds rushing in panic, smeared with the dull red of afterglow. Only her light, across, was calm—and she was not there.

"I can't stand it! I've come to depend on her. I didn't know I could miss anybody like this. I wasn't living—then. Something has happened to me. I don't understand! I don't understand!" he said.

She was back next morning. He couldn't believe it. He kept returning to make sure, and she always waved: and he was surprised to see how humbly grateful he was for that recognition. She pantomimed coughing for him, and with a hand on her brow indicated that she had had fever. He inquiringly laid his cheek on his hand in the universal sign for going to bed. She nodded—yes, she had been abed with a cold.

As he left the window he knew that sooner or later he must meet her, even if she should prove to be the sort who would say "Listen, kiddo!" He couldn't risk losing her again. Only—well, there was no hurry. He wanted to be sure he wasn't ridiculous. Among the people he knew the greatest rule of life was never to be ridiculous.

He had retired from the window in absurd envy because the men and girls in the office across were shaking Emily's hand, welcoming her back. He began to think about them and about her office. He hadn't an idea what the business of the office was—whether they sold oil stock or carrier pigeons or did blackmail. It was too modern to have lettering on the windows. There were blue prints to be seen on the walls, but they might indicate architecture, machinery—anything.

He began to watch her office mates more closely, and took the most querulous likes and dislikes. Her boss—he was a decent chap; but that filing girl, whom he had caught giggling at Emily's aloof way, she was a back-alley cat, and Bates had a back-alley desire to slap her.

He was becoming a clumsy sort of mystic in his aching care for her. When he waved good night he was sending her his deepest self to stand as an invisible power beside her all the dark night. When he watched the others in her office he was not a peering gossip; he was winning them over to affection for her.

But not too affectionate!

He disapproved of the new young man who went to work in the office opposite a week or two after Emily's return. The new young man went about in his shirt sleeves, but the shirt seemed to be of silk, and he wore large intelligentsia tortoise-shell spectacles, and smoked a college sort of pipe in a dear-old-dormitory way. He had trained his molasses-colored locks till each frightened hair knew its little place and meekly kept it all day long. He was a self-confident, airy new young man, and apparently he was at least assistant manager. He was to be beheld talking easily to Emily's chief, one foot up on a chair, puffing much gray smoke.

The new young man appeared to like Emily. He had his own stenographer in his coop way over at the left, but he was always hanging about Emily's desk, and she looked up at him brightly. He chatted with her at closing hour, and at such times her back was to the window; and across the street Bates discreditably neglected his work and stood muttering things about drowning puppies.

She still waved good night to Bates, but he fancied that she was careless about it.

"Oh, I'm just the faithful old dog. Young chap comes along—I'm invited to the wedding! I bet I've been best man at more weddings than any other man in New York. I know the Wedding March better than the organist of St. Thomas', and I can smell lost rings across the vestry. Of course. That's all they want me for," said Bates.

And he dictated a violent letter to the company which made the cards for the indicator, and bitterly asked the office boy if he could spare time from the movies to fill the inkwells during the next few months.

Once Emily and the new young man left the office together at closing time, and peering twelve stories down Bates saw them emerging, walking together down the street. The young man was bending over her, and as they were submerged in the crowd Emily glanced at him with a gay upward toss of her head.

The lonely man at the window above sighed. "Well—well, I wanted her to be happy. But that young pup —— Rats! He's probably very decent. Heavens and earth, I'm becoming a moral Peeping Tom! I hate myself! But—I'm going to meet her. I won't let him take her away! I won't!"

Easy to say, but like paralysis was Bates' training in doing what other nice people do—in never being ridiculous. He despised queer people—socialists and poets and chaps who let others know they were in love.

Still thinking about it a week later he noticed no one about him as he entered a near-by tea room for lunch, and sat at a tiny, white, fussy table, with a paranoiac carmine rabbit painted in one corner of the bare top. He vaguely stared at a menu of walnut sandwiches, cream-cheese sandwiches and chicken hash.

He realized that over the top of the menu he was looking directly at Emily, alone, at another dinky white table across the room.

Suppose she should think that he had followed her? That he was a masher? Horrible!

He made himself small in his chair, and to the impatient waitress modestly murmured: "Chicken hash, please; cuppa coffee."

His fear melted as he made sure that Emily had not seen him. She was facing in the same direction as he, and farther down the room, so that her back was toward him, and her profile. She was reading a book while she neglectfully nibbled at a soft, white roll, a nice-minded tea-room roll. He studied her hungrily.

She was older than he had thought, from her quick movements. She was twenty-seven, perhaps. Her smooth, pale cheeks free of all padding or fat, all lax muscles of laziness, were silken. In everything she was fine; the product of breeding. She was—he rejoiced with a quick thrill—she was veritably Emily!

He had never much noticed how women were dressed, but now he found himself valuing every detail: The good lines and simplicity of her blue frock with chiffon sleeves, her trim brown shoes, her unornamented small blue toque, cockily aside her head with military smartness. But somehow —— It was her overcoat, on the back of her chair, that got him—her plain brown overcoat with bands of imitation fur; rather a cheap coat, not very warm. The inside was turned back, so that he saw the tiny wrinkles in the lining where it lay over her shoulders—wrinkles as feminine as the faint scent of powder—and discovered that she had patched the armhole. He clenched his fists with a pity for her poverty that was not pity alone but an exquisite longing to do things for her.

Emily was stirring, closing her book, absently pawing for her check as she snatched the last sentences of the story before going back to work. He had, so far, only picked juicy little white pieces out of the chicken hash, and had ignobly put off the task of attacking the damp, decomposed toast. And he was hungry. But he didn't know what to do if in passing she recognized him.

He snatched his coat and hat and check, and galloped out, not looking back.

He went to a hotel and had a real lunch, alternately glowing because she really was the fine, fresh, shining girl he had fancied and cursing himself because he had not gone over and spoken to her. Wittily. Audaciously. Hadn't he been witty and audacious to the Binghamton traction directors?

And—now that he knew her he wasn't going to relinquish her to the windy young man with the owl spectacles!

At three-thirty-seven that afternoon without visible cause he leaped out of his chair, seized his hat, and hustled out through the office. He sedately entered the elevator. The elevator runner was a heavy, black-skirted amiable Irishwoman who remembered people. He wondered if he couldn't say to her "I am about to go across the street and fall in love."

As for the first time in all his study of it he entered the building opposite he was panting as though he had been smoking too much. His voice sounded thick as he said "Twelve out," in the elevator.

Usually revolving business plans he walked through buildings unseeing, but he was as aware of the twelfth-floor hall, of the marble footboards, the floor like fruit cake

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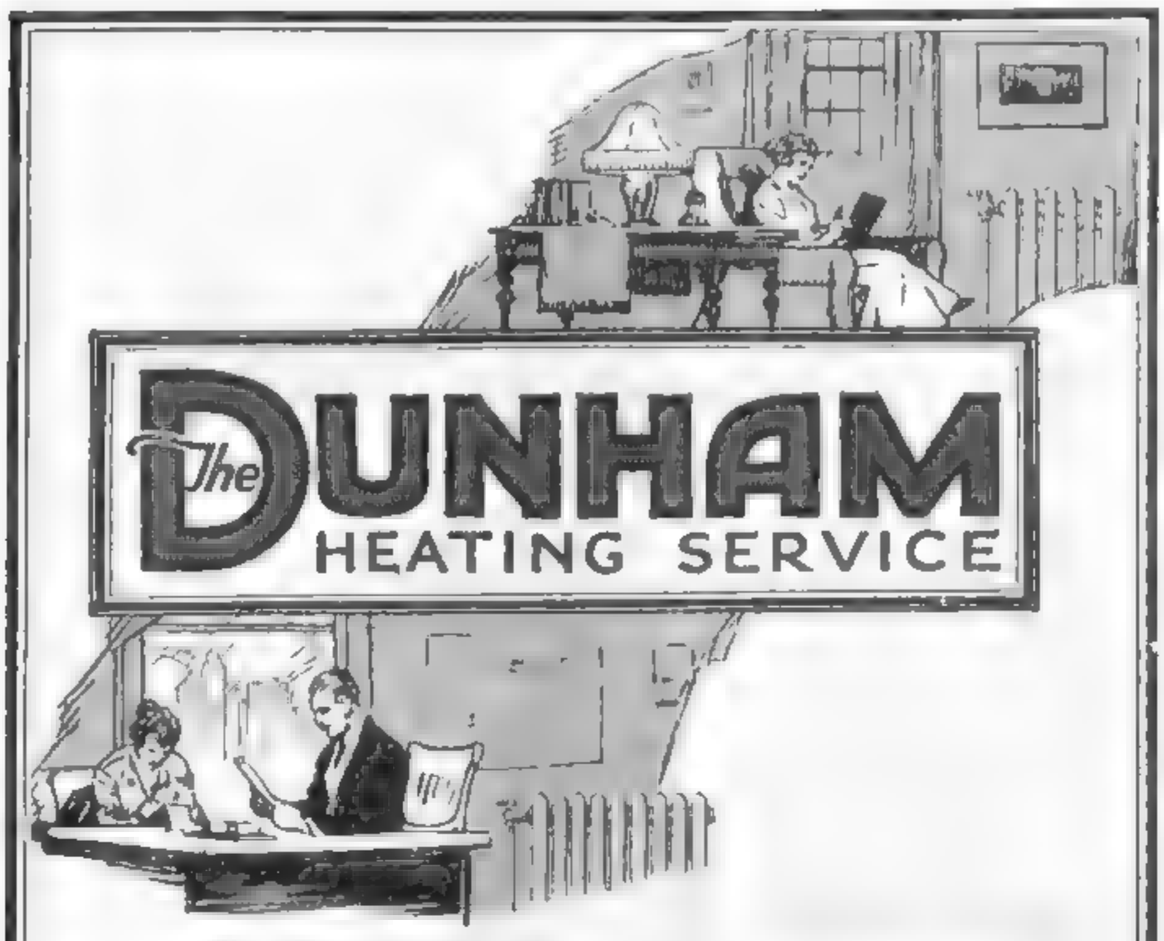

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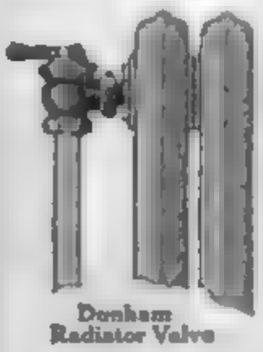

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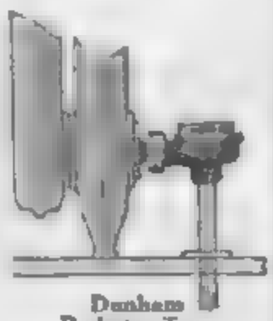

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turned to stone, wire-glass lights, alabaster bowls of the indirect lighting, as though he were a country boy new to this strange indoor world where the roads were tunnels. He was afraid, and none too clear why he should be afraid, of one slim girl.

He had gone fifty feet from the elevator before it occurred to him that he hadn't the slightest idea where he was going.

He had lost his directions. There were two batteries of elevators, so that he could not get his bearings from them. He didn't know on which side her office was. Trying to look as though he really had business here he rambled till he found a window at the end of a corridor. He saw the Times tower, and was straight again. Her office would be on the right. But—where?

He had just realized that from the corridor he couldn't tell how many outside windows each office had. He had carefully counted from across the street and found that her window was the sixth from the right. But that might be in either the Floral Heights Development Company or the Alaska Belle Mining Corporation, S. Smith—it was not explained whether S. Smith was the Belle or the Corporation.

Bates stood still. A large, red, furry man exploded out of the Floral Heights office and stared at him. Bates haughtily retired to the window at the end of the corridor and glowered out. Another crushing thought had fallen on him. Suppose he did pick the right office? He would find himself in an inclosed waiting room. He couldn't very well say to an office boy: "Will you tell the young lady in the blue dress that the man across the street is here?"

That would be ridiculous.

But he didn't care a hang if he was ridiculous!

He bolted down the corridor, entered the door of the Alaska Belle Mining Corporation. He was in a mahogany and crushed-morocco boudoir of business. A girl with a black frock and a scarlet smile fawned, "Ye-es?" He wasn't sure but he thought she was a flirtatious person whom he had noted as belonging in an office next to Emily's. He blundered: "C-could I see some of your literature?"

It was twenty minutes later when he escaped from a friendly young man—now gorgeous in a new checked suit, but positively known by Bates to have cleaned the lapels of his other suit with stuff out of a bottle two evenings before—who had tried to sell him stock in two gold mines and a ground-floor miracle in the copper line. Bates was made to feel as though he was betraying an old friend before he was permitted to go. He had to accept a library of choice views of lodes, smelters, river barges and Alaskan scenery.

He decorously deposited the booklets one by one in the mail chute, and returned to his favorite corridor.

This time he entered the cream-and-blue waiting room of the Floral Heights Development Company. He had a wild, unformed plan of announcing himself as a building inspector and being taken through the office, unto the uttermost parts, which meant to Emily's desk. It was a romantic plan and adventurous—and he instantly abandoned it at the sight of the realistic office boy, who had red hair and knickers and the oldest, coldest eye in the world.

"You people deal in suburban realty, don't you?"

"Yep!"

"I'd like to see the manager." It would be Emily who would take him in!

"Whadyuhwannaseeimbout?"

"I may consider the purchase of a lot."

"Oh, I thought you was that collector from the towel company."

"Do I look it, my young friend?"

"You can't tell, these days—the way you fellows spend your money on clothes. Well, say, boss, the old man is out, but I'll chase Mr. Simmons out here."

Mr. Simmons was, it proved, the man whom Bates disliked more than any other person living. He was that tortoise-spectacled, honey-haired, airy young man who dared to lift his eyes to Emily. He entered with his cut-out open; he assumed that he was Bates' physician and confessor; he chanted that at Beautiful Floral Heights by the Hackensack the hydrants gave champagne, all babies weighed fifteen pounds at birth, values doubled overnight, and cement garages grew on trees.

Bates escaped with another de luxe library, which included a glossy post card showing the remarkable greenness of Floral Heights grass, and the redness and yellowness of "Bungalow erected for J. J. Keane."

He took the post card back to his office and addressed it to the one man in his class whom he detested.

v

FOR four days he ignored Emily. Oh, he waved good night; there was no reason for hurting her feelings by rudeness. But did not watch her through the creeping office hours. And he called on Christine Parrish. He told himself that in Christine's atmosphere of leisure and the scent of white roses, in her chatter about the singles championship and Piping Rock and various men referred to as Bunk and Poodle and Georgie, he had come home to his own people. But when Christine on the davenport beside him looked demurely at him through the smoke of her cigarette he seemed to hear the frightful drum fire of the Wedding March, and he rushed to the protecting fireplace.

The next night when Emily, knife-clean Emily, waved good-by and exhaustedly snapped off her light Bates darted to the elevator and reached the street entrance before she appeared across the way. But he was still stiff with years of training in propriety. He stood watching her go down the street, turn the corner.

Crackins, the bookkeeper, blandly whistling as he left the building was shocked to see Bates running out of the doorway, his arms revolving grotesquely, his unexercised legs stumbling as he dashed down a block and round the corner.

Bates reached her just as she entered the Subway kiosk and was absorbed in the swirl of pushing people. He put out his hand to touch her unconscious shoulder, then withdrew it shiveringly, like a cat whose paw has touched cold water.

She had gone two steps down. She did not know he was there.

"Emily!" he cried.

A dozen Subway hurriers glanced at him as they shoved past. Emily turned, half seeing. She hesitated, looked away from him again.

"Emily!"

He dashed down, stood beside her.

"Two lovers been quarreling," reflected an oldish woman as she plumped by them.

"I beg your pardon!" remonstrated Emily.

Her voice was clear, her tone sharp. These were the first words from his princess of the tower.

"I beg yours, but —— I tried to catch your attention. I've been frightfully clumsy, but —— You see, hang it, I don't know your name, and when I—I happened to see you, I—I'd thought of you as 'Emily.'"

Her face was still, her eyes level. She was not indignant, but she waited, left it all to him.

He desperately lied: "Emily was my mother's name."

"Oh! Then I can't very well be angry, but——"

"You know who I am, don't you? The man across the street from ——"

"Yes. Though I didn't know you at first. The man across is always so self-possessed!"

"I know. Don't rub it in. I'd always planned to be very superior and amusing and that sort of stuff when I met you, and make a tremendous impression." Standing on the gritty steel-plated steps that led to the cavern of the Subway, jostled by hurtling people, he faltered on. "Things seem to have slipped, though. You see, I felt beastly lonely to-night. Aren't you, sometimes?"

"Always!"

"We'd become such good friends—you know, our lunches together, and all."

Her lips twitched, and she took pity on him with: "I know. Are you going up in the Subway? We can ride together, at least as far as Seventy-second."

This was before the days of shuttles and H's, when dozens of people knew their way about in the Subway, and one spoke confidently of arriving at a given station.

"No, I wasn't going. I wanted you to come to dinner with me! Do, please! If you haven't a date. I'm—I'm not really a masher. I've never asked a girl I didn't know, like this. I'm really —— Oh, hang it, I'm a solid citizen. Disgustingly so. My name is Bates. I'm g. m. of my office. If this weren't New York we'd have met months ago. Please! I'll take you right home after ——"

Young women of the Upper West Side whose fathers were in Broad Street or in wholesale silk, young women with marquetry tables, with pictures in shadow boxes

(Continued on Page 85)

Oakland

The return to peace finds the nation habituated to lessons of economy and conservation not soon to be forgotten. In perfect accord with this is the exceptional combination of utility and thrift achieved in Oakland Sensible Six cars. Moderate in price, dependable in construction and performance, either the Sedan or the Coupé affords constant every-day comfort and convenience with minimum operating and maintenance costs. Scientific design makes them from 300 to 500 pounds lighter than other closed cars of comparable qualities, and they are further distinguished by extra roominess, unusual workmanship, and complete and substantial equipment throughout.

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(Continued from Page 82)

in their drawing-rooms, and too many servants belowstairs, had been complimented when Bates took them to dinner. But this woman who worked, who had the tension wrinkle between her brows, listened and let him struggle.

"We can't talk here. Please walk up a block with me," he begged.

She came, but she continued to inspect him. Once they were out of the hysteria of the Subway crowd the ache of his embarrassment was relieved, and on a block of dead old brownstone houses embalmed among loft buildings he stopped and laughed aloud.

"I've been talking like an idiot. The crowd flustered me. And it was so different from the natty greeting I'd always planned. May I come and call on you sometime, and present myself as a correct old bachelor, and ask you properly to go to dinner? Will you forgive me for having been so clumsy?"

She answered gravely: "No, you weren't. You were nice. You spoke as though you meant it. I was glad. No one in New York ever speaks to me as though he meant anything—except giving dictation."

He came close to saying: "What does the chump with the foolish spectacles mean?"

He saved himself by a flying mental leap as she went on: "And I like your laugh. I will go to dinner with you to-night if you wish."

"Thank you, a lot. Where would you like to go? And shall we go to a movie or something to kill time before dinner?"

"You won't —— I'm not doing wrong, am I? I really feel as if I knew you. Do you despise me for tagging obediently along when I'm told to?"

"Oh! Despise —— You're saving a solitary man's life! Where ——"

"Any place that isn't too much like a tea room. I go to tea rooms twice a day. I am ashamed every time I see a boiled egg, and I've estimated that if the strips of Japanese toweling I've dined over were placed end to end they would reach from Elkhart to Rajputana."

"I know. I wish we could go to a family dinner—not a smart one but an old-fashioned one, with mashed turnips, and mother saying: 'Now eat your nice parsnips; little girls that can't eat parsnips can't eat mince pie.'"

"Oh, there aren't any families any more. You are nice!"

She was smiling directly at him, and he wanted to tuck her hand under his arm, and he didn't, and they went to a movie till seven. They did not talk during it. She was relaxed, her small tired hands curled together in her lap. He chose the balcony of the Firenze Room in the Grand Royal Hotel for dinner, because from its quiet leisure you can watch gay people and hear distant music. He ordered a dinner composed of such unnecessary things as hors d'œuvres, which she wouldn't have in tea rooms. He did not order wine.

When the waiter was gone and they faced each other, with no walking, no movies, no stir of the streets to occupy them, they were silent. He was struggling enormously to find something to say, and finding nothing beyond the sound observation that winters are cold. She glanced over the balcony rail at a bouncing pink-and-silver girl dining below with three elephantishly skittish men in evening clothes. She seemed far easier than he. He couldn't get himself to be masterful. He examined the crest on a fork and carefully scratched three triangles on the cloth with the tines, and ran his watch chain between his fingers, and told himself not to fidget, and arranged two forks and a spoon in an unfeasible fortification of his water glass, and delicately scratched his ear and made a knot in his watch chain, and dropped a fork with an alarming clang, and burst out:

"Er-r-r —— Hang it, let's be conversational! I find myself lots dumber than an oyster. Or a fried scallop."

She laid her elbows on the table, smiled inquiringly, suggested: "Very well. But tell me who you are. And what does your office do? I've decided you dealt in Christmas mottoes. You have cardboard things round the walls."

He was eloquent about the Carstop Indicator. The device was, it seemed, everything from a city guide to a preventive of influenza. All traction magnates who failed to introduce it were ——

"Now I shall sell you a lot at Floral Heights," she interrupted.

"Oh, you're right. I'm office mad. But it really is a good thing. I handle the Eastern territory. I'm a graduate—now I shall be autobiographical and intimate and get your sympathy for my past—I come from Shef.—Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University. My father was a chemical engineer; and I wrote one poem, at the age of eleven; and I have an uncle in Sing Sing for forgery. Now you know all about me. And I want to know if you really are Emily?"

"Meaning?"

"I didn't—er—exactly call you Emily because of my mother, but because the name means old gardens and a charming family. I have decided that your father was either a bishop or a Hartford banker."

She was exploring hors d'œuvres. She laid down her fork and said evenly: "No. My father was a mill superintendent in Fall River. He was no good. He drank and gambled and died. My mother was quite nice. But there is nothing romantic about me. I did have three years in college, but I work because I have to. I have no future beyond possibly being manager of the girls in some big office. I am very competent but not very pleasant. I am horribly lonely in New York, but that may be my fault. One man likes me—a man in my office. But he laughs at my business ambitions. I am not happy, and I don't know what's ahead of me, and some day I may kill myself—and I definitely do not want sympathy. I've never been so frank as this to anyone, and I oughtn't to have been with you."

She stopped dead, looked at the trivial crowd below, and Bates felt as though he had pawed at her soul.

Awkwardly kind he ventured: "You live alone?"

"Yes."

"Can't you find some jolly girls to live with?"

"I've tried it. They got on my nerves. They were as hopeless as I was."

"Haven't you some livelier girl you can play with?"

"Only one. And she's pretty busy. She's a social worker. And where can we go? Concerts sometimes, and walks. Once we tried to go to a restaurant. You know—one of these Bohemian places. Three different drunken men tried to pick us up. This isn't a very gentle city."

"Emily—Emily —— I say, what is your name?"

"It's as unromantic as the rest of me: Sarah Pardee."

"Look here, Miss Pardee, I'm in touch with a good many different sorts of people in the city. Lived here a good while, and classmates. Will you let me do something for you? Introduce you to people I know; families and ——"

She laid down her fork, carefully placed her hands flat on the table, side by side, palms down, examined them, fitted her thumbs closer together, and declared: "There is something you can do for me."

"Yes?" he thrilled.

"Get me a better job!"

He couldn't keep from grunting as though he had quite unexpectedly been hit by something.

"The Floral Heights people are nice to work for, but there's no future. Mr. Ransom can't see a woman as anything but a stenographer. I want to work up to office manager of some big concern or something."

He pleaded:

"B-but —— Of course I'll be glad to do that, but don't you want —— How about the human side? Don't you want to meet real New Yorkers?"

"No."

"Houses where you could drop in for tea on Sunday?"

"Not very much."

"Girls of your own age, and dances, and ——"

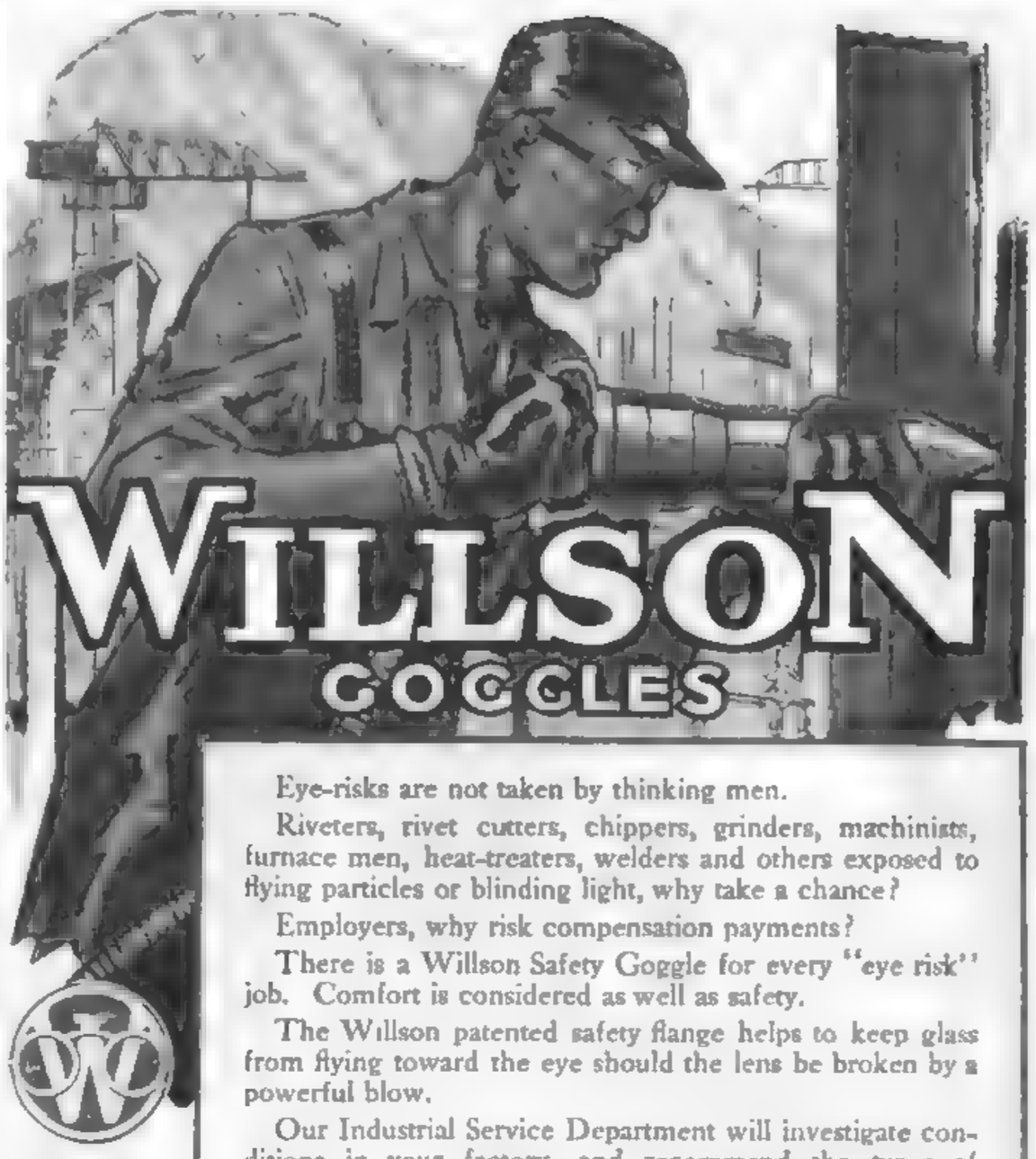
"No. I'm a business woman, nothing else. Shan't be anything else, I'm afraid. Not strong enough. I have to get to bed at ten. Spartan. It isn't much fun but it—oh, it keeps me going."

"Very well. I shall do as you wish. I'll telephone you by to-morrow noon."

He tried to make it sound politely disagreeable, but it is to be suspected that he was rather plaintive, for a glimmer of a smile touched her face as she said: "Thank you. If I could just find an opening. I don't know many employers here. I was in a Boston office for several years."

This ending, so like a lecture on auditing and costs, concluded Bates' quest for high romance.

He was horribly piqued and dignified, and he talked in an elevated manner of



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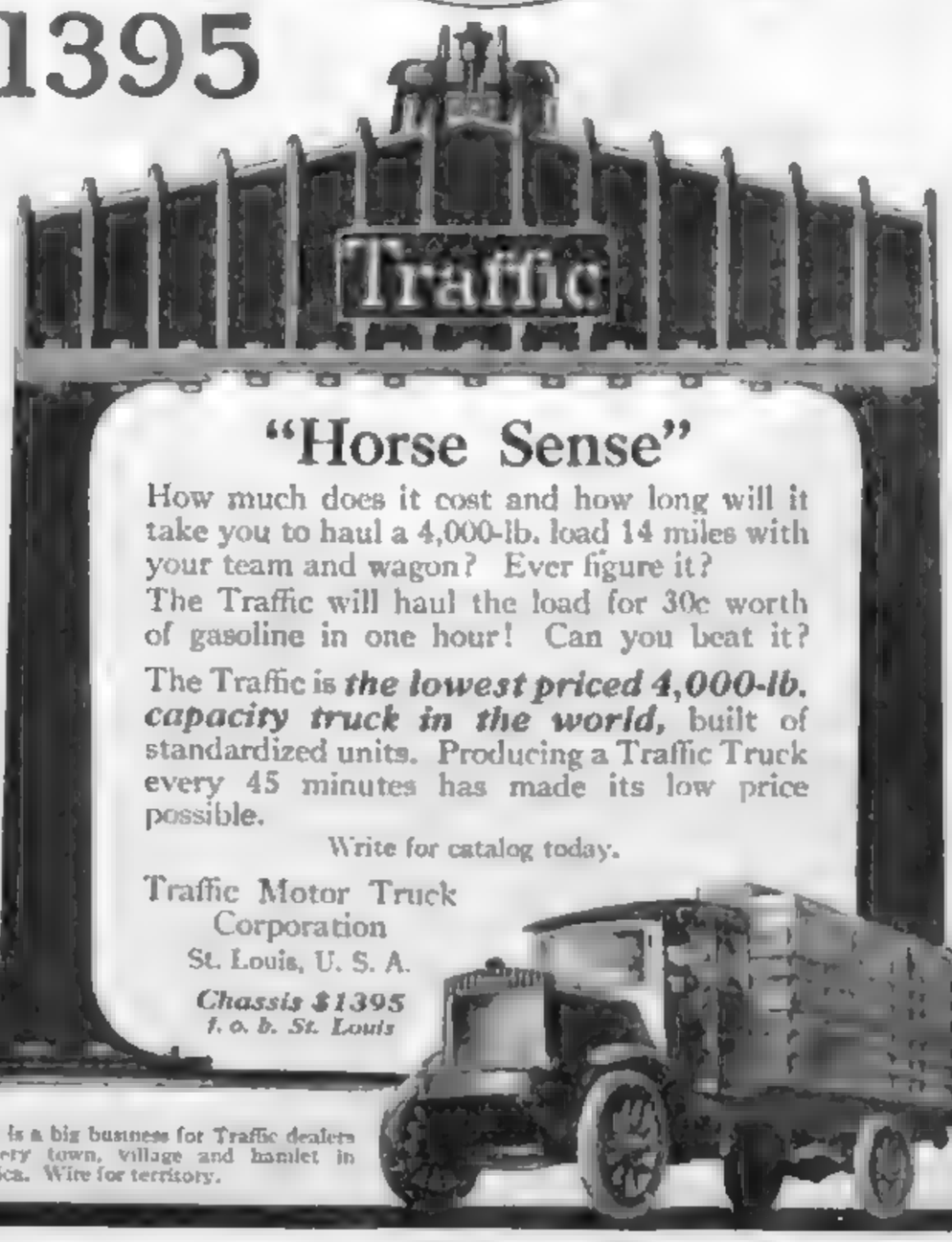

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authors whom he felt he must have read, seeing that he had always intended to read them when he got time. Inside he felt rather sick. He informed himself that he had been a fool; that Emily—no, Miss Sarah Pardee!—was merely an enameled machine; and that he never wanted to see her again.

It was all of six minutes before he begged: "Did you like my waving good night to you every evening?"

Dubiously: "Oh—yes."

"Did you make up foolish stories about me as I did about you?"

"No. I'll tell you." She spoke with faint, measured emphasis. "I have learned that I can get through a not very appealing life only by being heartless and unimaginative—except about my work. I was wildly imaginative as a girl; read Keats, and Kipling of course, and pretended that every man with a fine straight back was Strickland Sahib. Most stenographers keep up making believe. Poor tired things, they want to marry and have children; and file numbers and vocabularies merely bewilder them. But I—well, I want to succeed. So—work. And keep clear-brained, and exact. Know facts. I never allow fancies to bother me in office hours. I can tell you precisely the number of feet and inches of sewer pipe at Floral Heights, and I do not let myself gurgle over the pigeons that come up and coo on my window sill. I don't believe I shall ever be sentimental about anything again. Perhaps I've made a mistake. But—I'm not so sure. My father was full of the choicest sentiment; especially when he was drunk. Anyway, there I am. Not a woman, but a business woman."

"I'm sorry!"

He took her home. At her suggestion they walked up, through the late-winter clamminess. They passed a crying child on a doorstep beside a discouraged delicatessen. He noted that she looked at the child with an instant of mothering excitement, then hastened on.

"I'm not angry at her now. But even if I did want to see her again I never would. She isn't human," he explained to himself.

At her door—door of a smug semiprivate rooming house on West Seventy-fourth Street—as he tried to think of a distinguished way of saying good-by he blurted: "Don't get too interested in the young man with the spectacles. Make him wait till you study the genus New Yorker a little more. Your Mr. Simmons is amiable but shallow."

"How did you know I knew Mr. Simmons?" she marveled. "How did you know his name?"

It was the first time she had been off her guard, and he was able to retreat with a most satisfactory "One notices! Good night. You shall have your big job."

He peeped back from two houses away. She must have gone in without one glance toward him.

He told himself that he was glad their evening was over. But he swooped down on the Yale Club and asked five several men what they knew about jobs for a young woman who, he asserted entirely without authorization, was a perfect typist, speedy at taking dictation, scientific at filing carbons—and able to find the carbons after she had scientifically filed them!—and so charming to clients that before they even saw one of the selling force they were longing to hand over their money.

He telephoned about it to a friend in a suburb, which necessitated his sitting in a smothering booth and shouting: "No, no, no! I want Pelham, not Chatham!" After he had gone to bed he had a thought so exciting and sleep-dispelling that he got up, closed the windows, shivered, hulked into his bath robe and sat smoking a cigarette, with his feet inelegantly up on the radiator. Why not make a place for Emily in his own office?

He gave it up reluctantly. The office wasn't big enough to afford her a chance. And Emily—Miss Pardee—probably would refuse. He bitterly crushed out the light of the cigarette on the radiator, yanked the windows open and climbed back into bed. He furiously discovered that during his meditation the bed had become absolutely cold again. There were pockets of arctic iciness down in the lower corners.

"Urg!" snarled Bates.

He waved good morning to Emily next day, but brusquely; and she was casual in her answer. At eleven-seventeen, after the sixth telephone call, he had found the place. He telephoned to her.

"This is Mr. Bates, across the street."

He leaped up and by pulling the telephone out to the end of its green tether he could just reach the window and see her at the telephone by her window.

He smiled, but he went on sternly: "If you will go to the Technical and Home Syndicate—the new consolidation of trade publications—and ask for Mr. Hyden—H-y-d-e-n—in the advertising department, he will see that you get a chance. Really big office. Opportunities. Chance to manage a lot of stenographers, big commercial-research department, maybe a shot at advertising soliciting. Please refer to me. Er-r-r"

She looked across, saw him at the telephone, startled. Tenderness came over him in a hot wave.

But colorless was her voice as she answered "That's very good of you."

He cut her off with a decisive "Good luck!" He stalked back to his desk. He was curiously gentle and hesitating with his subordinates all that day.

"Wonder if the old man had a pal die on him?" suggested Crackins, the bookkeeper, to the filing girl. "He looks peaked. Pretty good scout, Batesy is, at that."

A week later Emily was gone from the office across. She had not telephoned good-by. In a month Bates encountered Hyden, of the Technical Syndicate office, who informed him: "That Miss Pardee you sent me is a crackajack. Right on the job, and intelligent. I've got her answering correspondence—dictating. She'll go quite a ways."

That was all. Bates was alone. Never from his twelfth-floor tower did he see her face or have the twilight benediction of farewell.

VI

HE TOLD himself that she was supercilious, that she was uninteresting, that he did not like her. He admitted that his office had lost its exciting daily promise of romance—that he was tired of all offices. But he insisted that she had nothing to do with that. He had surrounded her with a charm not her own.

However neatly he explained things to himself, it was still true that an empty pain like homesickness persisted whenever he looked out of his window—or didn't look out but sat at his desk and wanted to. When he worked late he often raised his head with a confused sense of missing something. The building across had become—just a building across. All he could see in it was ordinary office drudges doing commonplace things. Even Mr. Simmons of the æsthetic spectacles no longer roused interesting rage. As for Emily's successor, Bates hated her. She smirked, and her hair was a hurrah's nest.

March had come in; the streets were gritty with dust. Bates languidly got himself to call on Christine Parrish again. Amid the welcome narcissus bowls and vellum-backed seats and hand-tooled leather desk fittings of the Parrish library he was roused from the listlessness that like a black fog had been closing in on him. He reflected that Christine was sympathetic, and Emily merely a selfish imitation of a man. But Christine made him impatient. She was vague. She murmured: "Oh, it must be thrilling to see the street railways in all these funny towns." Funny towns! Huh! They made New York hustle. Christine's mind was flabby. Yes, and her soft shining arms would become flabby too. He wanted—oh, a girl that was compact, cold-bathed.

As he plodded home the shivering fog that lay over him hid the future. What had he ahead? Lonely bachelorhood—begging mere boys at the club to endure a game of poker with him?

He became irritable in the office. He tried to avoid it. He was neither surprised nor indignant when he overheard Crackins confide to his own stenographer: "The old man has an ingrowing grouch. We'll get him operated on. How much do you contribute, countess? Ah, we thank you."

He was especially irritable on a watery, bleary April day when every idiot in New York and the outlying districts telephoned him. He thought ill of Alexander Graham Bell. The factory wanted to know whether they should rush the Bangor order. He hadn't explained that more than six times before! A purchasing agent from out of town called him up and wanted information about theater-ticket agencies and a tailor. The girl in the outside office let a wrong-number call get through to him, and a

(Concluded on Page 89)

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An airplane propeller was being tested for balance at the Hardman, Peck factory in New York. The testing room was closed against air currents that might stir the delicately pivoted blades.

One end of the propeller was heavy. It slowly dropped, one inch, two, three, four inches. The workman removed it to his bench and lightly sandpapered one blade. He could feel the cutting of the grit through the pliable paper. He quit when he figured he had overcome the slight drop.

But on the testing pivot it again stirred and after a few moments fell an inch or so. The foreman chanced by and said, "You missed it a trifle that time, Tom."

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DURUNDUM CLOTH

"No, *it ought to stay level,*" said the workman, daring to set his skill against the government testing machine. Just then the propeller returned to dead level. Mystified, they left it and when they came back it behaved the same way. This happened three times.

"I'll bet it's that fly. There, he's lit on the blade; see it drop!" said Tom. The mere weight of a fly did it.

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A medium weight sock with 3-thread, strongly reinforced heels and toes. Elastic ribbed top securely knit on. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black, tan and white.

Price 25c pair

ALPINE

A warm and comfortable stocking. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Extra wide and elastic flare top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black only.

Price 35c pair

(Concluded from Page 86)

greasy voice bullied: "Is dis de Triumph Bottling Vorks? Vod? Get off de line! I don't vant you! Hang up!"

"Well, I most certainly don't want you!" snapped Bates. But it didn't relieve him at all.

"Tr-r-r-r!" snickered the telephone bell.

Bates ignored it.

"Tr-r-r-r. R-r-r-r. R-r-r-r! Tr-r-r-r!"

"Yeah!" snarled Bates.

"Mr. Bates?"

"Yep!"

"Sarah Pardee speaking."

"Who?"

"Why—why, Emily! You sound busy, though. I won't ——"

"Wait! W-w-wait! For heaven's sake! Is it really you? How are you? How are you? Terribly glad to hear your voice! How are you? We miss you ——"

"We?"

"Well, I do! Nobody to say good night. Heard from Hyden; doing fine. Awfully glad. What—er—what ——"

"Mr. Bates, will you take me out to dinner some time this week; or next?"

"Will you come to-night?"

"You have no engagement?"

"No, no! Expected to dine alone. Please come. Will you meet me —— Shall we go up to the Belle Chic?"

"Please may we go to the Grand Royal again; and early, about six-thirty?"

"Of course. I'll meet you in the lobby. Six-thirty. Good-by."

He drew the words out lingeringly, but she cut him off with a crisp telephonic "G'-by."

Afterward he called up an acquaintance and broke the dinner engagement he had had for four days. He lied badly; and the man told him about it.

In his idiotic, beatific glow it wasn't for half an hour that the ugly thought crept grinning into his mind, but it persisted, squatting there, leering at him: "I wonder if she just wants me to get her another job?"

It served to quiet the intolerable excitement. In the Grand Royal lobby he greeted her with only a nod. . . . She was on time. Christine Parrish had a record minimum of twenty minutes late.

They descended the twisting stairs to the Firenze Room.

"Would you prefer the balcony or down stairs?" he said easily.

She turned.

She had seemed unchanged. Above the same brown fur-trimmed coat, which he knew better than any other garment in the world, was the same self-contained inspection of the world. Standing on the stairs she caught the lapel of her coat with a nervous hand, twisted it, dropped her eyes, looked up pleadingly.

"Would I be silly if I asked for the same table we had before? We—oh, it's good luck."

"Of course we'll have it."

"That's why I suggested dining early, so it wouldn't be taken. I have something rather serious to ask your advice about."

"Serious?"

"Oh, not—not tragic. But it puzzles me."

He was anxious as he followed her. Their table was untaken. He fussily took her coat, held her chair.

Her eyes became shrewdly clear again while he ordered dinner, and she said: "Will you please examine the crest on one of the forks?"

"Why?"

"Because you did last time. You were adorably absurd, and very nice, trying not to alarm the strange girl."

He had obediently picked up a fork, but he flung it down and commanded: "Look here, what is this that puzzles you?"

Her hand drooping over the balcony rail by their table was visibly trembling. She murmured: "I have discovered that I am a woman."

"I don't quite ——"

"I've tried to keep from telling you, but I can't. I do—I do miss our good nights and our lunches. I have done quite well at the Technical Syndicate, but I don't seem to care. I thought I had killed all sentimentality in me. I haven't. I'm sloppy-minded. No! I'm not! I don't care! I'm glad." A flush on her cheek like the rosy shadow of a wine glass on linen, she flung out: "I find I cared more for our silly games than I do for success. There's no one across the way now to smile at me. There's just a blank brick wall, with a horrible big garage sign, and I look at it before I go home nights. Oh, I'm a failure. I can't go on—fighting—alone—always alone!"

He had caught both her hands. He was unconscious of waiters and other guests. But she freed herself.

"No! Please! Just let me babble. I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to find I haven't any brains. None! No courage! But all I want —— Will you dine with me once a month or so? Let me go Dutch ——"

"Oh, my dear!"

"—— and sometimes take me to the theater? Then I won't feel solitary. I can go on working, and make good, and perhaps get over —— Please! Don't think I'm a Bernard Shaw superwoman pursuing a man. It's just that —— You were the first person to make me welcome in New York. Will you forgive ——"

"Emily, please don't be humble! I'd rather have you make me beg, as you used to." He stopped, gasped and added quietly: "Emily, will you marry me?"

"No."

"But you said ——"

"I know. I miss you. But you're merely sorry for me. Honestly I'm not a clinger. I can stand alone—almost alone. It's sweet of you, and generous, but I didn't ask that. Just play with me sometimes."

"But I mean it. Dreadfully. I've thought of you every hour. Will you marry me? Now!"

"No."

"Sometime?"

"How can I tell? A month ago I would have cut a girl who was so sloppy-minded that she would beg a man for friendship. I didn't know! I didn't know anything! But —— No! No!"

"See here, Emily. Are you free? Can I depend on you? Are you still interested in young Simmons?"

"He calls on me."

"Often?"

"Yes."

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"You refused?"

"Yes. That was when I discovered I was a woman. But not—not his woman!"

"Mine, then! Mine! Think, dear—it's incredible, but the city didn't quite get us! We're still a man and a woman! What day is this? Oh, Wednesday. Listen. Thursday you go to the theater with me."

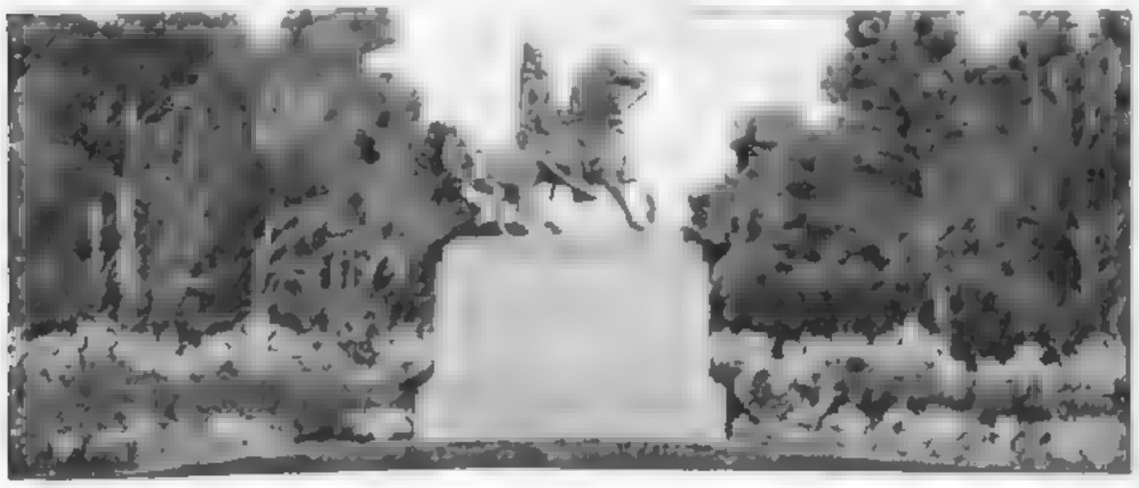
"Yes."

"Friday you find an excuse and have to see someone at the Floral Heights Company, and you wave to me from across the street, so that my office will be blessed again; and we meet afterward and go to some chamber music and supper with my friends, the Parrishes."

"Ye-es."

"Saturday we lunch together, and walk clear through Van Cortlandt Park, and I become a masterful brute, and propose to you, and you accept me."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. But that leaves Sunday. What do we do Sunday?"



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FRANCE AND THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 11)

Ports they held about five or six per cent of France. Perhaps the greater part of the property in that region has been damaged or destroyed. Modern economic life proceeds on very narrow margins. The strain of rebuilding San Francisco is given as one of the causes—if not the sole cause—for our brief financial panic a year or two after that disaster. Now San Francisco was at the time our tenth city in point of population; and it was only half destroyed. By that we can roughly measure the task that confronts France.

Nor is this all. The western half of this invaded district comprised the heart of industrial France. She has a small deposit of inferior coal near St.-Etienne, in the south; otherwise all the coal resources of France were comprised in the invaded district. It contained nearly all her steel and steel-products mills, most of her cotton and linen mills, and hundreds of large specialty factories, like the mirror works of Chauny. If you except the Valley of the Rhone, centering in Lyons, you might say that it comprised most of the large-scale factories of France. The eastern half of this belt of invasion was hilly and wooded and not especially valuable agriculturally, as French agriculture goes. The western part, running from the district above Rheims to the Channel, was the most productive agricultural land in France.

In a previous article I have shown what happened to the farming districts of the Nord, the Pas-de-Calais and the Somme, rated by French statisticians before the war as first, second and seventh among the departments of France for productiveness. Hundreds of thousands of the best acres are ruined for agricultural uses in this generation. Not only are they blown into hummocks by constant intensive shell fire, but the top soil is gone. They will grow only trees, and bad ones at that. The farming towns are gone without trace. Beyond this area of utter devastation stretch miles and miles of fields where the towns are mostly down, and where the fields will need much preparation in the way of grading and shell extraction.

Because the enemy has held most of this district until recently, and because there has been no time for so mighty a job, not even the admirable French Department of Statistics has been able to calculate the proportion of destruction on the French farms or the property values destroyed. Still less have they been able to calculate the greater values destroyed in the cities and large towns. Wanting cold figures, let me try to give a sketchy idea gained from observation either while the battles of 1916–17 were going on or during journeys through the terrain abandoned by the beaten Germans.

When the Jig Was Up

Starting at the Channel and going eastward we begin with Hazebrouck—12,000 inhabitants—virtually all gone. Next is La Bassée—13,000 inhabitants—which stood exactly on the line for four years and is not a city any more. Béthune, to the rear—13,000 inhabitants—is about half gone. All these were manufacturing towns. Between Hazebrouck and La Bassée ran a succession of small but prosperous and well-built farming and manufacturing towns. They have disappeared.

We come then to the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing triangle, the center for the linen and cotton weaving industry of France as it has been since the Dark Ages. Lille had 205,000 inhabitants before the war, Roubaix 121,000 and Tourcoing 82,000; and the populous and busy small towns included in the triangle raised the population of the district to more than half a million. It was one of the strategic objects of France to relieve this rich district without the necessity of fighting over it. Report has it that before the Germans were forced to fall back from the triangle last October they were warned that any damage they did would be avenged many fold on German cities when the Allies got into Germany. At that moment the Germans of course knew that the jig was up and that surrender or invasion was only a matter of time. At any rate in this instance they departed from their policy of destroying all the French values they could in order to ruin France as a competitor. Some buildings in the triangle have been destroyed. The value thus wiped out would be considered something of an important item in time of peace; but it is almost negligible in the junk account of this war.

However, the triangle suffered grievously in another way. The Germans looted it blind. In particular they removed to Germany every bit of machinery that could be of any possible use to them. Not a factory but had something taken; and most of them are simply empty shells, gutted of all machinery and furnishings. An industrial man of Lille, just come to Paris on a mission of civilian relief, tells me that a committee of townspeople has lately made a jury estimate of the damage to the triangle. Covering everything, including the household furniture and stocks commandeered by the Germans, the lead, steel and copper ripped from their proper places and sent back to make munitions, and finally the great and most important item of machinery, the estimate is nearly half a billion dollars.

We come then to Lens, a great coal-mining center of the north—its Scranton or Wilkes-Barre, as Lille was its Pittsburgh. The city proper had only about 25,000 inhabitants, but it was surrounded by a fringe of *cités* or *corons*—smaller mining villages—which must have had a population four or five times as great. This district used to yield 15,000,000 tons of coal a year, and there were important factories too. Lens itself is gone for all practical purposes. After a rapid one-day inspection of its fringe of small towns I estimate that more than half their buildings are in such a state that they must be torn down to their foundations.

The Census of Ruin

The Germans before they left gave Kultur treatment to every mine in the Lens district. Some they destroyed by blowing up the workings, and others by flooding. Not a mine escaped. When I was there at the end of October French engineers were just beginning to make an estimate of the damage and of the work needed to make them produce again. "Even if we had the ready money, the machinery and the labor," said one of them to me, "it would be a matter of perhaps two years to get all these mines to working."

Roughly tributary to Lens were a number of rich towns whose manufactures were operated by Lens coal. Most of these cities we in America know by their old romantic names or by features of their architecture; the French knew them by their production. However, as we travel south and west along the old line the first great town is an exception. Arras—25,000—existed mainly by the grain trade, and also did a little business with tourists who came to see the beautiful Gothic Town Hall, now a heap of pulverized stone, and the unique Spanish-built Grande Place, now a crazy grotesque. One-third of the buildings, and those the better ones, must, I estimate, come down—if they are not already dust heaps. In one-third the foundations and framework may still serve to hold up new surfaces and floors. Of the other third not a single building has escaped some damage.

Bapaume and Péronne—3000 and 5000 inhabitants—on the old battlefield of the Somme, are now geographical locations and memories. Not a building in either has survived. Albert—7500 inhabitants—is virtually no more. Many of the walls stand, but they must come down. I do not see how a house, a factory or a shop in this town can be patched up for use. Amiens—90,000—was never quite taken by the Germans, though they did their best last spring. It has suffered, however, from intensive bombardment, and several millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, including the best factories. Following their policy of ruining a rival, the Germans, other things being equal, always picked a factory to bombard. As all the world of art knows, that cathedral which architects call the Parthenon of the Gothic got off rather lightly—only part of the apse and one chapel destroyed.

Cambrai with about 30,000 inhabitants was said to have before the war the greatest proportion of wealth to the population of any city in France. The Germans in retreating destroyed most of the factories

(Continued on Page 93

HABERDASHERS - TAILORS - MERCHANTS

Attention!

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and you want to make up quickly what the war has cost you, a Kahn Tailoring department will probably net you more *instant profit* per square foot of floor space than anything you could add. It fits *exactly* with your business—no investment—no added expense.

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war-worn with labor and overhead and woolen investment worries, the Kahn Tailoring Company will take the weight off your shoulders. We have a way whereby all your old customers will be as well satisfied, many new customers brought to you, you will be relieved of your heavy investment—and you will make more money.

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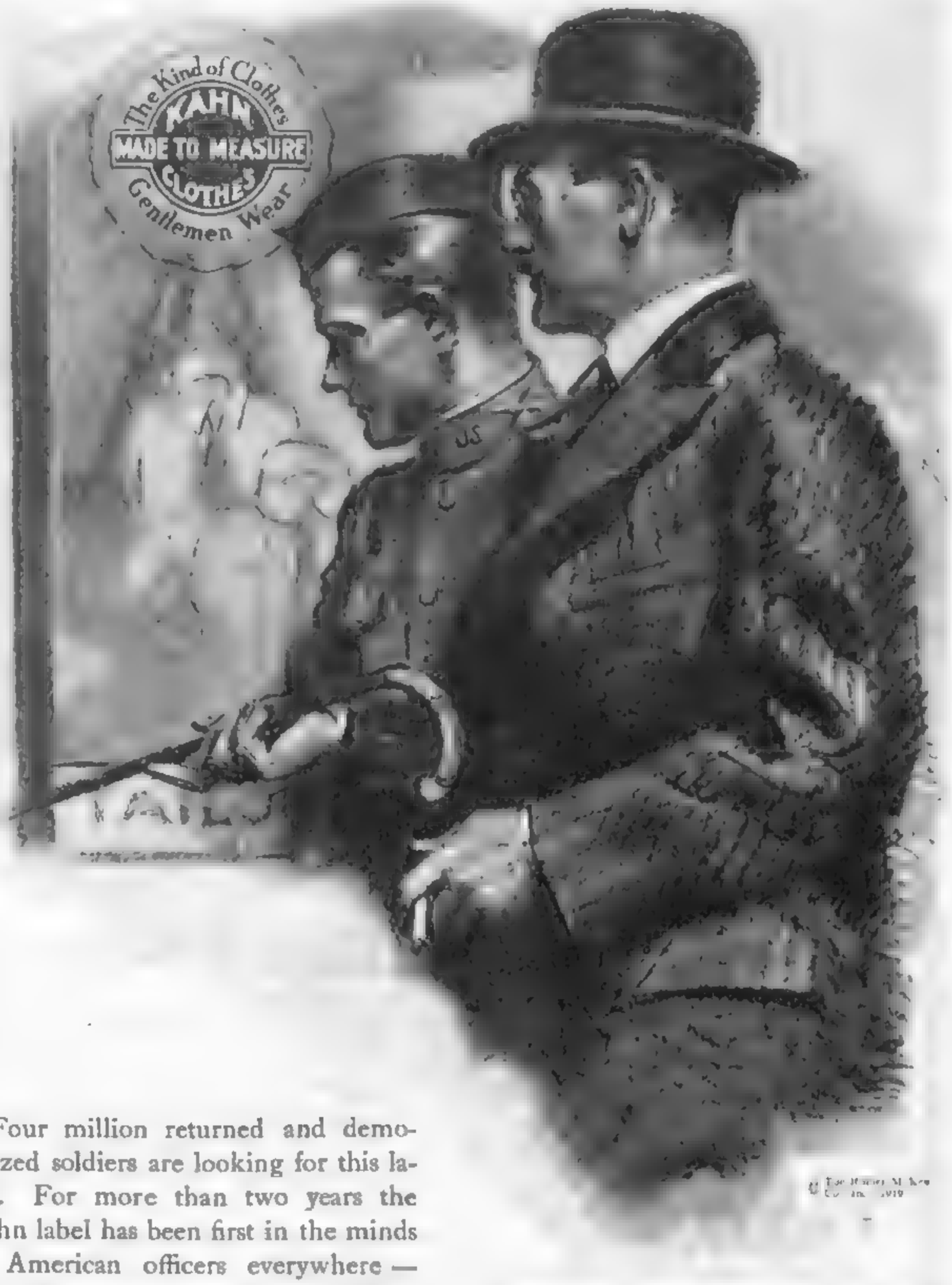
you know the value of associating your name with unquestioned quality. For over thirty years Kahn Tailored-to-Measure clothes have been recognized as the "gold-standard" in the tailoring field; and the Kahn line will add still more to your established prestige.

In the making of Kahn Tailored-to-Measure Clothes, even during the recent stress of war conditions, we have not departed from our ironclad policy of using *only pure woolens*, of insisting on the finest of tailoring down to the minutest details, and of accepting only the best type of representation. We will not alter this policy. Quality with us must always determine our course, and this will apply nowhere more strongly than in the selection of those in whose hands we entrust the reputation of our label.



Four million returned and demobilized soldiers are looking for this label. For more than two years the Kahn label has been first in the minds of American officers everywhere—more than seventy-five thousand Kahn Tailored-to-Measure uniforms were bought, during the emergency, by American officers. In all American cantonments and army concentrations, young American stalwarts have had it hammered into them through the unconscious precedent of their officers that KAHN CLOTHES EXCEL. Other millions of older men, and still other millions of youngsters just coming on have had burned into them during the war a new respect for "the label that went over the top with the boys."

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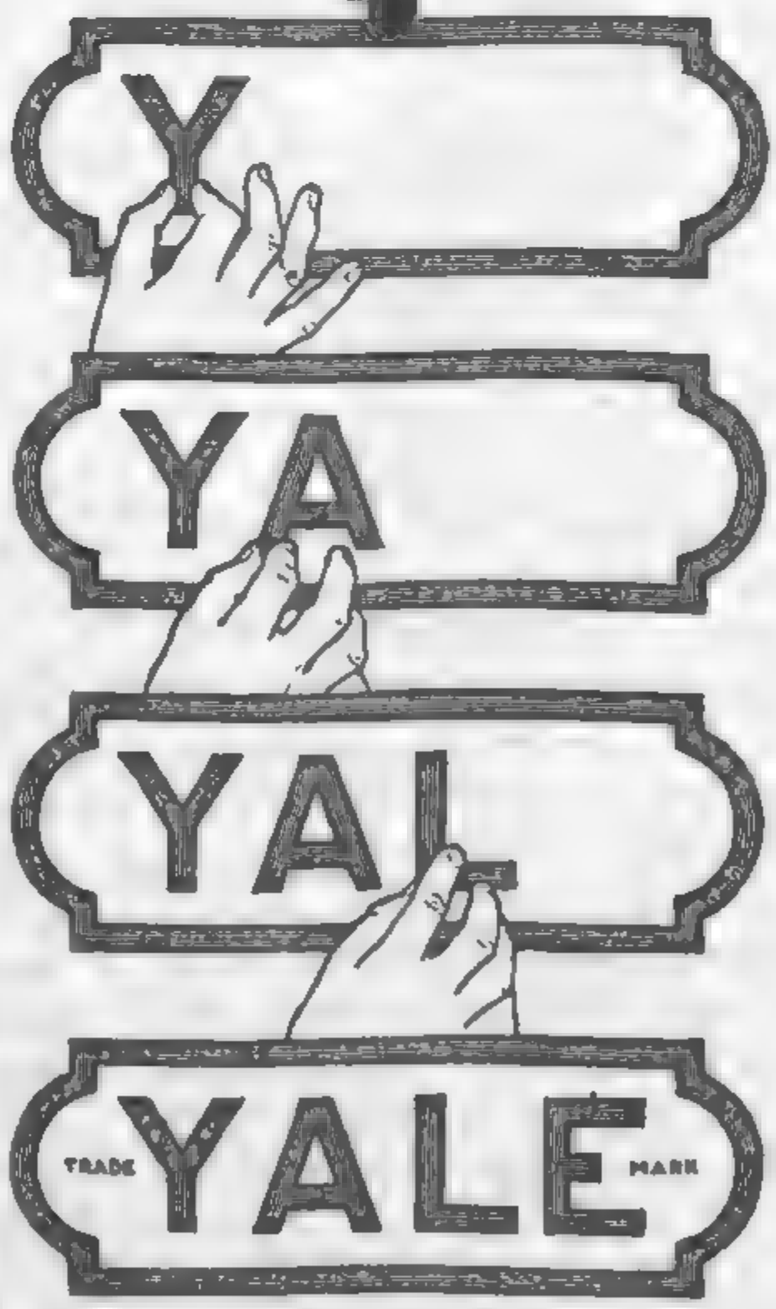
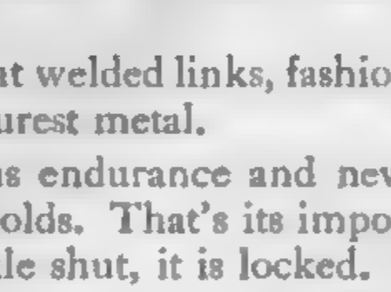
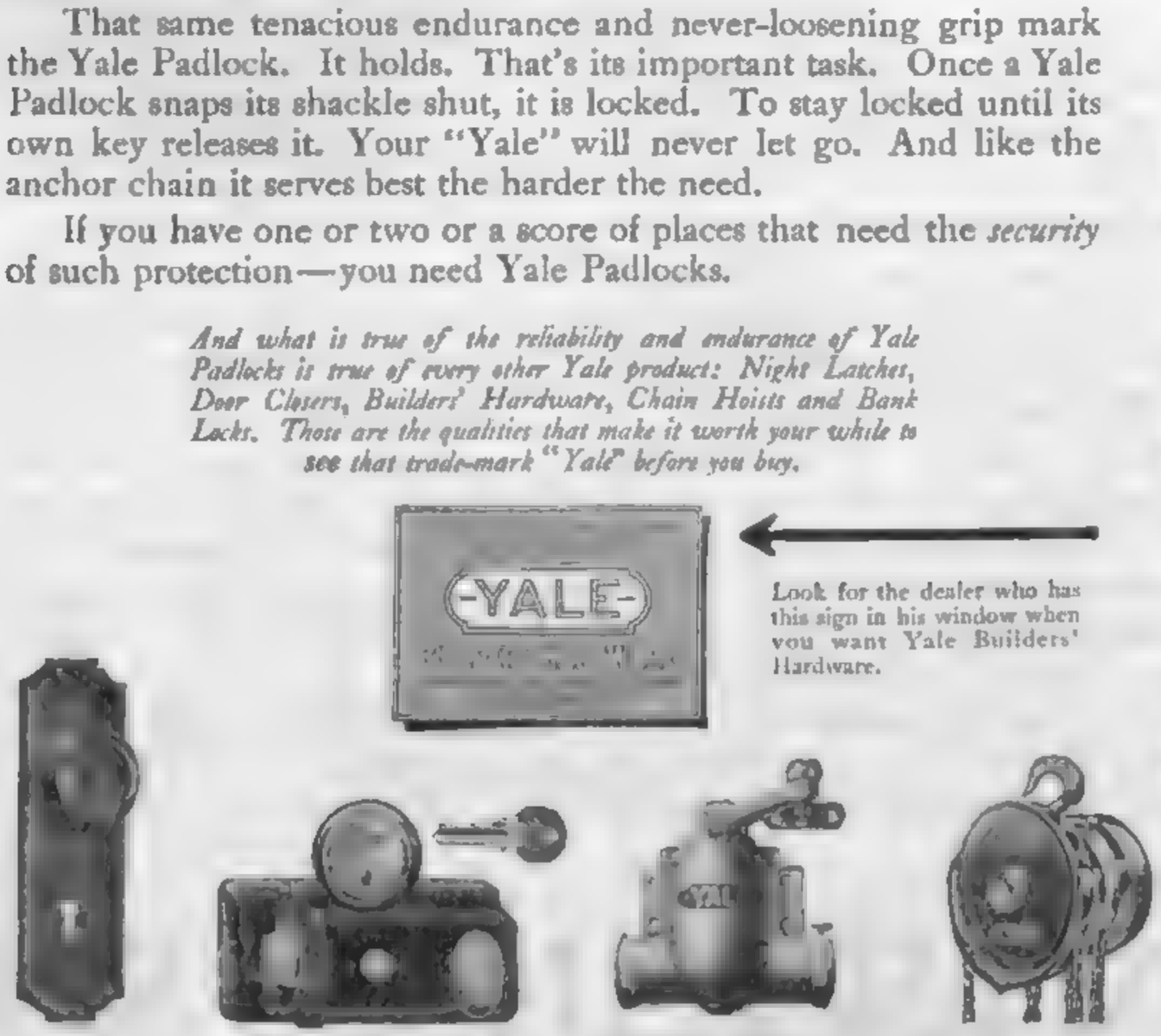
And what is true of the reliability and endurance of Yale Padlocks is true of every other Yale product: Night Latches, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware, Chain Hoists and Bank Locks. These are the qualities that make it worth your while to see that trade-mark "Yale" before you buy.





Look for the dealer who has this sign in his window when you want Yale Builders' Hardware.



The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.

9 East 40th Street New York City

Chicago Office: 77 East Lake Street

Canadian: Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont.

(Continued from Page 90)

and—for no conceivable military reason—the four or five solid blocks of the most valuable property in the center of the city. For the rest the town escaped with a few houses blown up by shells. Of course it had been looted of everything movable and of value. Douai, which I did not see on my recent journey through the towns just liberated by the British, is said to be from one-third to one-half destroyed. It had 33,000 inhabitants and important factories. It is safe to say that the machinery went back to Germany long ago. I got only a glimpse into Valenciennes; the British were still fighting for a passage into the town. As it was taken largely by house-to-house fighting, involving artillery, and as the Germans for several days after its capture harassed it with heavy-artillery fire, to say that it is at least one-third destroyed would probably be a conservative estimate. Valenciennes had 31,000 inhabitants and was an iron-manufacturing city. Iron-manufacturing machinery and tools were especially needed by Germany, and the factories that stand are probably shells.

Passing over several towns of minor importance we come to St.-Quentin with 52,000 inhabitants, of which very little remains. Making a jump southeastward we reach the great town of Rheims—110,000—which I looked over on the day after the Germans pulled up stakes. It was never held by the enemy, so that the inhabitants got out a great deal of the movable property before the intensive bombardment of last March, designed to ruin the city. I decided after a brief survey that the building in Rheims that did not have to come down to its foundations before reconstruction was a happy exception. In that I was confirmed later by one of the inhabitants who had made a more careful survey. Rheims is the center of the champagne industry and its cellars hold uncounted wealth in old vintages. When the city was evacuated the French Government considered carting this wine away. It found that the job would take one thousand motor trucks three years! The wine was left. Probably most of it was saved, but many of the cellars were blown up by great 380 shells; millions of accumulated wealth was so destroyed. The expensive apparatus for champagne making is mostly gone.

A Local Illustration

South and west of the St.-Quentin-Rheims line lies part of the district which the Germans turned into a howling wilderness in their retirement of 1917. At the time they spared the greater part of Noyon—7000 inhabitants; but when they retired this last time they just about finished it off. When I saw Roye—4300—in 1917 at least half of the town was gone; since then the Germans have destroyed the rest. Of Chauny—11,000—only one suburb is left, and that includes none of the factories. Just beyond, as we follow the fleeing Germans, comes Laon—15,000—of which I have no direct news at this moment. It was, however, a key to the whole military position in North-Central France, and its environs were the field of battle after battle. I imagine, without knowing, that little is left of the city. Soissons—15,000—is about two-thirds destroyed; and this enumeration, finally, does not take into account hundreds of towns running from 500 to 2500 inhabitants, whose aggregate value was greater than that of the cities I have mentioned.

For want of space I shall not carry this enumeration any further; when we reach Rheims we have covered less than half the distance along the old line between Nieuport and Belfort. It must be said in the interests of truth that the region from Rheims eastward suffered relatively less than the region that I have roughly described—though places like Verdun and its environs are a dreadful mess. Further, it was not so rich, either industrially or agriculturally. Still, in that region alone is many and many a San Francisco.

Let me make, offhand, a rough comparison:

An enemy, finally expelled by all the strength we have both in men and in wealth, has invaded the United States. He has seized or many times overrun, in the course of four years, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and parts of New Jersey. He has utterly ruined, by blowing off the top soil and turning the surface into humps, about one-fifth of the best farming land in this district. Of the rest not more than one-tenth is in such shape that cultivation can be resumed without preliminary work of shell extraction and grading. He has destroyed perhaps about two-thirds of the farmhouses. Except for Philadelphia he has banged up the cities of the district so that part of them are utterly down, and the one that has escaped half-destroyed—as San Francisco was—is fortunate. Pittsburgh and its suburbs are utter ruins—the factories and mills and the houses and churches. Every coal mine in Pennsylvania has been blown up or flooded. Philadelphia, except for a ruined building here and there, has escaped destruction; but all the valuable personal property and virtually all the machines in the factories of the city and its suburbs have been carried away.

There, I think, you have a rough parallel, taking into consideration the relative wealth and resources of the United States. However, I am drawing it a little mild if anything. Besides this district of the north France has only one coal region, and that inferior. In French industrial economics it would correspond roughly to the Colorado coal and iron fields. We have, besides the Pennsylvania region, the mining manufacturing district along the Great Lakes. Yes, I am sure that the comparison is mild.

Germany Must Pay

Suppose that we had been through four years and a quarter of a most intense war, fought on our own territory, that nearly half of the men between eighteen and forty-five had been killed or in some manner crippled; that the railroads had run to seed; that the factories in the district not invaded had, wherever their nature permitted, been turned into munition works and must be turned back again; that the land not in the agricultural district had degenerated for lack of care and of fertilizer; that the greater part of the national shipping had been sunk without replacement; suppose that on top of all this we had to restore Pennsylvania, West Virginia and a part of New Jersey, and do it in a hurry lest we be left behind in the race of nations—here you have an American parallel for the quandary of France. Again I say I do not feel that I am drawing this any too strongly.

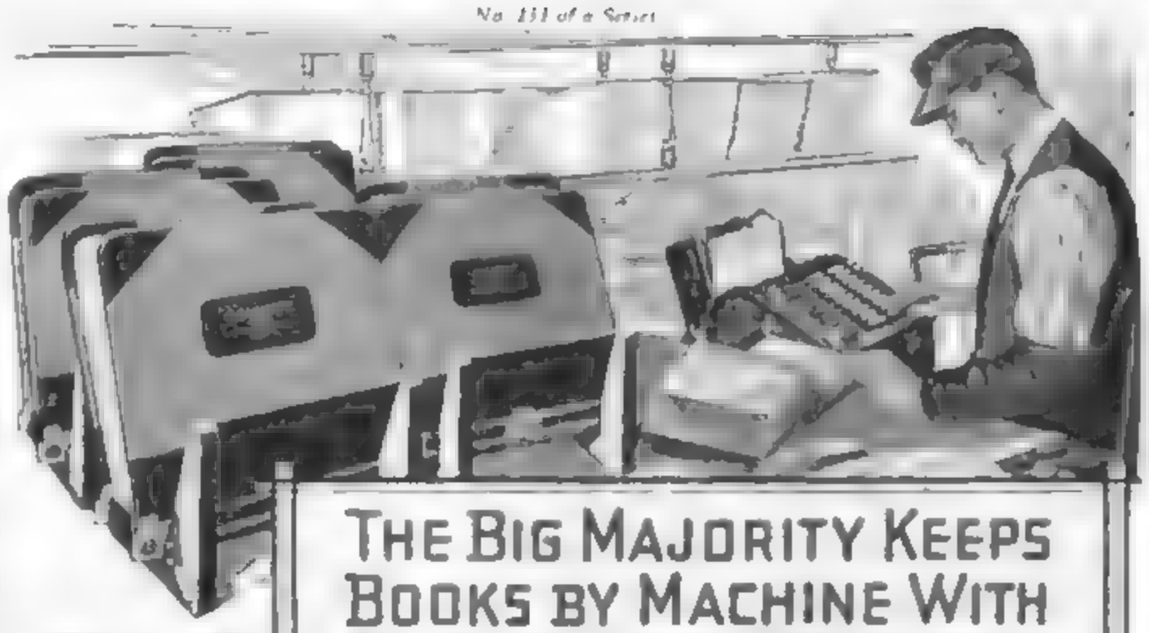
How is France going about it?

In the first place it seems inconceivable to me—and it must be inconceivable to those statesmen of the Allied nations and the United States now sitting at Versailles—that Germany should not pay the mere money expense of the restoration of France. If she does not, and is not herself invaded, she has won the war as surely as though she had taken Paris and signed the peace treaty in French territory. Of that I personally have no fear. Germany will pay. But that does not cover the problem. It is one of those economic questions which get clear beyond consideration of that mere counter, money, and down to the true basis of things—the values of days of labor and of raw materials. With the money alone France would be as helpless as a hungry man with a thousand dollars in his pocket thrown upon a desert island.

First, and rightly, she intends to get into some semblance of full production that agriculture upon which forty per cent of her population depends. In a previous article I have told something of the system, already beginning to work, for getting the farms of the invaded and devastated regions back to production. However, this, by far the most spectacular feature, does not express the whole quandary of French agriculture. In spite of government encouragement the productiveness of France per acre, even in the districts behind the lines, has gone steadily down. There was a little rise in 1918 because the government was straining every resource to meet the food shortage; but in most staple crops the production per acre in the uninvaded districts has fallen off by at least a quarter.

This is caused partly by the lack of labor and of horses, and partly by the shortage in fertilizer. Before the war France, which has no fertilizer deposits of her own, used some Alsatian potash, but mostly North African phosphates and Chilean nitrates. The potash was cut off at the outbreak of the war. Chile is far away, and the shipping situation became critical; moreover, much of the Chilean nitrate export had to be used for explosive. France might have done well enough with North African phosphates, which come from her own colonies, had it not been for the shipping crisis and

No. III of a Series



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for the especial acuteness of the submarine war in the narrow Mediterranean waters. Moreover, she went short on animal fertilizers. A great part of her horses had gone to the Front and her other livestock was shrinking.

If she could, France would at once rush on to her land great quantities of fertilizer in order to get it back. But here, while treating of solutions, I run against another problem, leading perhaps to the great solution—Where will she get the shipping? Unlike England and the United States she has not been able to keep her shipyards going to replace sunken tonnage.

Her agricultural man power will be short by nearly a million hands. This would be bad enough if it were merely a question of taking up French farming where it left off, but there is much work of restoration to do in addition. The answer to that is machinery—tractor plows and harvesters used by many small farmers on the coöperative plan. The machinery of the north is gone or ruined, and much of that in the center and south worn with use and with the difficulty in getting repairs made during a war. Germany stands with her factories comparatively undamaged and her coal mines all working, ready to make machinery on order. The French, humanly, do not want to buy of Germany. They look to the United States in the hope that during the shipping scramble after the war they may get the tonnage for the necessary machines, and in the further hope that the rather unaccommodating and indifferent American exporter may adapt his ways to European habits and necessities.

Hand in hand with the agricultural restitution of the north goes the housing problem. The refugees returning will face conditions a little analogous to those of frontier days in the old West. First of all there is land-clearing to do; then crops must go in; and all that before one can think of building himself a comfortable farmhouse. Meantime, one must get the shelter of a log house, a sod house—anything to tide over the ground-breaking period. To give even temporary shelter will be a task almost beyond the present strength of France. In the few villages that remain untouched people will be packed together as tightly as health and decency permit. In half-ruined villages roofs will be thrown over intact corners of the ruins. Vaulted cellars, roofed over, will serve as winter quarters until something better is found.

Standardized Houses

Fortunately the armies have left behind certain structures that will serve as shelters. There are Nissen huts, so badly peppered with shrapnel that they have not been worth taking away. These can be patched up. Certain wooden shacks used as offices or barracks by the British Army were probably not worth the trouble of transportation when the British moved forward to garrison Germany. The peasants or their coöperatives will bargain for the sale or loan of these. Finally, there are the elaborate and comfortable dugouts which the Germans during their long stay put in for the accommodation of their officers. These are at least as sanitary and comfortable as the sod houses that our pioneer fathers inhabited.

Still, that will not solve all the housing problem; nor can France tolerate for long such conditions for the sturdy farming class, which is the backbone of her national life.

As soon as possible she wants to get the farming villages back on earth—not in their old solidity and not with their old attractiveness of place, that have been shaking themselves together for five or six centuries, for that is impossible; but in such condition that men and women can inhabit them with decency and comfort.

One of the innumerable societies that are springing up to handle the work of restoration has a plan which seems to commend itself to the authorities, and which will doubtless be followed if France can spare the energy. Just now the American idea of standardization has taken hold of the imagination of France. The new participle, "*standardizé*" sparkles in every conversation one holds on the business of reconstruction. This plan provides for both temporary and permanent housing on the cheapest and most efficient lines.

To begin with, the government if it follows this plan will not permit the owner to suit his fancy in the size and design of such movable parts as doors and windows, or such standard parts as beams and stringers. For the rebuilding of the northern villages the government will dictate that doors and windows shall be made in two or three standard sizes, and beams and stringers in three or four standard lengths—according to the size of the house one intends to replace. Before France gets round to rebuild his house the farmer will be established in a temporary structure with doors, windows and odd parts all standard in size and shape. One part of this structure will be his house, and the other his barn. When the brick or stone shell of his new house is completed the farmer will be moved out temporarily, while the doors, floors, roof and windows of the temporary structure are set into the permanent one. This finished, what is left of the temporary structure will be knocked down and taken to the next stop, where it will be fitted again with *standardizé* parts. The plan looks appealing on paper; the only thing against it is the question whether in this emergency France can enforce a scheme so elaborate.

So much for the broad lines of agricultural restoration. It is simple after all in comparison with the problem of rebuilding and putting into operation the ruined Pittsburghs, Scrantons and Wilkes-Barres of the busy northern industrial districts. That is a subject for a whole encyclopedia.

Cooperative Ventures

In a previous article I have shown how in restoring northern French agriculture the government is encouraging the farmers' coöperatives. Together they will cultivate such fields as the devastation of war has spared. The first government advances in money will be used in buying tools, which will be divided among the coöperators or owned by the whole coöperative when the devastated ground is finally restored to cultivation and farm life strikes its old pace.

Now, both the government and such industrials as have expressed themselves seem favorable to a similar plan among the manufacturers. In any given district there will be some factories comparatively untouched by the war—the buildings standing and only a few of the machines taken away by the Germans. These factories must be started as soon as the necessary repairs can be made and the personnel recalled. Instead of letting one man hog it all, however, there is a general sentiment for a coöperative beginning on the lines of the farm plan. That may not result in anything; but when it comes to resuming work in the newly built factories or in those newly equipped with machines to replace those taken by the Germans the only way to avoid most grievous injustice is the coöperative plan.

Let us say that ten establishments were making the same product at Sedan, which, I hear to-day, was destroyed by the Germans before the Americans took it. The ten factories are all gone, buildings and machinery together. When we rebuilt San Francisco everyone could, roughly speaking, begin at once. Still roughly speaking, there were builders and materials enough to go round. That is not true of this infinitely greater calamity. There is not in the world enough material, machines or builders to go round. It will be a work of years. What, without injustice, can Sedan do about it all? If Lefèvre, by pull or the use of ready money which he may have left from the wreckage of his fortunes, gets first choice of workmen and materials it is an injustice to Brun, next on the list, who may have to wait for a year; and still more so to Dufour, who may have to wait two or three years. In such a state of affairs the very communities would be fighting one against the other—Cambrai wasting energy and money to get ahead of Douai, La Bassée trying to beat out Armentières.

By the coöperative plan each factory as it is rebuilt will be taken over not at first by its original owner but by the group of men engaged in the same business in the district. To this temporary company will be given the first funds allocated from the German restitution indemnity; it will pay for buildings, machinery and tools. So when the first factory is set up and furnished—when enough houses are patched up or rebuilt to hold the workers—the cooperative owners will install their foremen and the personnel which they have had released from military service on the "British plan." As the next building is finished and furnished they will again install personnel and go ahead.

(Continued on Page 97)

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You simply add boiling water, then the flavor from the vial. The desserts are prepared in an instant.

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Or mix in meat scraps and make a zestful meat loaf—meat in aspic. Mint flavor makes a garnish jell, rich in fresh-mint essence. Serve with cold meats or roast lamb.

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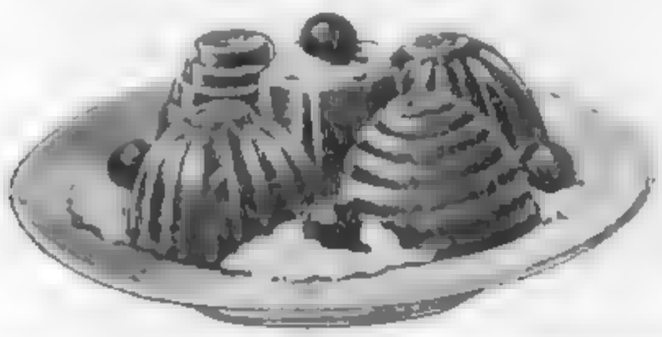

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Or 6-Portion Vegetable Salad Mold. (D)

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Orange
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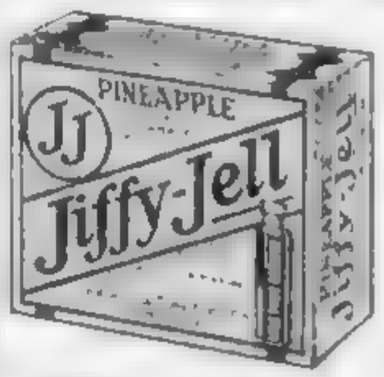

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A Letter From The Boy

All th' poems ever written,
All th' stories known t' fame
All th' sayin's of philosophers
An' others of great name—
Shucks! They don't seem wuth th' readin'
When f'm foreign lan's afar
Comes th' long-awaited letter
F'm th' boy who's "over thar,"
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(Continued from Page 94)

This scheme will present many obstacles, some of them doubtless at present unforeseen; but it seems to be the best practical method of restoring industry with a minimum of confusion and injustice. It has generally the support of the authorities and of most of the industrial men with whom I have talked since France realized that she was going to have the north back again.

The financing of the plan is not simple. We know nothing at this moment of the real condition inside of Germany. That she can pay spot cash is of course impossible. The bill of damages will be collected gradually, by some scheme of impost on her industries or her customs. This future expectation must be turned into ready cash by government credits or by loans. Though the sum involved is immense, though the transaction is complex, this part of the work presents fewer real problems than the actual task of rebuilding.

As soon as demobilization begins, therefore, almost the first workmen released from the army will be quarrymen, bricklayers, and in general members of the heavier building trades. Fortunately Northern France has good and extensive quarries, and plenty of brick clay. While they are working on the raw material the German prisoners—if France gets the terms which her northern industrials want—will be set to the heavy and disagreeable task of clearing up the ruins. What this means any old resident of San Francisco knows—and I repeat that there are dozens of San Franciscos in this ruined region of the north. The millions of tons of hopelessly powdered brick and stone will be carted away; the seared and twisted iron girders or steel parts of factory plants will be turned over to the junkmen—a boom is expected in that trade. Such brick and stone as keep their old shape will be cleaned of mortar and stacked up for future use. Behind will follow the builders.

Of them there will be an appalling scarcity in France. The demand of course will be unprecedented, and France has lost from a third to a half of her effective man power in the war. Which introduces the troublesome problem of labor after the war.

For common rough labor there will be an unprecedented demand; it takes only a superficial survey of the northern country to see that. Most of the very land must be releveled by the hard work of the grader. Even the German prisoners will not be enough; and there is a proposal afoot to draw labor in the first year from the parts of the British and American Armies that are waiting to be sent home. Of course these men in addition to their army pay would receive wages on the European scale—the French labor unions, if no one else, would see to that. Even this may not be sufficient.

The Expected Influx of Labor

A great influx is expected from Italy. That country has not suffered much physically from the war, since her Great Line of the first two or three years ran along mountainous and comparatively waste country. Italy, with an increasing population and no coal or iron for intensive industries, has always sent forth her surplus labor to work in other lands. Every spring before the war we cleared at Ellis Island thousands of semi-migratory Italian workmen. They went not only to America but to North Africa, to South America and even to Australia. Fortunately for France, Italy is strong in the building trades; she will send up stone masons, among the best in the world, bricklayers and carpenters. An influx of some kind is expected from the provinces of disintegrating Russia, like the Ukraine; and even perhaps from Slavic Austria.

As things stand now it seems that many of these men will come to stay. Never densely populated, as Continental countries go, France has seen her population, through violent death and through children unborn, shrink by three millions since the war. By the law of populations this will be made up through immigration. A few thousand British soldiers, liking the French land and the chance to own property, may linger behind when the war is over; but most of the demobilized British who wish to emigrate will go to the colonies, where opportunities are greater. It is useless for the French to expect that Americans in any number will settle down among them; the wage scale is too low in comparison with that at home. The settlers who will come to settle down, to marry the surplus women of France and to bring new strains into her old blood will come mainly from Italy, West Russia and the Balkans. For the first time in her history France will have an immigration problem; and even Socialists as farsighted as Albert Thomas stand for immediate immigration laws on the selective principle—not exclusion, but exclusion of undesirables.

To say that in the rebuilding period there will be a lack of labor does not, however, state the problem. The demand will be for members of the building trades, and for heavy, common labor at the comparatively low wages which such labor commands. A nation trying to swing back as fast as possible into her industrial pace does not want to make a ditch digger out of a weaver or a stone breaker out of a pattern maker. What she wants is to restore as quickly as possible his loom to the weaver and his factory to the pattern maker, and to get them to work at production.

And from the worker's point of view a good proportion of the industrial population is incapable of the hard work which rebuilding the north involves. A part of the weavers must be waiting for their looms not only in the north but in that great central district where all available factories have been turned into munition works and must now be turned back again. So while the north is crying for labor and yet more labor for the purposes of clearing and building there may be unemployment, disturbances and necessity for relief among the industrial population not only of the south and center but of the north itself.

The Demand for Machinery

As the factories go up the demand for machinery will begin. The Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing triangle forms an exception to the general problem. There the demand for machinery will not have to wait for rebuilding. As I have explained before these cities suffered very little from shell, conflagration and the obvious violences of war. But the Germans did strip them of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of machinery. To ask Germany to put that same identical machinery back is useless. In the hasty process of dismantling and shipping under war conditions it all suffered, doubtless, great deterioration. To dismantle and ship it again, and again to set it up in the triangle would just about finish it.

Moreover, the Germans undoubtedly did not set up much of it in its original form. It was scattred in sections and parts through Germany, to replace machinery broken down through wear, tear and ignorant handling, or to be made over into munitions machinery. Getting it back as it was would be like trying to unscramble eggs. Germany must keep it—and pay for it. But the restoration to industry of even this Lille triangle will mean a demand for machinery such as the world never saw before—and just at a time when most of the machine makers of the world have to change their plants from war factories to peace factories.

Yet many French industrial men with whom I have talked are wondering just now if this universal replacement of French machinery may not be a blessing in disguise. French industry, they say, was getting behind the times in both its methods and its machinery; here is the chance to replace the 1908 model with the 1918 model. They profess to have seen a great light when, even before the United States entered the war, some of our advanced and scientific factory managers assumed the task of making the munition works of the center produce the maximum output with the minimum effort. The continuous processes and the *standardisé* parts which they introduced, compared with the methods and apparatus in factories working on the old methods, were a revelation. They hope that some of these experts and others now in the Army will be left behind for a few years when our Army goes home.

And they especially hope that the machine makers of the United States will bestir themselves to meet as far as possible the French demand. They do not want to buy their new machinery from Germany; yet there sits Germany ready to begin manufacture. The German coal mines are not blown up, the factories still stand; at very worst the plants need only the readjustment which transfers them from war factories. With her intensive organization it is safe to say that Germany will get ready to work in a very short time. Furthermore Germany was the great machine manufacturer of Europe. Still further, no scruples

How it Feels to Earn $1000 a Week

By a Young Man Who Four Years Ago Drew a $25 a Week Salary. Tells How He Accomplished It.

HOW does it feel to earn $1000 a week? How does it feel to have earned $200,000 in four years? How does it feel to be free from money worries? How does it feel to have everything one can want? These are questions I shall answer for the benefit of my reader out of my own personal experience. And I shall try to explain, simply and clearly, the secret of what my friends call my phenomenal success.

Let me begin four years ago. At that time my wife and I and our two babies were living on my earnings of twenty-five dollars a week. We occupied a tiny flat, wore the simplest clothes, had to be satisfied with the cheapest entertainment—and dreamed sweet dreams of the time when I should be earning fifty dollars a week. That was the limit of my ambition. Indeed, it seemed to be the limit of my possibilities. For I was but an average man, without influential friends, without a liberal education, without a dominating personality, and without money.

With nothing to begin with, I have become the sole owner of a business which has paid me over $200,000 in clear profits during the past four years and which now pays me more than a thousand dollars a week. I did not gamble. I did not make my money in Wall Street. My business is not a war baby—on the contrary, many others in my line have failed since the war began.

In four years, the entire scheme of my life has changed. Instead of living in a two by four flat, we occupy our own home, built for us at a cost of over $60,000. We have three automobiles. Our children go to private schools. We have everything we want, and we want the best of everything. Instead of dreaming of fifty dollars a week I am dreaming in terms of a million dollars—with greater possibilities of my dream coming true than my former dream of earning fifty dollars a week.

What brought about this remarkable change? What transformed me, almost overnight, from a slow going, easily satisfied, average man—into a positive, quick acting, determined individual who admits no defeat, who overcomes every obstacle and who completely dominates every situation? It all began with a question my wife asked me one evening after reading an article in a magazine about a great engineer who was said to earn a $50,000 salary.

"How do you suppose it feels to earn $1000 a week?" she asked. And without thinking, I replied: "I haven't the slightest idea, my dear, so the only way to find out is to *earn it.*" We both laughed, and soon the question was apparently forgotten.

But that night, and for weeks afterward, the same question *and my reply* kept popping into my brain. I began to analyze the qualities of the successful men in our town. What is it that enables them to get everything they want? They are not better educated than I—indeed, some are far less intelligent. But they must have possessed some quality that I lacked. Perhaps it was their mental attitude, perhaps they look at things from an entirely different angle than I. Whatever it was, that "something" was the secret of their success. It was the one thing that placed them head and shoulders above me in money-earning ability. In all other ways we were the same.

Determined to find out what that vital spark of success was, I bought books on every subject that pertained to the mind. I followed one idea after another. But I didn't seem to get anywhere. Finally, when almost discouraged, I came across a copy of "Power of Will." Like a bolt out of a clear sky there flashed in my brain the secret I had been seeking. There was the real, fundamental principle of all success—Power of Will. There was the brain faculty I lacked, and which every successful man possesses.

"Power of Will" was written by Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, a scientist, whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. After twenty years of research and study, he had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement that "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" And Dr. Haddock had actually set down the very rules, lessons and exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. Shortly after that, I took hold of a business that for twelve years had been losing money. I started with $300 of borrowed capital. During my first year I made $30,000. My second year paid me $50,000. My third year netted me $70,000. Last year, due to increased costs of materials, my profits were only $50,000, though my volume of business increased. New plans which I am forcing through will bring my profits for the present fiscal year up to $65,000.

Earning a thousand dollars a week makes me feel secure against want. It gives me the money with which to buy whatever will make my family happy. It enables me to take a chance on an investment that looks good, without worrying about losing the money. It frees my mind of financial worries. It has made me healthier, more contented, and keener minded. It is the greatest recipe I know for happiness.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. I am authorized to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after five days' reading you do not feel that the book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Never before have business men and women needed this help so badly as in these trying times. Hundreds of real and imaginary obstacles confront us every day, and only those who are masters of themselves and who hold their heads up will succeed. "Power of Will," as never before, is an absolute necessity—an investment in self-culture which no one can afford to deny himself.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 250,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Gov. McKelvie, of Nebraska, Assistant Postmaster General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others. In fact, to say "Power of Will" is just as important and as necessary to a man's or woman's equipment for success as a dictionary. To try to succeed without "Power of Will" is like trying to do business without a telephone.

As your first step in will training, I suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 17-A Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

The cost of paper, printing and binding has almost doubled during the past three years, in spite of which "Power of Will" has not been increased in price. The publisher feels that so great a work should be kept as low-priced as possible, but in view of the enormous increase in the cost of every manufacturing item, the present edition will be the last sold at the present price. The next edition will cost more. I urge you to send in the coupon now.

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or prejudices are going to keep her from trading with France. On the day before Lille was voluntarily evacuated by the Germans salesmen arrived with quantities of newly manufactured Allied flags, which they sold at enormous prices to the inhabitants, who would want them next day when the Allies made their entrance.

England cannot possibly meet all this demand, especially since the factories of Belgium will also need to be refurnished. Moreover, the French do not wish to do all this important business with any single European country, no matter how friendly that country may be. She looks frankly toward us, in the hope that we will turn some of our energy into this field. Irvin Cobb invented the motto, "Wanted: a Foolproof War." By that he referred to the hundreds of useless and busybody commissions and special agents who cluttered things up in the period when we were finding our way. But there is one kind of commissioner or special agent which the French want to see at this moment. They would welcome American machine manufacturers who, as individuals or as bodies, come to study French needs and to make plans to meet them. Most of the French do not know, however, how far behind Europeans in general we have fallen in our export-trade methods—how little we study the markets and adapt ourselves to the needs of our customers, and how rudimentary is our system for extending those long-time credits which are essential for doing business with Europe.

Getting now toward some of the more remote aspects of reconstruction, the entire industrial element of France finds itself considerably exercised over the question of raw materials. For the first two or three years after the war most raw materials are going to be scarce. Take wool: The French sheep herds have shrunk by at least a third, and even in peacetime she had to import much wool for her factories. Where now shall she get her wool? Through war conditions the production of such regions as Argentina and Australia has gone down. Moreover, such is the shortage of clothing in the world brought about by the poverties of war that peace will be followed by an unprecedented demand from the weavers of all the civilized world—England especially.

Slaughtered Industry

France was an important manufacturer of linens. She raised little of her own flax; her supply came mostly from Russia. A German report on the Russian flax situation is just to hand. It shows that the culture of this commodity has almost ceased in Russia; shows further that Germany is jumping in to get what supply there is. With Great Britain, Germany and probably Belgium bidding for the scant supply in the first year or so after the war, where does France come off? So it goes through a long list of materials, including fertilizer, the livestock to replenish the French herds of horned cattle, now shrunken by at least one-third, and raw silks.

If we institute at once the war after the war and cutthroat competition the bulk of the raw materials will go to the nation having the greatest amount of ready resources in money and productive power, and especially in shipping. And that nation will not be France. The work of getting the north ready to produce will strain in the next few years every resource she has—even if Germany pays in full. Of shipping one might say she has none. In the division of functions among the Allies it was agreed that England and afterward the United States should do the shipbuilding. So the French merchant fleet has shrunken under the submarine campaign, and without replacement.

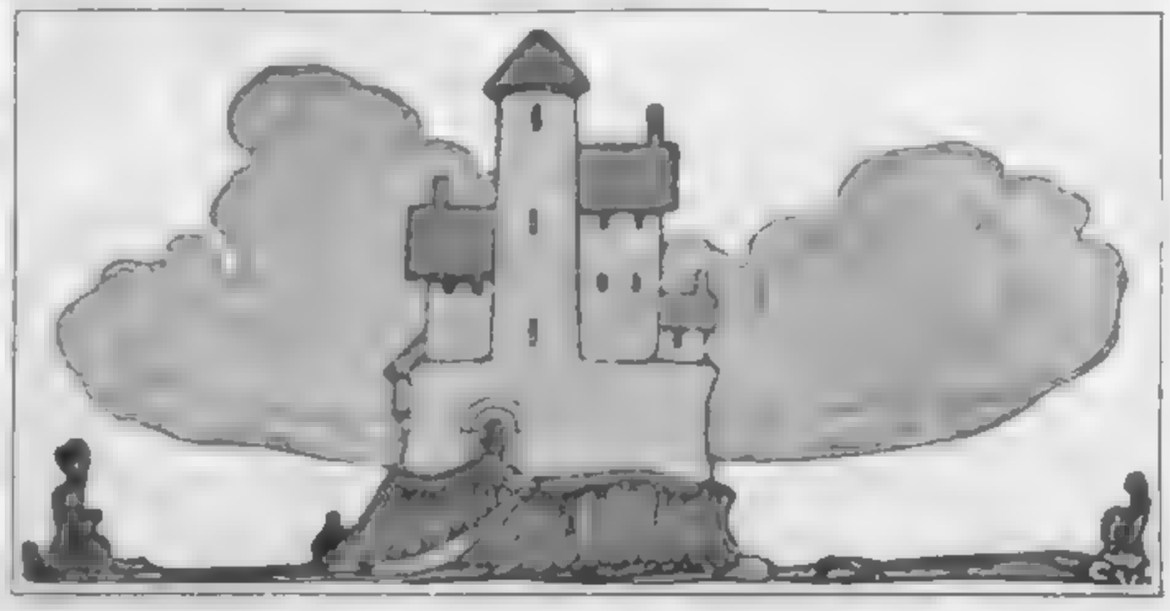
On the other hand the French authorities of the Ministry of Commerce have pointed out that the danger of unrestricted competition is not all on their side. Owing to the demand for steel and more steel to keep up the war, England, the United States and Germany are producing an unprecedented quantity of rough and coarse iron products. The steel men of these countries will be under temptation to keep their plants working at the present output and so to glut the market; therein lies the possibility of disturbance and panic.

The Mutations of War

The first two years after the war, in short, will test the sincerity of the league-of-nations idea. Most of the free peoples who threw everything they had of life and treasure into this struggle did it with an idea of ending if possible the pernicious human habit of war. For this the individual was willing to sacrifice all his interests, even his life. So quaint are human mental processes that we think of the resumption of peace as a period when self-interest, national and individual, must again run riot. This question of raw materials may be the first test to show whether that new idea, upon which so much of the future of our race depends, can weather peace as it has weathered war.

Returning to the material question of the reconstruction in Northern France: One must not think that in our time that busy and attractive bit of Europe will ever be put back on the map as it was. In the first place there is the loss of the irreplaceable—Rheims Cathedral, Laon Cathedral, Soissons Cathedral, the Arras Town Hall and Grande Place, the Castle of Coucy-le-Château, and a hundred less-known buildings of the great Gothic period whose bones strew the border. In the second place most of these substantial towns had been gathering substance for hundreds of years. That cannot be put back in a generation.

Finally, there is a significant line which one keeps meeting in the guide books of Northern France. Again and again they say something like this: "The town, in the middle ages, was a renowned center of the weaving industry and the cloth trade. Destroyed by the Spaniards in 15—, it never recovered its prosperity and shrank to its present proportions." In communities as old as these much of the substance and wealth are a matter of habit. People cling to them when in the free flow of economic life other places would serve better. Such a calamity as this brings a readjustment along economic lines. Certain cities will shrink almost out of existence; certain small towns will grow into cities. And most of the old solid substantiality will be unknown in our time. For long years rather flimsy brick and wood will house people who lived once between thick stone walls; and the churches, the museums and the municipal buildings which were once their pride must wait the accumulated energy of another half century of industry. San Francisco, city of a half century of growth, we could put back in five years better than before. That cannot be done in Northern France. She has been growing too long; and in proportion to the size and wealth of her nation the calamity is too great.



Why Live An Inferior Life?

Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly demonstrate to you that you are only half as dynamic, vital, brave, authoritative, forceful, lively, dominant, courageous, self-reliant, daring, progressive, masterful, aroused, powerful and creative as you easily may become, through higher personal evolution.

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Real Pleasure and Real Life?

Conscious Evolution can quickly show you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the higher joys and complete benefits of living in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

Conscious Evolution can easily and quickly give your powers new and higher values. With only blind evolution to lead you, life means less pleasure, less profit, less money, less health, less power, less energy, less joy, less success and less life in every respect.

Become Dynamic—Supreme

No matter who or what you are, whether young or old, strong or weak, ill or well, highly educated or unlettered, a recognized success or a moderate personality, whether you graduated from universities and colleges such as Yale, Harvard, Cambridge, Oxford or merely from a country school, Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you possess not one-half the creative, thinking, reasoning, memorizing, planning, concentrating power, penetration power, or logic sensing and scheming power which you may easily acquire through self evolution. In fact, Conscious Evolution can prove that you have thus far relied solely on blind evolution, and Conscious Evolution can demonstrate to you that you may easily and quickly double your mental power, bodily power, health power, heart power, nerve power, brain power, executive power and business power.

A New and Higher Life Awaits You Now

The fact is that regardless of whether you are rich or poor, Conscious Evolution can prove to you readily, by demonstration, that you are living an inferior life; and you owe it to yourself to give Conscious Evolution the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, and without contrivances, apparatus, chemicals, study, special bathing or dieting, come into possession of a new dynamic life, an unusual vigor, a higher type of dominant energy and power of personality — *a new realization of the meaning of life and success.*

Conscious Evolution gives such unlimited courage, confidence, self-reliance, dominant personality and positive will power that the troubles of life seem to dissolve, and the joy of existence becomes all the more real, permanent and unlimited.

Conscious Evolution destroys the blues, worry, melancholia and irritability by creating abundant self power, will power and power of life. A new and optimistic view of life under these conditions is something no one can afford to miss.

Are you living the full and successful life? Why not always be at your very best—thoroughly well, virile, energetic, vital, zealous, keen, alert, fearless, dominant, dynamic, magnetic, masterful, creative, supreme? Why not invest in yourself? Why not raise yourself above the level of blind evolution and make the most of your every opportunity? Why not improve your power of life?

The more dynamic your personality, the greater is your power of decision, the keener is your power of judgment and the more aggressive is your power of action and the greater is your power of reasoning.

The more dynamic you are, the more precise, exact, definite, clear and positive become your ideas.

A dynamic personality is not only more conscious of its status or situation in life, but has a greater power of sensing its environment and taking advantage of it.

Your fate—your failure or success—your position in life is the result of your personal power. Conscious Evolution can improve your fate by increasing easily, quickly and wonderfully your power of personality.

Become an Aggressive, Fearless, Positive Personality

Many men and women have amazing memories, wonderful education, excellent health and even unusual strength, many are good looking and are good talkers and possess every advantage that education plus whatever mere blind evolution gives them, and many have read practically every book ever written on how to be a success and attain a dominant will power, and yet these men and women are failures in life, because they do not possess a vital, dominant and dynamic power of personality. Their energies and knowledge are not co-related and activated; they do not possess the dynamic, conquering personal power such as Conscious Evolution develops and which is so essential to intelligent and concrete crystallization of the personal factors leading to real creative success.

Why Accept the Crumbs Instead of the Rich Prizes of Life?

Blind evolution means blind fate. Conscious Evolution means conscious selection of a better fate.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women of all ages and conditions vitally alive, vitally dominant, vitally aggressive, vitally well, vitally conscious and vitally ambitious.

Conscious Evolution gives greater power to live the superior life, the better life, the higher life, the more successful life, the life worth while, and the life in complete accord with the ultimate laws of life, evolution and creation.

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Conscious Evolution is the easy and direct means to the attainment of dominant personality, dominant will, dominant mind and dominant body.

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CURLS

(Continued from Page 9)

and brother in speech, even if he did look like a brother that had started out to be a sister and got mixed.

Liver-eating took him in and fed him and cut his hair with a pair of sheep shears. It was a more or less rough job, because shearing sheep does not make a man a good human barber by any means. But Shelley looked at his head in the glass and said it was the most beautiful haircut in the world. Fussy people might criticize it here and there, but they could never say it hadn't really been cut.

He was so grateful to Liver-eating that he promised to stay with him always and become a sheep herder. And he did hide out there several months till his anguished mother found out where he was. After having every pond dragged and every bit of woods searched for her boy's body she had believed he'd been carried off by kidnapers on account of his heavenly beauty, and she'd probably have to give ten thousand dollars for his release. She was still looking for a letter from these fiends when she learned about his being with Liver-eating Johnson and that this wretch had committed sacrilege on him.

It was a harsh blow to know that her pet had consorted with such a person, who was not only a sheepman but had earned his nickname in a way that our best people thought not nice. He'd gone home one day years ago and found that his favorite horse had been took by an Injun. Being a simple-mannered man of few words, he just said that by sundown to-morrow he would of et the liver of the Injun that done the stealing. I don't know, personally, what happened, except that he did come back the next night with his horse. Anyway no one ever begrudged him his title after that. And here was Shelley Vane Plunkett, who had been carefully raised on fruits and cereals, taking up with such a nauseous character as a social equal.

Arline had the sheriff start out at once for her darling, but Shelley got word and beat it farther. He finally got to Seattle, where he found various jobs, and kept his mother guessing for three years. He was afraid she'd make him start the curls again if he come home. But finally, when he was eighteen, he did come, on her solemn promise to behave. But he was no longer the angel-faced darling that had left, and he still expected at least one fight a day, though no longer wearing what would cause fights. He'd formed the habit and just couldn't leave off. A body could hardly look at him without starting something unpleasant. He was round like a barrel now, and tough and quick, and when anything did happen to be started he was the one that finished it. Also, he'd have his hair cut close every five or six days. He always looked like a prisoner that had started to let it grow about a week before he left the institution. Shelley was taking no chances, and he used to get a strange, glittering look in his eye when he regarded little Keats, his baby brother, who was now coming on with golden curls just as beautiful as Shelley's had ever been. But he done nothing sinister.

In time he might of settled down and become a useful citizen, but right then the war broke out, so no more citizen stuff for Shelley. It was almost too good to be true that he could go to a country where fighting was legal; not only that, but they'd give him board and lodging and a little spending money for doing the only thing he'd ever learned to do well. It sure looked like heaven. So off he went to Canada and enlisted and got sent across and had three years of perfect bliss, getting changed over to our Army when we finally got unneutral so you could tell it.

Of course his mother was almost more anguished about his going to war than about having his curls fixed with the sheep shears. She said even if he wasn't shot he would be sure to contract light habits in France, consisting of native wine and dancing, and so forth, and she hoped at least he could be a drummer boy or something safe.

But Shelley never had a safe moment, I guess. No such thing as a quiet sector where he was. He fought at the Front, and then he'd fight at hospitals every time he got took back there for being shot up. He was almost too scrappy even for that war. He was usually too busy to write, but we got plenteous reports of his adventures from other men, these adventures always going hard with whatever Germans got in his way. And I bet his mother never dreamed that his being such a demon fighter was all due to her keeping him in curls so long, where he got the habit and come to love it for its own sake.

Anyway he fought and fought and had everything happen to him that German science had discovered was useful to exterminate the lesser races, and it finally begun to tell on him, hardened as he was by fighting from the cradle up, as you might say.

It was a glad day for Arline when she got word that he was a broken-down invalid and had landed at an Atlantic Ocean port on his way home. She got arrowroot gruel and jelly and medicinal delicacies and cushions, and looked forward to a life of nursing. She hoped that in the years to come she could coax the glow of health back to his wan cheeks. And I wouldn't put it past her—mebbe she hoped she could get him to let the golden hair grow again, just long enough to make him interesting as he lay coughing on his couch.

And Shelley come home, but his idee of being an invalid wasn't anything like his mother's. He looked stout as a horse, and merely wished to rest up for a couple weeks before getting some other kind of action suited to his peculiar talents. And worse, he wasn't Shelley Vane Plunkett—he was Bugs Plunkett; and his mother's heart broke again. He was shaved like a convict and thicker through than ever, and full of rich outdoor words about what he would do to this so-and-so medical officer for not letting him back into the scrap. Yes, sir; that man is going to suffer casualties right up to the limit the minute he gets out of his uniform—and him thinking the world is at peace once more! Sure, Shelley had been shot through the lungs a couple of times, and one leg had been considerably altered from the original plan, but he had claimed he was a better scrapper than ever before and had offered to prove it to this medical officer right then and there if it could be done quiet. But this fair offer had been rejected.

So here he'd come back, not any kind of a first-class invalid that would be nice to nurse, but as Bugs Plunkett! No sooner did he get to town than letters and postal cards begun to come addressed to Mr. Bugs Plunkett or mebbe B. Plunkett, Esquire; and the cards would be from his old pals in the trenches, many of whom had worse names, even, than Shelley had made for himself.

Also the sick warrior turned down flat the arrowroot gruel and Irish-moss custard and wine jelly and pale broth. He had to have the same coarse food that is et by common working people who have had no home advantages, including meat, which is an animal poison and corrupts the finer instincts of man by reducing him to the level of the brutes. So Arline Plunkett says. Shelley had it, though, ordering it in a bass voice that made the statuary teeter. Steak was cooked in the Plunkett home for the first time since it had been erected, notwithstanding the horrible example it set to little Keats, who still had golden curls as lovely as Shelley's once had been and was fed on fruits and nuts.

Arline couldn't of had any pleasant time with her wandering boy them three weeks he was there. She suffered intensely over the ignominy of this mail that come to him by the awful name of Bugs, with the gossips in the post office telling it everywhere, so that the boys round the cigar store got to calling him Bugs right out plain. And her son seeming proud of this degradation!

And she couldn't get him to protect himself from drafts by night. He'd insist on having a window wide open, and when she'd sneak back to close it so he wouldn't catch his death of cold he'd get up and court destruction by hoisting it again. And once when she'd crept in and shut it a second time he threw two shoes through the upper and lower parts so it would always be open. He claimed he done this in his sleep, having got into the habit in the trenches when he'd come in from a long march and someone would close all the windows. But Arline said that this only showed that war had made him a rowdy, even in his sleep—and out of the gentlest-mannered boy that ever wore velvet garments and had a cinch

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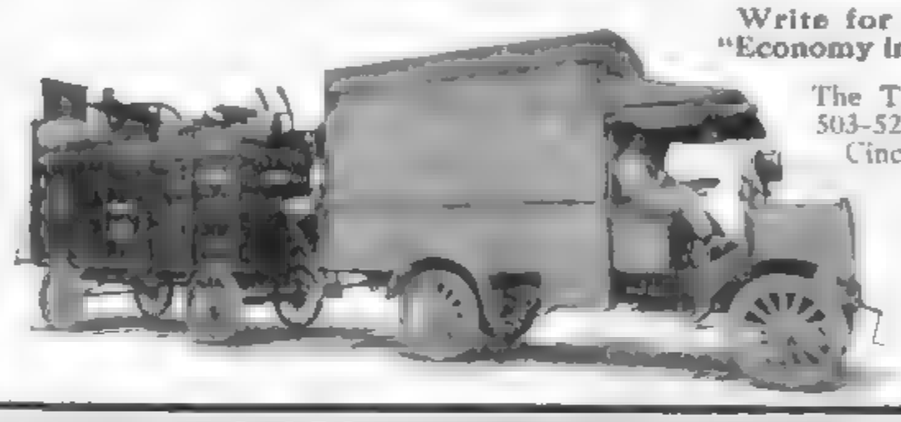

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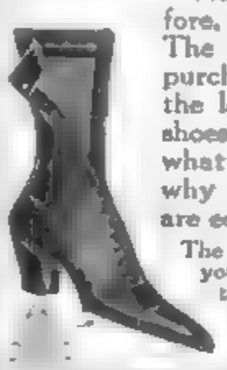

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on every prize in the Sunday school; though she did not use coarse words like that. She told me herself it was time we got this other side of what war did to gently nurtured youths that had never soiled their lips with an oath in their lives until they went into war's hell. She said just that!

Also Shelley had contracted the vicious habit of smoking, which was all a body would want to know about war. She said he'd have his breakfast in bed, including whole slices of ham, which comes from the most loathsome of all animals, and would then lie and smoke five-cent cigars, often burning holes in the covers, which he said was another old trench habit—and that showed what war done to the untainted human soul. Also while smoking in bed he would tell little Keats things no innocent child should hear, about how fine it feels to deflate Germans with a good bayonet. Shelley's cigars, she assured me, was perfectly dreadful in a refined home, where they could be detected even in the basement.

Little Keats was now thirteen, with big joints and calf knees showing under the velvet pants, and I guess his curls was all that persuaded his mother to live, what with Shelley having gone to the bad and made a name for himself like Bugs. But little Keats had fell for his brother, and spent all the time he could with him listening to unpretty stories of Germans that had been fixed up proper the way the good Lord meant 'em to be.

After he'd been home a couple weeks or more Shelley begun to notice little Keats more closely.

He looked so much like Shelley had at that age and had the same set-on manner in the house that Shelley got suspicious he was leading the same double life he had once led himself.

He asked his mother when she was going to take Keats to a barber, and his mother burst into tears in the old familiar way, so he said no more to her. But that afternoon he took little Keats out for a stroll and closely watched his manner toward some boys they passed. They went on downtown and Shelley stepped into the Owl cigar store to get a smoke. When he come out little Keats was just finishing up a remark to another boy. It had the familiar ring to Shelley and was piquant and engaging even after three years in the trenches, where talk is some free. Keats still had the angel face, but had learned surprisingly of old English words.

Then Shelley says to him: "Say, kid, do you like your curls?" And little Keats says very warmly and almost shedding tears: "They're simply hell!"

"I knew it," says Shelley. "Have many fights?"

"Not so many as I used to," says Keats.

"I knew that too," says Shelley. "Now, then, you come right along with me."

So he marches Keats and curls down to Henry Lehman's and says: "Give this poor kid a close haircut."

And Henry Lehman won't do it. He says that Mrs. Plunkett, the time of the scandal about Shelley, had warned every barber in town that she would have the law on 'em if they ever harmed a hair on the head of a child of hers; and he was a law-abiding citizen. He didn't deny that the boy needed a haircut the worst way in the world, but at his time of life he wasn't going to become an outlaw.

Keats had nearly broke down at this. But Shelley says: "All right; come on over to the other place."

So they go over to Katterson Lee, the colored barber, and Katterson tells 'em the same story. He admits the boy needs a haircut till it amounts to an outrage, but he's had his plain warning from Shelley's ma, and he ain't going to get mixed up with no lawsuit in a town where he's known to one and all as being respectable.

Shelley then threatened him with bodily harm if he didn't cut that hair off quick, and Katterson was right afraid of the returned soldier that had fixed so many Germans right, but he was more afraid of the law, so he got down on his knees to Shelley and begged for his life.

Little Keats was now blubbering, thinking he wasn't going to be shut of his disgrace after all, but Shelley says: "All right, kid; I'll stand by you. I'll do it myself. Get into that chair!"

Of course Katterson couldn't prevent that, so Keats got sunny again and climbed into the chair, and Shelley grabbed a pair of shears and made a sure-nuff boy of him. He got the curls off all right, but when it come to trimming up he found he couldn't do a smooth job, and Katterson wasn't there to give him any hints, having run from his shop at the beginning of the crime so he would have a good alibi when hauled into court. So Shelley finally took up a pair of clippers, and having learned to clip mules he soon had little Keats' whole scalp laid bare. It must of been a glorious sight. They both gloated over it a long time.

Then Keats says: "Now you come with me and we'll show it to mamma!" But Shelley says: "Not me! I have to draw the line somewhere. I shall be far away from here to-night. I am not afraid of enemy soldiers, for I've been up against them too often. But there are worse things than death, so you'll have to face mamma alone. You can tell her I did it, but I will not be there to hear you. So good-by and God help you!" And Shelley retired to a position less exposed.

That was an awful day for the Plunkett home, because little Keats, being left to his own resources, tried to use his brain. First he gathered up the long shining curls and wrapped 'em in a newspaper. Then he went out and found Artie Bartell, who is a kind of a harmless halfwit that just walks the streets and will do anything whatever if told, being anxious to please. Keats gives Artie a dime to take the curls up to his dear mother and tell her that her little boy has been run over by a freight engine down to the station and these here curls was all that could be saved of him.

Then he hurries home the back way and watches, and pretty soon he sees some neighbors come rushing to the house when they hear his mother scream, so then he knows everything is all right. He waits a minute or two, then marches in with his hat off. His mother actually don't know him at first, on account of his naked skull, but she soon sees it must be he, little Keats, and then has hysterics because she thinks the freight engine has clipped him this way. And of course there was more hysterics when she learned the terrible truth of his brother's infamy. I guess Shelley had been wise all right to keep off the place at that time, soldier or no soldier. But that's neither here nor there.

The point is that little Keats may now be saved to a life of usefulness and not be hanged for murder, thanks to his brother's brave action. Of course Bugs himself is set in his ways, and will adorn only positions of a certain kind. He's fine here, for instance, just at this time when I got to hire all kinds that need a firm hand—and Bugs has two.

Sure, it was him took the job of foreman here yesterday. We had quite a little talk about things when he come. He told me how he released his little brother from shame. He said he wouldn't of done such a radical thing except that peace is now coming on and the world will no longer need such fighting devils as curls will make of a boy if let to stay long enough.

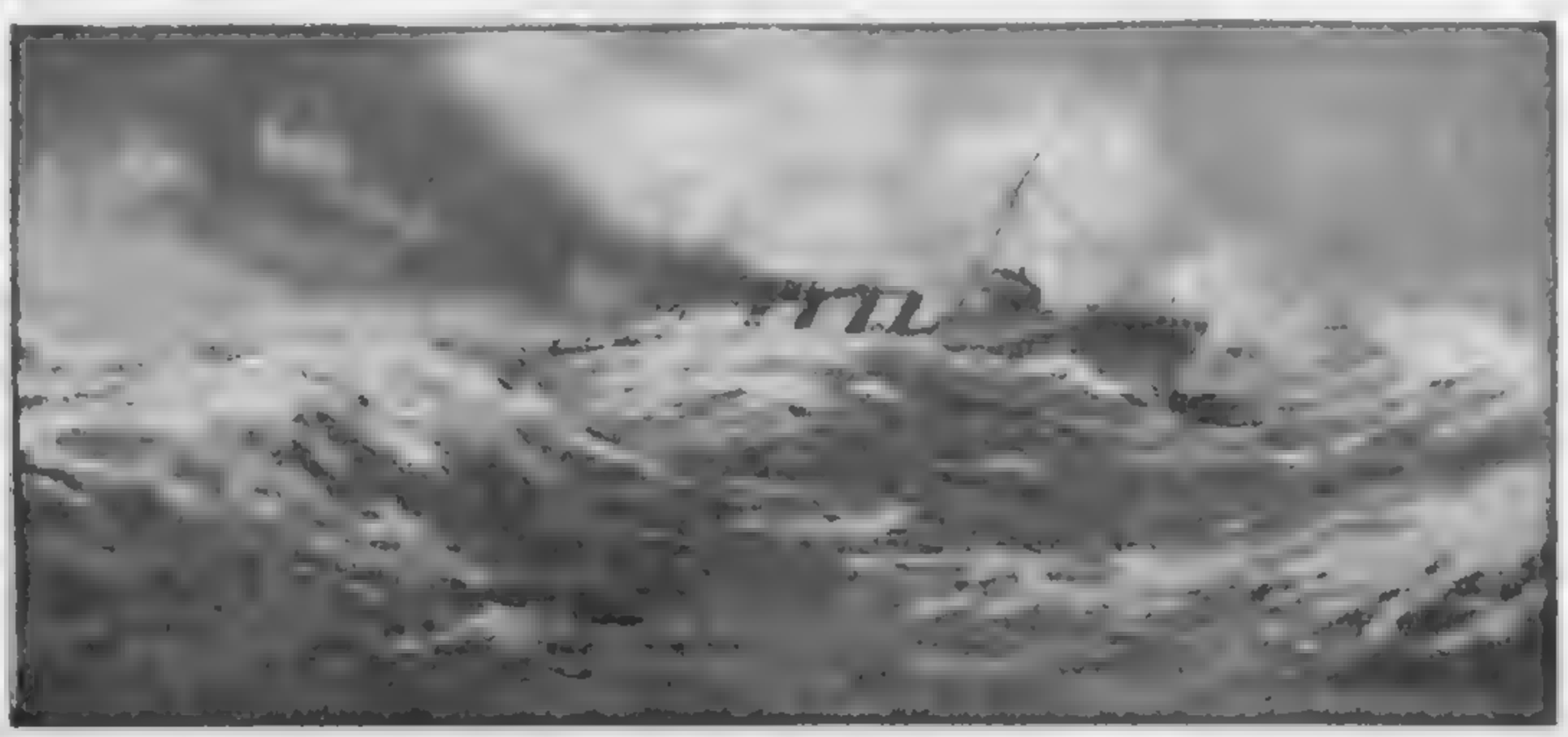
"Keats might have turned out even worse than I did," he says, "but if there wasn't going to be any war where he could do it legally, what was the use? He'd probably sometime have killed a boy that called him Goldilocks, and then the law might have made it unpleasant for him. I thought it was only fair to give him a chance to live peaceful. Of course in my own case mamma acted for the best without knowing it. We needed fighters, and I wouldn't have been anything at all like a fighter if she hadn't made me wear those curls till my whiskers began to show above the surface. In fact I'm pretty sure I was a born coward, but those golden strands took all that out of me. I had to fight.

"And see what it did for me in the Army. I don't want to talk about myself, but I made a good average fighter and I would have been there to the last if I'd had my rights. And I simply owe it all to my dear mother. You might say she made me the man I am. I wouldn't ever have been tough if she'd cut my hair humanely from six years on. I certainly hope Keats hasn't gone too long. One of us in a family is enough."

That's the way Bugs talks, and it sounds right sensible. What I say now is, the idee had ought to be took up by the War Department at Washington, D. C. Let 'em pass a law that one boy out of, say, twenty-five has got to wear curls till his voice changes. By that time, going round in this here scenic investiture, as you might say, he will be a demon. In peacetimes it may add to our crimes of violence, but look what it will be when another war comes. We'll have the finest line of shock troops the world has ever produced, fit and anxious to fight, having led an embittered existence long enough to make it permanent. No line would ever stand against a charge of them devils. They would be a great national asset and might save the country while we was getting ready to begin to prepare a couple months after war was declared on us.

Still, I don't suppose it will be took up; and I ain't got time to go down and preach it to Congress personally.

And now let me tell you one thing: I'm going to sleep to-night without a care on my mind for the first time in a year. This here Bugs unites to the distinction of his name a quick and handy nature, and my busiest troubles are over.



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